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THE heats of summer had now so far subsided, as to justify a change from the elevated

plain of Castile, to the warm shores of Andalusia. Accordingly, being provided by the kindness of my friends in Madrid, with letters for the captains-general of the southern provinces, and for numerous private individuals, all which, together with the letters to his majesty's consuls, and to mercantile houses, brought with me from England, formed a budget of no contemptible size or value, I prepared for my long and fatiguing journey.

But although, in leaving Madrid to traverse the southern and south-eastern provinces of Spain, the traveller naturally anticipates in this journey of not less than sixteen hundred miles, many privations, and some dangers; there are also a thousand delightful and novel associations to excite his expectation. La Mancha, and the memory of its courteous knight; and the thousand reminiscences with which the genius of Cervantes has hallowed it,—the Sierra Morena, and its wild histories and lawless banditti,—Seville, which, with its orange groves and Guadalquivir, its masks and serenades, holds in the mind a sort of fabled existence,—Granada, its Alhambra, and snowy Sierras, and the host of historic and romantic

recollections with which it is peopled,—Murcia, and its groves of date trees, its earthquakes, and ruined villages, and benighted inhabitants. Valencia, and its rich plains and eternal summer, its gorgeous city, and majestic antiquities.

There is only one road from Madrid to Seville; but there are various modes of travelling it. Diligences, which leave Madrid twice a week, perform the journey in four days and a half; resting every evening from about seven, till a little after midnight. Galeras, on springs, which have no regular day of departure, but which are to be found every week, perform the journey in ten days. A private coach and seven mules may be hired, by which eleven or twelve days will be occupied on the road; or this journey may, like every other in Spain, be performed by mules, and by this mode of conveyance, fourteen days must be allowed. But none of these modes altogether pleased me; because the road between Madrid and Seville is so varied in the degree of interest which it possesses, that no single conveyance could unite the advantages of rapidity and slowness, essential

to the enjoyment of the traveller who wishes to linger in those parts where peculiar attractions are to be found, and to pass rapidly over those uninteresting tracts that stretch between one point of interest and another. I resolved, therefore, to travel from Madrid to Ocaña, by Aranjuez, in a *caleche;* to take the diligence through La Mancha, to the foot of the Sierra Morena; to cross the Sierra to Anduxar on muleback; and there to be guided by circumstances and information, as to the mode of journeying to Seville.

I left Madrid at half-past six in the morning; and for the last time, passed out at the gate of Toledo, and across the magnificent bridge which spans the insignificant brook dignified by the name of the river *Manzanares.* If the Tagus, which flows but seven leagues distant, filled the wide channel which is now scarcely moistened by the scanty waters that ooze through it,—what beauty, what wealth, would it carry to the metropolis of Spain! What a belt of verdure would girt the capital —what delicious shades,—what charming freshness! How contrasted in imagination with the treeless desert that now lords it on

every side. But it is possible to suppose even greater changes than this; it is said to have been a favourite topic with Joseph Buonaparte, to speak not merely of diverting the waters of the Tagus to Madrid, but of connecting the capitals of Spain and Portugal by a navigable communication. There is only one step more needed, to present us with a vision of regenerated Spanish power, wealth, and glory —the annexation of Portugal to Spain,—the Peninsula one empire, and wisely governed.

The country between Madrid and Aranjuez presents little to interest,—it is cursed with dryness. In most parts the cultivation of corn is attempted, but the crops are scanty; and here and there are seen a few copses of degenerate olives. Vines are also grown on some of the slopes, but they are said hardly to repay the labour of the husbandman. At Valdemoros, a Moorish town, as the name implies, and formerly celebrated for its stocking manufactory, I stopped to take a cup of chocolate; and about one o'clock I crossed the magnificent bridge over the Jarama, erected by Charles III., and entered the valley of Aranjuez, where I arrived after about

half an hour's drive along the first perfectly shaded road I had seen since leaving Biscay. I had only a few hours to spend in Aranjuez, being desirous of reaching Ocaña that evening; and therefore I immediately presented myself to the governor, Don Lorenzo Bonaria, to whom I carried an introductory letter from the Duque de Montemar.

The charm of Aranjuez is entirely of a different kind from that which belongs to St. Ildefonso. The latter would be beautiful if the aid of art had never been sought. The neighbouring Sierra, and the natural woods that clothe its sides, and hang upon its defiles, would possess charms—even if man had never looked upon the scene to make it his own. Aranjuez, on the other hand, would never have been distinguished by any peculiar attraction, if the kings of Spain had not erected a palace there; and if the wealth which, in past ages, so copiously flowed into the coffers of these monarchs, had not been employed to make the spot worthy of a palace. A site however was chosen, where it was possible to accomplish much by the united aid of money and perseverance. The Tagus, during about

three leagues of its course, before reaching, and after passing Aranjuez, flows through a dead level, varying in breadth from two to three miles; and the object has been to cover this level with the richest verdure, and to assemble there all the natural productions that are congenial to the climate. The instrument has of course been irrigation; and the object has been completely accomplished. The most perfect shade, and the most charming verdure, cover this delightful retreat; every spot of ground is laid out with the utmost care,—unassisted Nature has been allowed to do nothing; every tree, almost every bush, has its known and allotted place; and millions of tiny rills are directed, when required, to the root of every individual tree, and to every cluster of flowers. The whole belt is occupied by gardens, woods, orchards, and innumerable avenues: and here and there, near the palace, the waters of the Tagus are trained into cataracts, that sights of shade and coolness may be answered by the refreshing sounds that fall upon the ear. Aranjuez was charming even when I saw it; although then the fresh verdure of spring had long passed away;

but here spring is constantly maintained by art;—and an unceasing succession of labour, assisted by irrigation, and aided by a warm climate, produces a never-ending renewal of beauty and vegetation. One charm of Aranjuez, however, the season did not permit me to taste. I am told, that walking among the woods of Aranjuez in the months of April or May, one would say that they had robbed the two Castiles of their singing birds, so full and charming is even the noon-day chorus of nightingales.

After walking over the gardens, which are kept in the most inimitable order, and where every fruit and vegetable suited to furnish forth a kingly banquet may be seen, I had no more time left than just permitted me to walk hastily over the principal apartments of the palace. I found it quite equal to the wants even of a king; and with this observation, I shall pass it over, having so lately occupied a chapter with the Escurial and St. Ildefonso: descriptions of houses are at no time very interesting. I received the greatest possible attention from Don Lorenzo Bonaria, who would scarcely excuse me from spending a

day or two at Aranjuez; a pleasure in which I would willingly have indulged myself, but for the necessity of proceeding south, and of passing the Sierras of Granada, before the approach of bad weather.

I left Aranjuez about five o'clock, having two leagues only to Ocaña. The moment I emerged from the belt of level ground, I found myself again in a wild ill-cultivated country, with as little water, and as few trees, as on the other side of the Tagus. We continued to ascend among low wild hills, with olives here and there scattered over them; and about seven o'clock, I arrived at the posada at Ocaña. Here I was obliged to wait supper until the arrival of the diligence from Madrid: fortunately, a good luncheon at Aranjuez, especially some delicious melon from the royal garden, had fortified me against delay; but had this been otherwise, I should nevertheless have been obliged to be contented, for nothing is more hopeless than an attempt to hasten the operations of a Spanish kitchen. A traveller may indeed take the care of his supper upon himself; and if he possesses the faintest idea of the art of cookery, this will

generally be his wisest plan. The diligence arrived about eight o'clock, and supper was immediately served. Every where south of Madrid, the first two dishes placed upon the supper table are soup—so called—and boiled eggs: the soup however is not soup, the whole of the liquid being generally absorbed by the bread: and the eggs are always boiled as if for a salad; but when bruised, and eaten with vinegar, and pepper, and bread, this part of the supper is not to be rejected; because it is more than probable, that the stew, or fowl, which follows, will be found reclining upon a bed of oil and garlic, from which it is impossible to extricate an untainted morsel. A few glasses of good Val de Peñas, and some delicious grapes and melons, go far however towards supplying deficiencies; and these luxuries are never wanting.

Towards the conclusion of supper, a guest of no small importance took his place at the table: this was no other than the celebrated Polinario, during eleven years, the dread of half Spain, and now following the honest calling of guard of the Seville diligence. I never saw a finer man, or one whose appearance

more clearly indicated the profession which he had abandoned. I could not help fancying, that his countenance expressed a certain lawlessness of mind, and contempt of peaceable persons like myself, which an assumed suavity of manner was unable altogether to conceal: this suavity of manner is, however, very remarkable; and I believe is in perfect accordance with his conduct when a robber; for Polinario was never guilty of any act of wanton cruelty or barbarity, but along with the most fearless courage, he always evinced a certain forbearance, not uncommon among Spanish banditti,—but in him, having a deeper seat than the mock civility of a Spanish thief, arising rather from a softness at heart, which afterwards led to a change in his mode of life. The history of this change is curious, and I pledge myself for its authenticity. The usual range of Polinario was the northern part of the Sierra Morena and the southern parts of La Mancha; and here he remained during eleven years. A few years ago, understanding that the archbishop of Gaen would pass the Sierra Morena in his carriage without other attendants than his servants, he lay in wait

for the prelate, and stopped his carriage. The archbishop of course delivered his money; and Polinario having received it, asked his blessing: upon this, the archbishop began to remonstrate with the robber, setting forth the heinousness of his offences, and the wickedness of his life: but Polinario interrupted the archbishop, by telling him it was of no use remonstrating upon his manner of life, unless his Grace could obtain a pardon for the past; because without this, it was impossible he could change his mode of living. The archbishop of Gaen is a good man; and feeling a real desire to assist Polinario in his half-expressed desire of seeking a better way of life, he passed his word that he would obtain for him his majesty's pardon; and Polinario came under a solemn promise to the archbishop, that he would rob no more. In this way the matter stood for eleven months; for it was eleven months before the archbishop could obtain the pardon he had promised; and during all this time, Polinario was obliged to conceal himself from the pursuit which the offer of a considerable reward had long before instigated. At length, however, the pardon was obtained;

and Polinario was free to lead an honest life. He admits, however, that he is not contented with the change; and makes no hesitation in saying, that the promise made to the archbishop alone prevents him from returning to his former profession; but, he says the archbishop kept his word to him, and he will keep his word to the archbishop.

I had resolved to take advantage of the diligence from this place, through La Mancha to the foot of the Sierra Morena; because, notwithstanding the interest that attaches to La Mancha, from its connexion with Don Quixotte, it is not a country to linger in. There are few romantic beauties in La Mancha; it is chiefly a wine country; and producing, in other parts, corn, oil, and saffron: but it has few charms for the traveller who loves the picturesque and the beautiful; and, although the road touches upon two or three points where Cervantes has laid the scene of certain exploits of the valorous knight, the chief field of these lies more to the left. Besides, the interest which the history of Don Quixotte has thrown over La Mancha, is of so visionary a kind, that the mere consciousness of passing

through La Mancha, gives to it all the force and reality of which it is susceptible.

It wanted more than three hours to the time when the diligence should set out, and all the passengers retired to bed; but I saw no advantage in going to a bad bed, to be roused from it, just when one might begin to be insensible to its badness; accordingly, I sat up until one o'clock, when I took my seat in the diligence. Before day-light, we passed through two poor towns, La Guardia, and Templeque, and arrived to breakfast at Madridlejos. Breakfast not being ready, I strolled through the street and market-place; and this being Sunday morning, all the peasantry were sauntering about, and making purchases: it seemed almost a population of beggars; for even the best of the peasantry, with their old brown cloaks, and little black caps fitting close to the head, conveyed a wretched idea of holiday respectability in Castile: how opposite from the population of the village at which I stopped one Sunday morning, in Biscay! The innkeeper in the posada where we breakfasted, was formerly Alcalde of the town, and was well known to have been at that time con-

nected with the banditti who infested this part of the country. He may still be said to be a robber, in one sense; for I was obliged to pay twelve reals for one cup of chocolate and two eggs.

From Madridlegos to Puerto Lapiche, there is nothing to interest. The nakedness of the country is in some degree relieved by olive plantations; but the soil is generally sterile and unproductive. Agriculture, throughout all these districts, including those parts of La Mancha which are not dedicated to the best wines, is in the lowest state: the natural indolence of the inhabitants is aided by old prejudices and ridiculous usages in husbandry, which they are by no means willing to relinquish; among these, one of the most injurious to the land, is the supposed necessity for allowing animal manure to rot before it be applied to the soil; the valuable gases fly off, and the vegetable fibre alone remains. The inhabitants of this part of Spain ought to be particularly careful that their manure be applied in the most effectual way, because they possess so little of it. The greater part of the husbandry of La Mancha, and of the southern

parts of Toledo, is performed by hand labour; all the animal labour required, is performed by mules; and throughout the whole of La Mancha, horned cattle are scarcely to be seen. Another cause of the depressed state of these districts is, that in La Mancha and the neighbouring provinces, but especially in La Mancha, there are immense tracts of crown lands, the revenues of which are appropriated in grants for military and other service; these lands are managed by stewards of the crown, who rob the people, cheat the treasury, and, in fact, turn all the revenues to their own aggrandizement.

At Puerto Lapiche we are in La Mancha, and it is at this place, or at least in its neighbourhood, that the famous adventure with the windmills is placed by Cervantes; for it was immediately after its unlucky termination, that Don Quixotte and his squire approached Puerto Lapiche. It was impossible to cast the eye towards the left, and see some windmills standing upon a small elevation, without calling to mind the chivalrous tone and heroic bearing of the knight of La Mancha. "Fly not, ye base and cowardly miscreants! for he is

but a single knight who now attacks you." A little farther on, a flock of sheep grazing at the foot of a hillock, naturally reminded me of another adventure of Cervantes' hero. "This, oh Sancho! is the day that shall manifest the great things which fortune hath in store for me,—seest thou that cloud of dust before us? the whole of it is raised by a vast army, composed of various and innumerable nations that are marching that way."

Between Puerto Lapiche and Manzanarez, we passed through Villaharta, a place, attesting in its ruins, and wretchedness, the desolating effects of war; and we also stopped a little while at the venta de Quesada, under which the river Guadiana is supposed to flow. It is certain that the Guadiana looses itself about two leagues to the left, and again emerges at a short distance to the right of this venta. In approaching Manzanarez, the appearance of the country improves: a brilliant sunset blazed across the landscape, giving great richness to the fields, which were covered with the blue flower of the saffron; and touching with gaiety and lightness, even the unrefreshing green of the olives, which, in

long straight avenues, intersected the wide plain.

Manzanarez is a place of some size, and of proportionate poverty. Almost all the surrounding land belongs to the knights of Calatrava, and to the Duke of San Carlos, who has extensive cellars of val de Peñas, in the neighbourhood. The landlord of the posada, a fine old man of seventy, used to be entrusted with a commission to send prime wine of the country to his late Majesty, when Prince Regent: he made me taste a choice glass, which I found not at all inferior to that which I drank from the king's cellar, at St. Ildefonso. At Manzanarez, I vacated my seat in the diligence,—securing for my next day's journey, a small caleche, and two strong mules, by which I hoped to be carried to the foot of the Sierra Morena. If I had proceeded by the diligence, I must have passed through all the intervening country, and Val de Peñas, during the night. We supped well at this posada; and when I retired to bed, it was with the agreeable knowledge that I should not, like my travelling companions, be roused at midnight, to continue my journey. In taking

leave of Polinario, I asked him if I might consider myself safe in sleeping the ensuing night in the venta, at the foot of the Sierra Morena; he replied, that he would desire them to prepare a bed for me, and that I might sleep in security. I slipped a dollar into his hand, and felt that I was secure in his promise.

I left Manzanarez before sunrise, and found my muleteer obliging and intelligent, and my mules active. Soon after leaving Manzanarez, the small town of Argamasilla de Alba is seen on the right: here it is, that Cervantes is said to have been imprisoned, and that the first part of Don Quixotte is said to have been written. Betwixt this point and Val de Peñas, I passed through a small village called Consôlacion,—almost a ruin, from the effects of war; the inhabitants had in few instances rebuilt their houses, but had scooped out hovels and habitations in the rubbish. My vehicle attracted many to the outlets of these miserable abodes; and the inmates looked more like wild animals peeping from their dens, than civilized beings, looking from human habitations. In approaching Val de

Peñas, the country improves, the land is evidently tilled with greater care, and the more anxious culture of the vine shews that the grape is here worth cultivating. Before entering Val de Peñas, I passed through an extensive olive plantation, in which I noticed several monumental crosses,—two of them, broken by the weight of stones with which the devout had burdened them.

Val de Peñas—"Valley of Stones"—is alike the name of the town, the district, and the wine: the latter makes the riches of both the others; and Val de Peñas is accordingly said to be the richest town in the Castiles. The wine of Val de Peñas, is the wine universally drank by the better classes all over the Castiles;—indeed, it may almost be said, every where north of the Sierra Morena. But unlike most other wines, it is drunk most in perfection in the district where it grows; not because it is incapable of exportation; on the contrary, it has body enough to bear exportation to any climate: but because it is not tasted once in a hundred times free from the taint of the skins in which it is carried. When found in perfection, it is a wine deserving of being held

in the highest estimation; there is a raciness about it, which would certainly recommend it to the English palate; and if a communication should ever be opened between La Mancha and the southern provinces, there is little doubt that the wine of Val de Peñas will find its way into the English ports. I visited one of the repositories of the richest growers, who told me he had there upwards of six thousand skins,—the average contents of the skin being about ten arrobas; and that the price of the wine bought upon the spot, would amount to about (in English currency and measure) 3*l.* 10*s.* per pipe. I saw no beggars in Val de Peñas; but neither is there any appearance of general comfort. The culture, and preparation of the wine, employ all the inhabitants; but wages are low, and the enjoyments which they purchase few. The wages of labour are about three reals (less than 7*d.*) per day. Mutton here sells at eight quartos; bread at six and a half quartos, per lb. Beef is not to be found in almost any part of La Mancha, and it is not esteemed.

Here, and in most other parts of La Mancha, it is the custom for women of the inferior

orders, to throw over their heads the skirt of their petticoats; the veil and mantilla being only used by the upper ranks. This fact explains the passage in Don Quixotte, where, when Sancho tells his wife how great a lady she is destined to be when he is governor of an island, Theresa replies, "Neither will I put it in the power of those who see me dressed like a countess, or governor's lady, to say, "Mind Mrs. Porkfeeder—how proud she looks! It was but yesterday she toiled hard at the distaff, and went to mass with the tail of her gown about her head, instead of a veil." In a hundred other instances, light is thrown upon the page of Cervantes, by travelling through La Mancha.

I left Val de Peñas, after a tolerable breakfast in one of the largest posadas I had seen in Spain; and immediately upon getting clear of the town, the Sierra Morena rose before me, apparently at no great distance. I passed through several small villages in approaching nearer to the Sierra, among others, St. Cruz, and La Concepcion de Almuradiel: between these two villages, the plain of La Mancha is lost among the outer ridges of the Sierra;

and, excepting in the vicinity of the latter village, the country is scarcely cultivated. Between La Concepcion de Almuradiel, and the foot of the Sierra, the road constantly rises; though gradually; and about four in the afternoon, I arrived at the "Venta de Cardeñas," where I purposed passing the night. I found a room and a bed,—such as they were,—prepared for me, as I had reason to expect from Polinario's promise; and the host told me, that Polinario had enjoined him to take care of me; to give me a good supper, and to provide me with a steady mule to pass the Sierra.

The Venta de Cardeñas, is a solitary house standing just under the mountain, upon a small elevation on the left side of the road. It is here where the famous adventure of the galley-slaves is placed by Cervantes, where, after Don Quixotte had delivered Gines de Passamonte and his companions from bondage, and after Sancho had his ass stolen, the knight and his squire entered the Brown Mountain, and met Cardenio; upon whose story the Drama of the Mountaineers has been constructed. This neighbourhood is still famous

for the frequency of the robberies that take place in it; and it was in the identical Venta de Cardenas, that the greater number of Polinario's robberies were committed; the landlord of the venta,—the same who inhabits it now,—had an understanding with Polinario; and in most instances, travellers were taken into this venta and stripped; this being considered safer and more convenient than stripping them on the highway.

About an hour after I arrived, the supper which had been bespoken, was placed before me; and having myself superintended the cookery, I had the satisfaction of sitting down to fowl and bacon, without either oil or garlic. The host told me, that upon the La Mancha side of the Sierra Morena, there was little danger of robbery; but that the moment I set foot in Andalusia, I might consider myself in constant jeopardy. The band of Don José, he said, was then scouring every part of Andalusia; and on some roads, scarcely any traveller escaped robbery. I afterwards found, that in this information he was correct; but just about the same time, the band of Don José was dispersed; upwards of twenty were

made prisoners, and the leader, and about fifteen followers escaped to Portugal.

After dinner, it still wanted an hour of sunset; and this interval, and nearly another hour added to it, I spent in a ramble among the outposts of the Sierra. All the lower part of the mountain on this side is covered with a thick carpet of shrubs, and with millions of aromatic plants. Wild olives grow profusely over the lower acclivities; but higher up, and in the defiles, ilex and pine throw their deeper and broader shadows upon the mountain side. The silence of the hills is felt in its fullest extent on the Sierra Morena, because it is not broken by the music of mountain rills, whose playful gush, and varying tone, often go far towards neutralizing the character of solemnity which naturally belongs to mountain scenes. Almost all the waters of the Sierra Morena descend on the southern side, and flow towards the Mediterranean. I caught some fine mountain images before darkness forced me back to the venta. Sunny slopes, strewed with pale olives; and dark hill sides scattered with crooked ilex; golden peaks, and dusky ravines; milk-white goats

descending the steeps, and the goatherd, such as he whose whistle startled Don Quixotte and his squire; small trains of mules, with their bells, and their muleteer, winding down the road towards the venta; and the broader shadows, and the fading light, and the dusky mountain, and the dark outline, piled against the unclouded heaven of Andalusian skies.

Leaving injunctions to call me before sunrise, I took a draught of val de Peñas, and retired to my *quarto*, a small square apartment, with no furniture in it excepting one chair and my bed, which consisted of a mattress laid upon three boards, supported by two logs. The window was open, and not more than six or seven feet from the ground; but the assurance of Polinario was enough, and I slept well till awoke by the muleteer calling to me that my mule was ready. I swallowed a cup of chocolate while dressing, and was seated upon my mule, just as the highest peaks of the Sierra received the earliest message of day. It was as charming a morning as ever broke upon the mountain tops; the sky was one field of azure, with that pale green tinge peculiar to morning skies in the south of Spain; and the air felt so light

and invigorating, that every draught was like the gush of a mountain spring. My mule trod sturdily up the steep winding road: and the muleteer, an Andalusian of Andujár, walked or ran as was necessary. Although early, we were not the earliest upon the road; for several trains of mules were seen winding round the brow of the opposite acclivities: these, though close at hand, were not speedily gained by the road, which was obliged frequently to ascend one side of a gorge, cross it at the extremity, and return by the other side to the point opposite to that by which we entered it. After about half a league of steep ascent, the first pass is obtained: here the scenery is wild and striking; the road passes beneath a succession of lofty rocky peaks, while on the other side, a deep and narrow gulf runs parallel with the road: if twelve or fourteen feet of rock were here blown up, this pass would be no longer a pass.

From the first summit, I descended into a deep valley, and then ascended again, during at least two leagues. The sides of the mountain are scattered with evergreen oaks and a few ash trees, and are thickly covered with an

underwood of shrubs; occasional glimpses are caught below, of openings into the deep and uninhabited lateral valleys of the Sierra; but as the road climbs towards the south, nature puts on a more cultivated aspect, and houses, and villages at a little distance, are seen scattered around. These are the new colonies, as they are still called, of the Sierra Morena, and the first of the villages we reach, is Santa Elena. Nothing can be more striking or agreeable than the contrast between the villages of the new settlements, and those we meet in other parts of the interior of Spain. Industry and activity were evidently at work every where around; the soil was forced to yield whatever crop was suited to it; and corn and pasture, and little patches of potato and cabbage land, smiled fresh and green around the cottages: these were of a better construction than the cabins of Spanish peasantry; and upon looking into some of them, I noticed all the necessary articles of common household furniture. The people too, were not seen looking from their doors in rags, or sitting under the walls wrapped up in their cloaks; they all seemed to have something to

do, and went about their avocations with the air of persons who had no hankering after idleness. The secret is, that these people have an interest in what they do, for they labour upon their own property. The history of these settlements is probably known to every one; and yet, I can scarcely altogether pass it over.

Previous to the reign of Charles III., the Sierra Morena was entirely abandoned to banditti; but Don Pablo de Olavido, who then enjoyed a high office in the government of the province of Seville, conceived the design of colonizing the Sierra, and of supporting the colonists by their agricultural labour. One attempt failed, after a great outlay; but a second was, to a certain degree, successful. Settlers came from different parts of Germany, tempted by the liberal offers of the Spanish government; and it is their descendants who still people these colonies. Every settler received fifty pieces of land, every piece being ten thousand square feet—free of rent, for ten years; and afterwards, subject only to tithes. And if these pieces were brought under cultivation, another equally large portion was assigned to

the cultivator. Along with his land, the colonist received the necessary articles of agricultural labour:—ten cows, an ass, two pigs, a cock and hen, and seed for his land; a house, and a bake-house: and the only incumbrance upon the property, was, a restriction in the power of disposing of it, which no settler had the liberty of doing in favour of any person already in the enjoyment of a lot; so that the possessions of the colonists could neither become less nor greater; excepting by their own industry.

But, notwithstanding the many advantages and privileges which these colonies enjoy; and although, in comparison with the ordinary run of Spanish villages, the villages of the new settlements present an aspect of comfort and industry; the colonies have never been entirely successful, and are said to be less flourishing every year. At present, there is no increase of riches among them; all they are able to do, is merely to support themselves in tolerable comfort: the only cause that can be assigned for this negative prosperity, must be referred to a deficient outlet for the produce of their labour. It is evident, that without a

market, the labour of the agriculturist is useless, and will soon be restricted to that point which is fixed by the wants of himself and his family.

Soon after leaving Santa Elena, the prospect opens towards the south; the highest ridges of the Sierra lie behind, and Andalusia stretches below. About three leagues beyond Santa Elena, lies La Carolina, the capital of the new settlements; where I arrived early in the afternoon. This is really a neat, clean town; and the apparent excellence of the posada almost tempted me to yield to the instances of the muleteer, who wished me to make my night's quarters at this place; but I had resolved to sleep at Baylen, that I might have a short day's journey on the morrow, to Anduxar.

Nature exhibits a new appearance when we leave Carolina, and descend into the plain of Andalusia: the olive grounds are no longer groves, but forests; the ilex does not dot, but clothes the sides of the mountains; innumerable new shrubs, and varieties of aromatic plants, unseen before, cover every spot of waste land; and the hedges by the way-side,

are composed of gigantic aloes. All the way from La Carolina to Baylen, I passed through a country rich in corn and oil;—a wide, undulating plain, bounded on the south by the mountains of Granada; and here and there, upon the southern ridges of the Sierra Morena, which forms the northern boundary of the plain, were seen the ruins of Moorish castles. At nightfall I reached Baylen, celebrated as the field of battle where Castanos gained the decided victory which subsequently led to the evacuation of Madrid.

I almost regretted that I had not yielded to the temptation of a good posada at Carolina, as the guide led my mule into the yard of a very wretched posada at Baylen. I found a bed, however, not worse than usual; and for supper, I was forced to be contented with fried eggs, and excellent wine, and a delicious melon. My journey had been long and fatiguing; and defying the mosquitos, by throwing a handkerchief over my face, I slept soundly till morning. It may be charity to the traveller, to mention a contrivance which I afterwards adopted as a defence against the assaults of mosquitos. Mosquito curtains are nowhere

to be found in Spain, not even in the very best hotels, and every one is not able to sleep with a handkerchief thrown over the face. I purchased a piece of thin muslin about a yard square, and loaded the sides of it with small leaden weights, the muslin having been previously much starched: this, thrown over the head, leaves ample breathing room; and the weights keeping it down on all sides, it rarely happens that a mosquito gains admittance within.

I left Baylen, as usual, about sun rise; and immediately entered a wild, but highly picturesque valley. A turbulent stream, called Rio de las Piedras—"river of stones," dashed through it,—its banks, wherever the rocks admitted a tuft of green, covered with the bright pink flower of a shrub unknown to me: ilex, here and there diversified by a tall round-headed pine, clustered in the hollows, and strewed the sides of the acclivities; and a party of muleteers, and their mules, resting under the shade of a clump of trees, added greatly to the picturesqueness of the landscape. Several of these figures

forcibly reminded me that I was now in the country of Murillo. The short brown hair, the ragged and patched brown coat and trowsers, the bare feet, and the occupation—breaking bread, and eating fruit, all carried me to those admirable portraitures of Spanish life, which have so often and so successfully engaged the pencil of this illustrious master.

There is little to interest between leaving this valley, and arriving at Andujar. I passed through extensive woods, both of olives and ilex, where I counted three crosses; and the muleteer assured me it was not at all unlikely that we might be robbed before reaching Andujar; though he admitted that our probabilities of escape were greater, owing to its being morning. This is considered one of the most dangerous spots between Madrid and Seville: about a week after my arrival at the latter place, the mail was robbed within about two leagues of Andujar. This robbery was attended with one circumstance, rather inconsistent with the usual civility of Spanish banditti. After every package had been rifled, the four passengers,—three gentlemen and one lady,—

were stripped, all excepting the *camisa*, and in this plight were put into the carriage: the postilion also made his entry into Andujar in his shirt. I reached the Venta de Lequaca however, without interruption; and after resting there an hour, taking chocolate, and refreshing my mule, I continued my journey and arrived at Andujar early in the afternoon.

Here I dismissed my mule and muleteer; though yet unresolved in what manner to proceed to Cordova and Seville: but soon after, learning that a light waggon and seven mules would leave Andujar at four next morning, I engaged a place in it to Cordova.

The situation of Andujar is fine: it stands at the head of a wide plain, watered throughout its whole extent by the Guadalquivir, which I saw here for the first time; and the advanced slopes of the Sierra Morena rise close to the north of the town. Every where round, the country is under cultivation; a fine soil, and a delightful climate, insuring an abundant return: and the banks of the river, and the slopes of the Sierra are covered with

vines and olives. The city itself is of considerable size, containing nearly twenty thousand inhabitants, six churches, and nine convents. I remarked an evident improvement in the appearance of the people: they were better clothed and better looking than the Castilians; but notwithstanding this, the population of Andujar, as well as of Cordova, is said to be a bad population,—thievish, deceitful, and violent. It is certain that, with the exception of the coast between Cadiz and Malaga, more robberies are committed in the neighbourhood of Audujar than in any other part of Spain.

I took my seat in the waggon at four in the morning, and the day dawned about half an hour after leaving Audujar. The whole way to Cordova, the road lies through the extensive plain that borders the Guadalquivir:—this plain is chiefly divided between wheat and olives; the latter forming a complete forest a few leagues from Audujar:—they are the property of the Duke of Medina Cœli, who is said to be the only man in Spain who waters his olives. The river flows at about a mile distant, and the whole of the olive

land is subjected to irrigation by means of machinery, which raises the water into channels and wooden troughs laid for it. I learned that the Duke finds his advantage in this system, having frequently fine olive crops when other proprietors have none. The wheat crops raised upon this plain are of the finest quality, but only one crop is expected. There can be no doubt, however, that if the wheat land were also subjected to the process of irrigation, as in Valencia and Murcia, more than one crop might be obtained from the soil. The road, in approaching Cordova, is bordered on either side by magnificent hedges of aloe. I had the curiosity to measure some of these, and found several leaves eleven and twelve feet long, and the stalks of the flower from twenty-four to thirty feet high. The aloe is a useful plant to the natives. Ropes are made from the fibres of the leaves; and the stalks of the flowers are cut into light beams for constructing cottages. The wild olive, which grows in great abundance in this district, is also a useful tree, although its fruit be worthless; the wood is among the hardest known, and is much used

in agricultural implements, particularly in the construction of cart wheels.

I approached Cordova under all the advantages of a most glorious sunset, which bathed in gold the numerous towers and minarets of this ancient Moorish capital, long the nursery and favourite shelter of the arts and sciences, and the birth-place of Seneca and Lucan. The situation of Cordova is truly delightful. East and west flows the Guadalquivir,—the level stripe that lies along its banks, rich in every production that is congenial to the climate of Andalusia; a range of low hills wooded to the summit, and diversified by gardens, orange groves, and country houses, stretch, parallel with the river, bounding the prospect to the south; while the elevated chain of the Sierra Morena, pushes forward its picturesque outposts almost to the walls of the city. But situation is the only glory of Cordova that remains. Science has found other sanctuaries, and riches new channels; and modern Cordova is one of the most decayed, most deserted, and most miserable cities of Spain. Cordova, when metropolis of the kingdom of Abdoulraman, in 759, is

said to have contained three hundred thousand persons; forty years ago it contained thirty-four thousand; and since then, twelve thousand more must be deducted from the number of its inhabitants; and of the twenty-two thousand yet remaining, upwards of three thousand are shut in by convent walls. The inhabitants live entirely by agriculture,—for, with the exception of a very trifling manufactory of linen, there is no trade of any description. At a moderate distance from the city are some lead mines, said to be well worth the notice of the capitalist. I met an English gentleman resident at Cordova, who has lately begun to work one of these mines under a sufficiently advantageous contract: he told me that the only thing he had to contend with, was the expense of carriage as far as Seville; the wages of labour were only four reals, about 9*d.*; and if there was water conveyance from Cordova to Seville, he could secure a highly profitable return. The Guadalquivir, however, is not navigable; and without this facility of transit, I believe the speculation is doubtful. Every thing is remarkably cheap in Cordova. Beef is fourteen quartos the

pound of thirty-two ounces. Mutton, sixteen quartos. Fine bread, six quartos. The ordinary wages of agricultural labour do not exceed three reals.

The great attraction of Cordova is its mosque,—once, second only to that of Mecca. It is curious, but not beautiful or striking; the interest arises chiefly from the knowledge we obtain from it of the structure and interior of a mosque. Divested of this interest, it is a labyrinth of small pillars, without order or elegance: the area is indeed immensely large, being no less than five hundred and twelve feet long, by four hundred and twenty-three broad; but the multitude of pillars injures the general effect; and the erection of an altar in the centre, where nothing was ever intended to be, destroys its unity as a mosque, without substituting any of the grandeur of a Christian temple. There is one beautiful Moorish relic however, which, of itself, well repays a visit to this curious remain of other and brighter days. This is the chapel of Mahomet, which was accidentally laid open in the year 1815, by the removal of some old brick-work. It is in the most

perfect state of preservation. The Arabic characters upon the cornices, and the colours in which these are inscribed, are as perfect and as vivid as if it were all the work of yesterday. The gilding too, and the mosaic, have lost nothing of their freshness. Close by the mosque, upon a stone platform above the river, there is a monument to the angel Raphael, the guardian angel of the city. A certain devout archbishop, who held the see of Cordova many years ago, dreamt that the angel Raphael appeared to him, and declared himself guardian of the city; and the archbishop commemorated his dream by the erection of a handsome monument. Such expensive dreams have gone out of fashion now-a-days.

From Cordova, I resolved to travel to Seville by the diligence; and finding a vacant place in the *coupé*, I left Cordova at one o'clock next day. The views are very charming in leaving Cordova; fine vistas are caught among the neighbouring mountains, from which, embowered in wood, several convents look down upon the plain. I saw here, for the first time, the date tree, which in the

kingdoms of Valencia and Murcia, adds so great a charm to the landscape: two of them were seen towering far above all the surrounding trees, in a convent garden,—their tall stems, and fan-like branches, carrying me in fancy, to the tent of the wandering Arab, and the fountains of the desert. All the way from Cordova to Carlotta, the country is well cultivated and well wooded; and to a great distance on every side of this newest of the new settlements, neat white cottages are scattered over the plain. Carlotta, itself, is a remarkably pretty town; and the inhabitants looked clean and well fed. We arrived at Ecija about seven o'clock, after crossing the Xenil by a fine bridge, and found an excellent posada, and a supper that would have done honour to a French table. We were also regaled by the most delicious perfume; for the walls of the *patio* were entirely covered with jasmine, of a luxuriance and fragrance beyond any thing that I had ever seen elsewhere; every blossom was larger than the largest periwinkle. I had sufficient time and light, before supper, to stroll through the town, which is more

flourishing, and even more populous than Cordova. Returning to the posada by the Plaza Mayor, a fine spacious square, with a double row of balconies the whole way round, I stepped into a barber's shop, and while he was preparing his implements, I ventured to ask him if he had heard the news? "What news?" said he. "Why," replied I, "that with the assistance of God, the king's troops have defeated and taken prisoners the whole army of refugees." I was not aware of any such news, but I wished to hear the sentiments of an Andalusian. "Thank God! thank God!" said he, "and so we shall be allowed to live in our own way after all."

I left Ecija at an early hour next morning, with the pleasant assurance that I should dine in Seville. A remarkably wild country stretches between Ecija and Carmona—most of it is crown land—and I believe few serious attempts have been made to people and fertilize it. Robberies had lately been very frequently committed upon the extensive heath that stretches almost to the foot of the hill upon which Carmona stands; and I noticed several crosses, two of them evidently

of recent erection. The situation of Carmona is particularly striking, looking down from its isolated hill over the plains of Andalusia; a very winding road leads up to the city; but I left the carriage and walked sfraight up the hill to the gate, which I had sufficient time to examine and admire as a fine Moorish remain;—because the sentinel would not allow me to enter until the diligence arrived. At Carmona I found the luxury of *café au lait*, for the first time since leaving France; and we were soon again on the road to Seville.

Between Carmona and Seville, there is little to interest, excepting the increasing excitement in approaching nearer and nearer to famous Seville, the capital of the south of Spain. At Alcala, the nearest town to Seville, and which may be called its bake-house—since almost all the bread generally used there is made at Alcala—we stopped to change horses; and, not long after leaving this town, upon reaching the brow of a ridge, Seville, queen of Andalusia, was seen amidst her orange groves, swaying her sceptre over a dominion of luxuriance and beauty, and

circled by the broad glittering waters of the Guadalquivir.

I reached the city soon after mid-day, and immediately established myself in the house of a private family, in the neighbourhood of the alcazar and the cathedral.

CHAPTER XIII.

SEVILLE.

Madrid not the sole Capital of Spain; Peculiarities of Seville; Moorish Customs; the Streets; the Population; Manner of Living in Andalusia; Society; Morals; the Archbishop; the Dean; the Convents; frequency of Murder in Andalusia, and its Causes; Serenading; Superstition in Seville, and Examples of it; extraordinary Facts; the Paseo; Andalusian Women; *Oracion; Las Delicias;* Orange-Groves; Details respecting the Orange Trade of Seville; the Cathedral; the Capuchin Convent, *La Caridad,* and Murillo's Pictures; Private Collections; the Alcazar and its Gardens; the Tobacco Manufactory; Roman Remains; Seville as a Residence; Prices of Provisions; Descent of the Guadalquivir, and its Banks; Optic Deception; St. Lucar; Night Journey; Port St. Mary; the Bay of Cadiz, and the City.

SPAIN is the only country in Europe, that contains more than one capital. London is the capital, and the only capital of England; and Paris is the sole capital of France. Bour-

deaux, indeed, or Marseilles, may be called capitals of the west and south of France; and Liverpool is sometimes called the metropolis of the west of England: but these are only small editions of the great capital. The general appearance of all the cities is the same; and in dress and manners, the inhabitants of the smaller cities differ in nothing from the inhabitants of the acknowledged metropolis of the kingdom. But in Spain, one city does not represent the whole nation. In dress, usages, morals, as well as in the general aspect of external things, all those provinces which remained during the longest period subject to the dominion of the Moors, possess essential and characteristic distinctions; and Madrid, although nominally the capital of all Spain, is, in fact, but the metropolis of the two Castiles. Seville is the capital of the south, and Valencia of the east of Spain.

The first stroll which a stranger takes through the streets of Seville, shews him a new order of things: he at once perceives the results of a hot climate, and the traces of Moorish dominion and Moorish customs.

These are first remarked in the construction of the houses, which differ entirely from any thing that he has ever seen before. In place of the wide dark entry to a Castilian house, a passage, scrupulously clean, leads through the building to the interior square, or *patio*, which is separated from the passage by a handsome, ornamented, and often gilded, cast-iron door; through which, every one who passes along the street, may see into the patio. The patio is the luxury of a hot climate; it is open to the sky, but the sun scarcely reaches it; and there is always a contrivance, by which an awning may be drawn over it. The floor is of marble, or of painted Valencia tiles; sometimes a fountain plays in the centre; and a choice assortment of flowers, sweet-smelling and beautiful, is disposed around in ornamented vases: here the inmates escape from the noon-day heats; and here, in the evening, every family assembles to converse, see their friends, play the guitar, and sip lemonade.

There is something peculiarly attractive in a walk through Seville. The streets, though narrow, so scrupulously clean—the white-

washed houses, every one with its range of balconies; those peeps into the patios,—so cool, so luxurious,—the golden oranges hanging over the garden walls, for every third or fourth house has its garden and orangery; and the glimpses of Moorish customs visible even in trifles. Among these, one of the most obvious, is the contempt of chairs: in many of the lower order of houses, and in the artizan's workshop, it is usual to see the inmates squatted upon mats; and even in the most respectable houses, and in the best shops, most persons are seated upon low stools, not much elevated above the ground.

The general aspect of the population of Seville, differs greatly from that of Madrid. To begin with the upper ranks, there is something more eastern in the appearance of the ladies; they are more frequently seen veiled; their cheeks seem tinged with a hue of Moorish blood; and along with the fire of the Castilian eye, there is mingled a shading of oriental softness. Among the lower orders of women, we remark an extravagant and tasteless profusion of gaudy ornaments,

immense earrings, and enormous bracelets, and numerous rings, which I have seen gracing the fingers of a common beggar: all this is a remnant of Moorish custom; and the dress of the Andalusian peasant, is even more grotesque and ornamented than that of the women: his jacket and waistcoat, are almost always trimmed with gold or silver, and a profusion of silk cord and buttons covers every article of his dress.

One striking difference between Madrid and Seville, consists in the number of ragged and wretched-looking people seen in the latter city. This is the almost invariable result of a hot climate, where labour is a disagreeable exertion, and where the temptations to labour are few. It is easy to live in Andalusia:—give a small loaf of bread to one of these ragged sons of idleness; he makes a hole in it, begs a little oil, which is not worth refusing, pours it into the hole, and dipping his slices of bread in it as he cuts round his loaf, he is set up for the day; and if he succeeds in getting a two-quarto piece, about one farthing, he can deliberate between the choice of a *gaspacho*, (the luxury of thousands),

which only requires a little vinegar, oil, and onion,—or, of as many grapes as might furnish forth the desert of a Russian prince: he is therefore idle, because he has no incitement to be busy; and as for his rags and houselessness, these are scarcely felt to be evils in a country where the sun shines every day in the year.

The upper and middle ranks in Seville live more luxuriously, but not better than the inhabitants of Madrid. Things that are justly esteemed luxuries in Andalusia, would not be luxuries in Castile: the luxuries of the Sevillanos, are made luxuries by the climate—iced water, lemonade, oranges, pomegranates and prickly pears; a cool patio to retire to, a fountain and a bath; summer apartments nearest the ground, and winter apartments nearest the sun; these are all luxuries in the climate of Andalusia, and are even necessary to health and comfort. But even in his ordinary diet, the Andalusian has the advantage over the Castilian; it is true that he, like the inhabitant of the northern provinces, dines upon the eternal puchero; but then its ingre-

dients are better in Andalusia than in Castile; the pigs are fed from the ilex nuts, and the vegetables of the south of Spain are perhaps the finest in the world.

The state of society in Seville, affords farther evidence of the difference between Castile and Andalusia. The true Spanish tertulia is far less frequent in Seville than in Madrid; and substantial entertainments are more general. In morals, the distinction is still greater; for, in Seville, intrigue in married life, is not, as in Castile, concealed from the husband: the Andalusian *cortejo* enjoys, at the same time, the good graces of the wife, and the apparent or real good will of the husband. Among all classes in Seville, morality is at the lowest possible ebb. It is almost a derision to a married woman, to have no *cortejo;* and a jest against an unmarried woman, to have no *amante;* and the gallantries of the latter, are not unfrequently carried as far as the gallantries of the former. It is forbidden to all women to enter the cathedral of Seville after sunset; but I have frequently seen this order disregarded, under circumstances too, of the most suspicious kind.

The worst possible example is set by the churchmen: it is a common saying in Seville, that the reason why one sees so few pretty women in the streets, is, that they are all in the houses of the clergy; and those who have had the best opportunity of judging of the truth of this saying, have assured me, that such is the fact; and that it is impossible to enter the houses of the dignified clergy, without finding evidence of it.

The head of the church in Seville, the archbishop, is equally careless of the interests of religion and morality. He never resides in Seville, but most generally in some convent in the country, by which he saves the expense of living at home; and the whole revenues of his see, are sent by him to Portugal, to aid in supporting the party and interests of Don Miguel. Three years ago, the archbishop failed: finding himself in difficulties, he wrote to the king, requesting to know what was to be done; to which his majesty is said to have replied,—"do as I do, pay nobody." At all events, the archbishop acted upon this advice, by whomsoever given: he promised to pay his creditors by instalments, in ten years, but no

one has ever yet received a dollar. I am myself acquainted with a merchant to whom he owes a considerable sum; but the merchant told me, he should expose himself to persecution of various kinds, were he to proceed to extremities. Every archbishop and bishop is almost forced to incur debt upon his appointment to a see: the first year's revenue belongs to the king, and the new bishop is therefore obliged to borrow money of the merchants, that he may be able to support his dignity the first year. The revenue of the archbishop of Seville is about 35,000*l.*

A very different man from the archbishop, is the Dean of Seville: he is ninety-eight years old; and his house being directly opposite to my lodgings, I had daily opportunities of observing the respect and love which his virtues have secured for him, and the constant acts of his beneficence. He literally gives away all that he has; and were it not for the kindness of those friends who know his character, he might often be in want of the necessaries of life. On the 31st of December, his steward waits upon him with his accounts for the year made up, and pays

whatever surplus may remain; and the whole of this, he immediately distributes to those who are in want: it has sometimes happened that on the first of January, his housekeeper has borrowed a dollar from a neighbour, to defray household expenses. The income of the Dean is about 2500*l.* sterling.

I could hear nothing of the immorality of the convents within the city, though there are several without the walls,—one especially, a female convent,—said to be connected with the contrabandisters; making their convents depots for smuggled goods, and of course receiving a liberal share of the profits. Only three among the eighty-one convents give any thing to the poor, and two of these live upon charity themselves,—the Capuchins and Franciscans; the other that feeds the poor, is the Carthusian convent. Formerly, many more of the convents distributed alms; and, I understand, that since the limitation of convent charity, there has been a sensible diminution in the number of those who seemed to stand in need of it; a result that may easily be credited. Those convents which belong to the orders who live on charity,

want for no luxury which their rules permit them to enjoy. I have more than once followed the footsteps of the Franciscan with his sack, in his morning peregrination through the Seville markets: one gave a handful of lettuces; another, a bunch of carrots; a third, a couple of melons, or a few pomegranates; a fourth, a loaf of bread; and I remarked, that every contribution was carefully picked, that the convent might have the best.

If vice degrade the manners of the upper and middle classes in Seville, crime of a darker turpitude disfigures the character and conduct of the lower orders. Scarcely a night passes without the commission of a murder; but these crimes are not perpetrated in cold blood, from malevolent passions; still less, from love of gain; they generally spring from the slightest possible causes. The Andalusian is not so abstemious as the Castilian; and the wine he drinks, is stronger: he has also a greater propensity for gambling, the fruitful engenderer of strife; and the climate has doubtless its influence upon his passions. "Will you taste with me?" an Andalusian will say to some asso-

ciate with whom he has had some slight difference,—offering him his glass. "No, *gracias*," the other will reply. The former, already touched with wine, will half drain his glass, and present it again, saying, "Do you not wish to drink with me?"—and if the other still refuses the proffered civility, it is the work of a moment to drain the glass to the dregs—to say, "How! not taste with me?" and to thrust the knife an Andalusian always carries with him, into the abdomen of the comrade who refused to drink with him. It is thus, and in other ways equally simple, that quarrel and murder disfigure the nightly annals of every town in Andalusia, and of the other provinces of the south of Spain. There is an hospital in Seville dedicated to the sole purpose of receiving wounded persons. I had the curiosity to visit it, and ascertained that during the past fourteen days, twenty-one persons had been received into the hospital wounded from stabs: they would not inform me how many of these had died.

Walking late in the evening through the streets of Seville, (for I generally spent my

evenings at a friend's house, situated half a mile beyond the gate), I was frequently startled by the sound of broils,—some of which most probably ended in murder; and although often strongly tempted to approach the scene of contention, prudence always gained the victory over curiosity. Sounds and sights of a more agreeable, or more picturesque kind, sometimes awaited me. Once or twice, the sound of the guitar and an accompanying voice, rose suddenly from the shaded angle of a garden wall. Another time, the lover had been more adventurous, for the serenade rose from within the sanctuary of the garden. The night after, proceeding a little way along a narrow street, in which I heard the thrumming of a guitar, a cloaked caballero stepped from the shade of a wall which inclosed an orangery—the scene of the serenade—and crossed the street towards me. I thought it safest not to interrupt the affair, whatever it was; and returned to my lodgings by a more circuitous road: and once, in passing the garden of a female convent, I am strangely mistaken if I did not see two figures disappear from the top of the wall. It is

certain, that while I was at Seville, there was a strange rumour respecting the arrest and private examination of two Frenchmen, said to have been detected in some forbidden exploit.

Next to Toledo and Murcia, among the larger cities of Spain, superstition and bigotry have the firmest footing in Seville; and from my longer residence in Seville than in Toledo, I had more personal proofs of this, as well as better opportunities of receiving authentic information upon these matters. I will throw some facts together, as they occur to me.

I was surprised, the first visit I made to the cathedral, to observe suspended in the chapels of the different saints, legs, arms, eyes, and other parts of the body, in wax or silver: by the side of one altar I saw a pair of crutches hanging; and by the side of another, the entire body of a child in wood. These are offerings made by devout persons, to the saint whose intercession they believe to have been the means of restoring them to health; and, in token of gratitude, they offer at the altar of the saint, a representation of that part of the body which had been the

subject of disease. Vows of various kinds of penance, or of offerings, are made by devout persons when afflicted. Sometimes in walking the streets, you are startled by the apparition of a nun; but this is only some female who, when dangerously ill, has made a vow to wear a certain habit during one, two, or three years. This, it may easily be believed, is the most genuine proof of devotion and gratitude that a Spanish woman can give; for it is no light sacrifice to throw aside her laces and silks, and shroud her graceful figure in the coarse and inelegant garb of a sister of St. Francis. The most celebrated beauty of Cadiz lately testified her devotion in this way,—she vowed to wear the Augustin habit for two years, and the penance had not concluded when I visited Cadiz. Nor is it at all uncommon to see in the streets of Seville, little boys dressed in the full habit of a Franciscan friar,—this also originates in superstitious vows: when children are affected with a dangerous malady, parents make this vow in their behalf; and the order of friars so honoured, is always one of the most austere. But women sometimes resort to modes of

inflicting penance upon themselves, more agreeable to them than concealing their charms. One day, when strolling through the cathedral, I saw a respectable woman, not thirty years of age, making the tour of the aisles upon her knees. I watched her progress, and saw her complete the circuit of the cathedral. This might possibly have been enjoined by the confessor; though it is more than probable that it was the result of a secret vow, because money to purchase masses would have been a more likely exaction on his part.

It is impossible to turn the eye in any direction, without finding proofs of the superstition of the inhabitants of Seville; every second or third window is decorated with a palm-branch, which is looked upon as a security against disease coming to that house, the branches having, of course, been duly consecrated. The very names of the streets, but above all the names of the inns, savour strongly of religious bigotry. You read Posada de la Concepcion, Posada de la Natividad, Posada de la Virgen, Posada de todos los Santos. In the respect too that is

paid to religious processions, there is a remarkable difference between Madrid and Seville. In Madrid, people only take off their hats when the host is carried by; in Seville, every one falls upon his knees; and if this happen to be at night, no sooner is the little bell heard, than every one hastens to throw open the window and place lights upon the balcony, and to drop upon their knees behind them,—so that the carrying of the host always produces a partial illumination. But more marked honours than even these, are paid to the host, in Seville.

If a person driving in his carriage, should be so unfortunate as to meet this procession, he must leave his carriage, and give it up to the host and the attendant priest; or, if a carriage should drive past the door of a house into which the host has already entered, the carriage must wait at the door, to carry back to the church, or the convent, the consecrated wafer. But I can cite a yet stronger example of superstition than these. One of the convents, the Dominican I think, lay in my way from my lodgings to the Alameda; and I noticed several times the same new

carriage standing at the convent door; and upon inquiring the meaning of this, I received the following explanation. When a devout person has a new carriage built, it is sent to wait at the door of one of the churches, or convents, until some dying person may happen to send to that church, or convent, for the last offices of religion: and until the carriage has been blessed by carrying the host, the owner would feel himself unblessed in entering it. But even more gross instances of superstition than these occasionally occur in Seville. Only a very few months before I visited Seville, a Capuchin friar died, one who had the reputation of being even more than usually holy; and so great a commotion was excited, by the hundreds, or rather thousands, who besieged the convent doors to obtain parts of his garments, that the aid of the military was required to preserve order. Not six months before this, it was given out, that a certain virgin, who had up to that time honoured the Carthusian convent by making her abode in it, was found one morning upon the summit of St. John's Hill; she was brought back to the convent:

but next morning she was again discovered to be missing, and was again found on St. John's Hill: a third time she was made prisoner by the Carthusians, and a third time she returned to her favourite spot on St. John's Hill. The fathers, no longer able to resist the evidence of the virgin's will, erected a chapel for her on St. John's Hill, where she now attracts the footsteps of the devout. It is scarcely credible that an imposition like this should be practised in the middle of the nineteenth century,—and yet the hoax succeeded,—and thousands in Seville believe, that the Carthusian friars were concerned in the affair no farther than in yielding to the wishes of the virgin, in erecting a chapel for her.

I shall add two other facts that occurred at Seville within the last three years. A sacrilegious thief contrived to enter the Capuchin convent during the night, or more probably secreted himself in it during the day, and stole a diamond ring of great value, from the finger of "the Holy Shepherdess," an image much venerated in that convent, and very richly clothed. The thief, however, was

detected, and the ring found upon his person. He was examined before the civil magistrate, and in presence of the superior of the convent, and of many persons whom the rumour of the thing had collected together; and he gave this history of the affair: while praying with great earnestness at the feet of the Holy Shepherdess, he raised his eyes and saw her stretch forth her hand; and while impressed with awe and devotion, she took the ring from her finger and presented it to him. It would have been most unwise had the superior of the convent refused to credit the miracle; he affected to believe it,—told the thief to keep, and ever to venerate the ring,—but advised him never in future to accept presents from this, or any other virgin.

The other extraordinary fact I have to relate is this. Among the many processions of Holy week, there is one, of the Virgin Mary and St. John Baptist, which issues from the church of St. Juan, and makes the tour of the city, passing by the cathedral. The procession left the church, and it began to rain; the friars and their charge took

refuge in the Franciscan convent,—and the rain subsiding, the procession proceeded. However, just as it reached the Plaza of the cathedral, a tremendous storm burst overhead, and torrents of rain threatening to descend, the procession sought shelter in the cathedral. Here it remained for some time; but the rain increased, and it began to grow dusk. The Virgin and John Baptist were in their best clothes, which the rain would have entirely spoiled; and besides, it would have shewn a want of respect to take them back to the church without the pomp usually attendant upon so important a procession. In this dilemma, it was resolved that the Virgin and John Baptist should remain in the cathedral all night; but now an unthought-of difficulty arose. Could the Virgin and John Baptist be left in the cathedral all night by themselves with any propriety? The canons were sent for, and the difficulty was stated. One said, "*No es decente se quedase St. Juan con ella.*" "It is not decent to leave St. John and her together." Another, a more jocular canon, quoted the well-known Spanish proverb, "*El fuego junto á la estopa llega el diablo,*

y sopla." "When fire is put to the hemp, the devil comes and blows it." The result was, that a message was actually dispatched to the captain-general to request a guard; and a captain's guard, with torches, did accordingly keep watch upon the Virgin and John till morning. These facts I learned from the lips of a lady who had taken refuge in the cathedral, and who herself heard the consultation. I could perceive no symptom of any diminution in the superstitions of Seville, or in the influence possessed by the friars; and the highest public civil authorities lend all the aids of their influence and example to support the delusions. While I was at Seville, it was in contemplation to revive a procession which had not been seen for forty years; this was the burial of Christ; and large funds were required for the exhibition. The Intendente of Seville,—the civil governor,—took up the affair, and sent his son round among the inhabitants to solicit subscriptions; I need scarcely say, that nobody refused. So much for the superstitions of Seville.

The first Sunday after my arrival in Seville, I walked, after dinner, to the Paseo, always an admirable place, in Spain, for making observations upon the population. There is more than one Paseo in Seville; but the most recently formed is the pleasantest and the most frequented: it is a broad paved walk, lying parallel with the river, elevated about ten feet above the surrounding country, and set round with two rows of stone benches. It is the work of the present Intendente, who is also laying out a garden around the Paseo. I found the walk crowded from end to end; and all the benches occupied by friars, whiffing their cigars, and enjoying the cool breeze off the river. The universal dress of the ladies was black, with white silk stockings, and the mantilla; and a few wore veils. At Madrid, when I used to speak without any enthusiasm of Spanish beauty, I was told to reserve my opinion till I had seen the ladies of Seville and Cadiz; but, on the Paseo of Seville, I saw no good reason to alter the opinion I had already formed. If splendid eyes and graceful forms are of themselves sufficient for female beauty,

then are the ladies of Seville beautiful. The step and air of the Andalusian, are even more striking than the grace of the Castilian; but the gait of an Andalusian woman, we should scarcely consider decorous in England: this opinion was well expressed by a French lady at Barcellona, to whom I remarked, that the Spanish women walked *tres bien.* "*Trop bien,*" she replied.

I took care to be on the Paseo before sunset, that I might witness that impressive ceremony, called *oracion,*—now banished from Madrid and the northern parts of Spain, and found only in the provinces last occupied by the Moors. Nothing can be more imposing than this old usage: at the same instant that every church and convent bell in the city, peals forth the signal for prayer,—motion and conversation are suspended; the whole multitude stands still; every head is uncovered; the laugh and the jest are silent; and a monotonous hum of prayer rises from the crowd: but this expression of devotion lasts but a moment—the next, it is past; heads are covered; every one turns to his neighbour, and says, "*Buenas noches;*" and the

multitude moves on. During the heats of summer, the Paseo is crowded till midnight; at that season, it is impossible to stir out till after eight o'clock; and it is not unusual to rise at four in the morning, and ride or walk for an hour or two, and then return to bed.

A more delightful walk than the Paseo, is the *Delicias:* this is situated about a mile down the river, and is, in fact, a grove of flowering trees and aromatic plants. There is here a complete underwood of geraniums, bordering the walks, trailing upon the trees, and spreading over every unoccupied spot. Rows of acacia line the avenues, and form, with majestic weeping willows, a delicious shade; the mingled fragrance of the acacia blossoms, the geraniums, and the adjacent orange and lemon groves, realizes those dreams of far distant and almost fabled lands, that have been the visions of our youthful fancy.

All the left bank of the Guadalquivir is a succession of orange groves,—beautiful to the sight, and filling the air with their refreshing and indescribably delicious perfume. When the wind blows from the east, nothing can be

more charming than an evening stroll down the river side: the broad Guadalquivir gliding by the fertile and richly-wooded banks that lie opposite, rising gradually to the hill of St. John, and diversified by country houses, and convents, and convent gardens; the delightful fragrance wafted from the orange groves on the left, and the sight of the yellow and golden fruit clustering among the broad and bright green leaves of its lovely tree; and, above all, the charm of a balmy air, and the indescribable beauty of Andalusian skies.

I was intimately acquainted with the principal orange proprietor and merchant of Seville, and found his orange groves a delightful resort in hot weather; for, even independently of the shade, there is something cooling in the smell of oranges and lemons. From this gentleman I obtained some information respecting the orange trade of Seville, which I shall make no apology for transferring to these pages.

The oranges chiefly used in England, are from Portugal, Malta, the Barbary coast, and Seville; but by far the greatest number are

from Seville; the export from which, equals that of all these other places. About forty vessels are yearly freighted with oranges from Seville; each cargo consists of four hundred chests, and each chest contains eight hundred oranges, so that the average number exported from Seville, is twelve million, eight hundred thousand oranges; of this quantity, about one tenth part are bitter. The price paid by the London merchant to the Seville exporter, is one hundred and twenty reals a chest, which is fourpence halfpenny per dozen, or one farthing and a half a piece; so that if the freight and other expenses be added, one can scarcely expect a good orange much under a penny. The cargo of each vessel is generally consigned to about ten persons; so that the trade is a secure one, and to the grower, sufficiently profitable. The best oranges are allowed to remain long on the tree; the tree blossoms in March, and the choicest fruit still hangs on the tree when the blossom of another crop begins to appear. The Spaniards do not esteem them as thoroughly ripe till then; but, in this state,

they are of course unable to bear exportation. The chief part of the export takes place in November and December, and a small number is shipped in January: if the fruit shipped so late as this, happens to be detained long on the voyage, the greater part of it arrives in England in a state unfit for use; but if the voyage be short, this is the finest fruit that comes to the English market.

As my lodgings were in the immediate neighbourhood of both the cathedral and the alcazar—under the roof indeed of the latter—it may be supposed that it was not long before I visited both of these stupendous and magnificent structures. The cathedral of Seville is inferior in riches, but equal in size to that of Toledo; and, in the wealth of pictures, it far surpasses every other cathedral in Spain. One of the most esteemed of these, is the great picture of St. Anthony of Padua, which I have already slightly mentioned, in the chapter dedicated to Murillo. This picture, however, although a splendid performance, is not in Murillo's happiest style. In its colouring, it is far inferior, as a work of art, to the pictures in the Capuchin convent, and in the

Hospital de la Caridad; but in the conception of the figure of St. Anthony, and in the celestial expression of his countenance, all the peculiar graces of Murillo are displayed. A picture that pleased me better than this, but which has a less honourable niche, is "An Angel leading a Child;" benign and glorious is the countenance of the angel, as he seems to point out to the little innocent the way to heaven; and the child naturally draws back, alarmed by the blaze of celestial light that shines upon the path. This exquisite composition is only a sketch, and being placed in rather an obscure corner, it is seen to greater advantage; for, with a more favourable light, it would appear defective as a work of art. The cathedral contains several other pictures of merit, both by Murillo and by other artists, particularly Morales, and Louis de Vargas, and Campaña, whose famous Descent from the Cross I have mentioned in my memoir of Murillo. The riches of the cathedral surprised me less, after having seen Toledo; but I believe they are second only to Toledo and the Escurial. As for relics, they profess to have as valuable a store of them as

their neighbours. The organ—the principal organ—is the most perfect in the world: it contains five thousand three hundred pipes, and one hundred and ten stops, being considerably more than are possessed by the organ of Haarlem; nothing can exceed the majesty of the music awakened by this organ. I rarely missed morning service while I remained in Seville; and if, as was sometimes the case, this heavenly music filled the aisles after day-light had deserted them, the effect was almost too overpowering for human senses.

The tower of the cathedral, is one of the boasts of Seville: it is of Moorish architecture—the work of a Moor, and is three hundred and fifty feet high. There are no steps; the summit is gained by an easy ascent, winding around an inclined plain so gradually, that the queen was driven up in a small carriage. The view from the top is superb. An almost boundless plain stretches around Seville, its centre and queen; and the Guadalquivir traverses its whole length. I counted no fewer than one hundred and twenty spires and towers, belonging to the

city and the neighbouring villages and convents. The ecclesiastics of the cathedral do not enjoy a sinecure. I passed through the body of the church many times every day,—for this saved me a circuit,—and I never recollect to have seen it once without some religious ceremony going forward. There are said to be upwards of five hundred masses performed daily at the different altars; and the number of persons directly employed in, and supported by, the cathedral, exceeds six hundred.

The only convent in Seville that attracted me within its walls was the Capuchin convent, famous as the depository of many of the most remarkable works of Murillo. I have already spoken of some of these pictures; but there is still something more to be gleaned. There are here twenty-five pictures of Murillo, any one of which would suffice to render a man immortal. Among these, the most remarkable are, "the Archbishop of Valencia giving alms to a kneeling Beggar;" "the Virgin, the Child, and St. Felix," which I have already spoken of as beautifully illustrating Murillo's power of handling the gentler emotions. "The

Assumption," "St. Bienventura and Bernardo," "St. John, the Virgin and Child," "St. Antonio," and "the Annunciation." The paintings in the hospital de la Caridad I have also mentioned as the efforts of Murillo's ripest genius. Several of these, particularly "the Prodigal Son," and "the Deliverance of St. Peter from Prison," are no longer to be found there; but "John of God," "Moses striking the Rock," and "the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes," have escaped the chances of war, and the dangers of covetousness.

In Seville there are several private collections of pictures,—one of these, the gallery of Mr. Williams, rich in the works of Murillo. Among these pictures I cannot help naming a few of the most remarkable. There is that delightful portrait of Murillo, by himself, which I have mentioned elsewhere; there is a Christ on the Cross, painted upon what was formerly the lid of a relic box, but now let into a frame,—a gem of great beauty and value. There is a passage in the life of St. Augustin, who, when washing the feet of some pilgrims, discovers that one of them is

our Saviour; the expression of mingled love and fear, which the painter has thrown into the countenance of the Saint, when, having made the discovery, he raises his eyes towards Christ,—is most happily conceived and executed. But the true gem of this collection is a "Christ crowned with Thorns," one of the happiest efforts of Murillo's ripest genius. Besides these there are four sketches of "the Prodigal Son receiving his Inheritance,—setting out upon his journey,—devouring his living, and feeding swine;" certain passages in the life of St. Thomas, a Virgin and Child, another Christ, a Madonna,—all of Murillo; and several good pictures by Velasquez, Morales, and Españoletto.

There is also a collection of pictures in the house of Mr. Bravo. Among a great many indifferent pictures in this collection, there is an excellent "Magdalen," that most difficult of all subjects,—in which the painter must represent human passions, and yet passions no longer triumphant,—heaven before, and yet earth still in sight. There is a curious picture here, of St. Anthony preach-

ing to the Fishes. The Saint, it seems, had preached to the people, who would not listen to him, and to convince them of his divine appointment, he went to the sea-shore and addressed the fishes, who are seen with their heads above water gasping for breath, and gaping for wisdom.

As the alcazar of Seville is far inferior as a Moorish remain, to the alhambra of Granada, I will not dwell upon its description; the building itself would indeed be difficult to describe. There are seventy-eight rooms, all communicating with each other,—most of the walls of carved wood-work, or of composition. The only really curious and splendid room, is the ambassador's hall. The garden is more curious and more interesting than the palace; and from its shade, its fountains, and the delightful fragrance of its trees, shrubs, and flowers, I found it at all times a delightful morning retreat. The hedges are of small-leafed myrtle; geraniums, and that delicious plant, *yerba Louisa*, cover the walls, and hang among the bushes; and through the whole there is a thick shade of orange and lemon-trees,—the various tinted fruit,

from the pale straw to the deep golden, beautifully mingling with the fresh and unfading green: every where around are seen fountains throwing out the clearest water; and by very simple machinery, a thousand minute pipes dispersed over the walks and beds, shower a thousand crystal streams upon the paths, and wake new fragrance from the drooping flowers. The garden is surrounded by a high wall, near the top of which there is a walk under an arcade, supported by innumerable pillars. From this walk there is a most enchanting prospect,—on one side the fine fertile plain, with its innumerable gardens and orangeries,—on another, the towers of the cathedral, and the numerous and more distant spires of the city; the old Roman aqueduct, with its four hundred arches,—the river seen gliding by the openings left between the orange groves,—the magnificent convent of the Carmelites on the opposite bank, with its deep surrounding shades and stately palm-trees; and below, encircled by the Moorish wall, the pleasure grounds of Moorish kings, with all their rich variety of beautiful and mellow fruit,—their

mingled fragrance of myrtle, and geranium, and orange, and their cool and sparkling fountains.

I did not leave Seville without visiting the snuff manufactory—the most celebrated in Spain. The building in which the manufacture is carried on, is more like a fortified palace, than a house destined for the preparation of tobacco. It has four regular fronts; two of them six hundred feet long—the other two, four hundred and eighty feet. This manufactory is sadly on the decline; in other times, the complement of men and women used to exceed three thousand, and upwards of three hundred mules and horses were employed; forty years ago, that number was reduced to one thousand seven hundred workmen, and a hundred mules. When I visited it, no more than four hundred men were employed, and eleven mules; and in place of two hundred grindstones, which formerly were constantly at work, four only were in requisition. This falling off is to be attributed partly to the extensive contraband trade carried on through the free ports of Gibraltar and Cadiz; and

partly to the high price which government puts upon the manufactured article. The stock on hand at present exceeds two millions of arobas (fifty millions of pounds); forty years ago, the stock on hand amounted to five millions of pounds; of the snuff at present on hand, there are eight thousand canisters fifty years old. It is not likely, according to the present policy of the government, that this stock will diminish; the price was only lately raised from thirty-two to forty-eight reals, and the demand has constantly diminished. I have been speaking of what is called Seville snuff; there is another department, for the manufacture of rappee, which is now more in vogue, and does not accumulate in the same ratio as the other. Government derives a profit upon the manufacture and sale, of seventy per cent. before paying the expenses of the establishment. The workmen employed are paid six, seven, and eight reals per day, according to their ability—those who twist cigars, work by the piece. It happened to be the hour of dismissal when I visited the establishment, and I noticed that each workman was taken

into a little inclosed place, and underwent a rigorous search; they were even obliged to take off their shoes. Most of the workmen looked unhealthy. I learned that during the heats of summer, as many as twelve are sometimes carried to the hospital in a day; and that they almost invariably die of disease in the lungs at an early age.

Although the remains of the Moorish kingdom are most conspicuous in Seville, the empire of the Romans has also left many interesting traces behind: the most interesting of these, are the ruins of the city of Italica, which in past times, gave birth to Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius. Little now remains except the traces of the amphitheatre; and the general features of a Roman amphitheatre are too well known to require description. There is little doubt that by digging, many interesting remains of this city might be discovered; stones, shewing Latin inscriptions, are occasionally laid bare; and it is evident that many traces of a city so large as to have been a bishop's see even in later times, must be concealed. It cannot have all crumbled away.

If a stranger wished to select a Spanish city as a residence, Seville would certainly be entitled to his preference. The climate, though not altogether faultless, is perhaps as near perfection as can be obtained. It is said, that there is not a day throughout the year that the sun does not shine upon Seville. Winter is scarcely felt; and if the heats of summer are oppressive, the streets, the houses, and the economy of life, are all adapted to the climate; and the demands of heat become, in fact, sources of luxury. The country around Seville is all that one could desire; and its delicious vines, and if possible, still more delicious fruits, ought not to be omitted in enumerating the advantages of Seville. As for another class of *agremens*,—excellent music is always within one's reach at Seville; for music is universally, and successfully cultivated; and some period of the year, there is generally a good Italian opera. Spanish society, too, is not unattainable in Seville; and there are several agreeable English and French families who exercise the hospitalities of their country. Let me not omit to name, among these, the house of Mr.

Wetherell, whose unbounded charities have long endeared him to the inhabitants of Seville,—and whose many attentions I gratefully and eagerly acknowledge; and I must not omit to add, that Seville is within a day's journey of Cadiz, the gayest and most hospitable city of Spain; and that by the aid of a friend at Cadiz, English newspapers and English publications received by the steamboat, may be smuggled up the river to Seville.

Before leaving Seville, I ascertained that the following are the prices of different articles of consumption.

Beef and mutton, twelve quartos the lb. of sixteen oz., or 3¾*d.* Pork, fifteen quartos; Veal, fourteen quartos; but the meat in Seville is indifferent, with the exception of pork.

Fowls, 2*s.* 4*d.* a pair. A turkey, from 3*s.* to 5*s.* or 6*s.*, according to size.

Milk, 6*d.* a pint. Eggs, 10*d.* a dozen.

Fruit and vegetables excellent, and remarkably cheap.

The best bread, eight quartos per lb. The bread of Seville is generally reputed to be

the most excellent in Spain. I did not find it so; it is not leavened; it is too close in the grain, and tastes more like very white biscuit, than bread.

An arroba of small sherry costs fifty reals; the arroba runs to about twenty-one bottles; so that the wine is nearly 6*d.* per bottle; but this is far superior to the wine which is drank by the inhabitants generally.

Game of most descriptions is plentiful and reasonable. A pair of partridges costs 1*s.* 6*d.*; a hare, about 1*s.* 4*d.*

The wages of a female servant are about 5*l.*; a good cook has three times as much.

Clothing in Seville is reasonable. English calicos, and English printed muslins, may be bought as cheap as in England.

Labour, in Seville, is generally paid by the piece; but some kind of artisans are hired by the day. A stone-mason receives 3*s.* 6*d.*; a bricklayer, 2*s.* 6*d.*; and a white-washer, no less than a dollar. This is one of the most profitable trades in Seville; for almost every respectable house is white-washed three times in the year. The consumption of meat in Seville in the year 1819, was one million,

nine hundred and ninety-one thousand, three hundred and sixty lbs. A hundred years before, the consumption was nearly two millions of lbs. less. Seville has also increased in population. Forty years ago, it contained eighty thousand, two hundred and sixty persons. By the latest census, the population somewhat exceeded ninety thousand, exclusive of the religious orders, whose numbers amount to four thousand and forty,—two thousand eight hundred friars, and twelve hundred and forty nuns,—but this includes the convents beyond the walls.

A steam-boat leaves Seville every second day, for St. Lucar and Cadiz, alternately. It is a great convenience to the inhabitants of Seville, to be carried direct to Cadiz; because the journey over land from St. Lucar, is both tedious and dangerous; but as I was desirous of seeing the country, I preferred the steam-boat to St. Lucar. Between the city gate and the river side, I was obliged to pay three sets of custom-house officers, that I might escape the delay and inconvenience of having my baggage searched; and when I remonstrated the third time against the ex-

portion, the officer candidly told me, it was all they had to depend upon. The boat started at nine; and so precise are its arrangements, that although it had not parted six yards from the shore, the master refused to take in four passengers who were running down the bank. Half a league from Seville, we passed an extensive line of Moorish walls and fortifications, crowning a height about a mile from the river; these now serve as the garden wall of the Franciscan convent, which is erected behind. The weather was, as usual, delightful, and the views from deck, were in the highest degree pleasing. The right bank of the river is covered with olive grounds, which slope upward to the adjoining elevations, covered with gardens and convents and villages. The left bank presents a constant succession of extensive orange groves; and on both sides, there is a carpet of the finest verdure. St. John's Hill, about two leagues from Seville, is another fine object; this is the highest ground near Seville, and is a famous resort of parties of pleasure: the handsome and extensive convent of Hieronomites, and many little chapels and her-

mitages,—among others, the chapel of the Virgin, who insisted upon dwelling here,—crown the elevation; and a subject village straggles down the hill, and nestles at its foot. The passengers were numerous; and among them, was a fair sprinkling of friars of the Franciscan and Capuchin orders. These persons never forget that they have the reputation of poverty to support; and a contribution is accordingly always attempted, to pay their fares; and it generally succeeds. Before reaching St. Lucar, the master of the boat asked me if I wished to pay any thing for the friars; but my interrogatory in return, whether he charged them less than other passengers, prevented a repetition of the question. One passenger, however, subscribed liberally; this was a young officer, who, from the employment of king's page, had been promoted to a commission in the army, and was on his way to join his regiment at Cadiz. Whether Ferdinand had presented his page with a purse at parting may be doubted; but the young officer produced a purse marvellously well loaded, and presented a small gold piece of the value of

two dollars, to the captain of the vessel, towards the expenses of the friars. Something, I think, may be gathered from this, as to the education of those who are brought up at court. The behaviour of this king's page afforded me much entertainment: he occupied four chairs; sitting upon one, his legs upon another, and the two others occupied by his arms. He had two soldiers to wait upon him, and their services were in constant requisition: one presented him with a cigar, another fetched a light; one he employed in polishing the hilt of his sword, the other held his watch open, while he looked into it. Sometimes he sent for his dressing-box, which was opened and held for him, while he examined its contents; and then he sent for a case of pistols, or a small portmanteau; and, in fact, made himself be served as he had served the king, his master.

Below St. John's Hill, the banks of the Guadalquivir become flat, and are covered with immense herds of horses. The country is here entirely pasture land, but the grass is coarse, and the soil apparently wet and poor. Scarcely any houses are to be seen, except-

ing where an orange grove, breaking the monotony of the view, fringes the river; and the house of the proprietor is generally embowered in his orangery. At every orange grove, there is a wheel and buckets to raise water from the river, and carry it to the trees. The horses and cattle had generally selected these shady spots, to shelter themselves from the sun; and standing, or lying in the river, they gave a character of picturesqueness to the landscape, which it would not otherwise have possessed. About six leagues below Seville, the banks again rise; and villages, and churches, and convents are scattered upon the heights which rise about a mile from the river; but soon after this, every elevation disappears, and the Guadalquivir flows through a boundless level, covered with scanty herbage, scattered with numerous herds of horses and cattle, and dotted here and there with long mud houses, meant as a shelter to the animals, from the noonday heats. I observed here for the first time in my life, that delusion of which I had often heard—leading the traveller of the desert to expect a lake, where there is only

burning sand. The whole interior of the plain appeared like an immense sea; I distinctly saw the shadows of trees and houses seemingly in the water; but this was entirely a delusion; —the interior of the plain is sand, partially covered with very coarse grass. This plain stretches more than two leagues upon either side of the river, and it was with no small satisfaction, that I saw before me, though still far distant, the spires and buildings of St. Lucar. Owing to the state of the tide, however, we could not proceed so far as St. Lucar, but stopped at Bonanza, which is a league short of it. It was now nearly eight o'clock, and quite dark, excepting the starlight, and it became a question whether, and how to proceed. It had been announced that next morning at seven o'clock, an escort would leave St. Lucar for Port St. Mary; for, in this neighbourhood, an escort is considered necessary; and my object, therefore, was to reach St. Lucar: but I had heard such bad reports of this part of the road, and the men who offered to conduct me to St. Lucar had so much the appearance of rogues, that I hesitated to put myself under

their guidance, especially as the other passengers seemed to consider it the safer plan to remain at Bonanza. Two merchants of Cadiz, however, who wished to transact business at St. Lucar that night, proposed to me to join them, after they had applied in vain to most of the other passengers,—the king's page among the rest,—who, with his two soldiers, declined running any risk. I agreed to accompany them, and we hired two *caleches* and set out,—mine in front, that, as the merchants said, they might be able to keep an eye upon me and my driver. There is no road from Bonanza to St. Lucar; there is only a track among wild sand-hills, along the side of the river,—here at least a mile broad,—and there is not a single habitation the whole way. The driver walked at the head of the horse, leading it sometimes through deep sand,—oftener knee-deep in water; and the wild desolate country, seen beneath the star-light,—the uncertain and dangerous road,—and the low rush of the wide river, altogether contributed to give a character of great impressiveness to the scene. Coming suddenly upon a deep creek, I was

startled by the bright glare of torches illuminating the barren shore, and falling upon a circle of strange-looking men, some seated, some standing upon the sand, close to the water; they were hauling a boat upon the beach, and the guide told me they were contrabandisters,—a very suspicious crew to meet at such an hour, and in such a place. "Buenas Noches Señores," passed between us,—"Vayan ustedes con Dios,"—"Go with God," and we passed on; and soon after we descried the lights of St. Lucar, where we arrived about half-past nine. A good supper,—rum and hot-water, and a fresh lemon, were soon placed upon the table, and sound sleep succeeded.

Next morning at seven, I was seated in my caleche, anxious to reach Cadiz. It was a curious scene that presented itself,—upwards of twenty caleches were assembled, some from St. Lucar, some from Xeres, but the greater number, with the steam-boat passengers who had arrived the same morning, from Bonanza,—and all united for common security, and to take advantage of the escort. We set off soon after seven, the caleches fol-

lowing each other in a line, and five men armed with guns and sabres on horseback, galloping to and fro; but generally two in front, two in the rear, and one reconnoitring; and in this order we wound among the wild hills that lie between St. Lucar and Port St. Mary. At a small venta half way, all the travellers were obliged to stop, that the caleches might not be too far separated from each other; and again resuming close order, we continued our journey. It appears extraordinary that an armed escort should be considered necessary on a short journey like this,—every day taken by travellers from Seville and Cadiz; and yet it seems improbable that the Steam-boat Company should put itself to the expense of maintaining and paying five mounted and armed men, unless they considered an escort absolutely necessary. The country between St. Lucar and Port St. Mary is wild, and for the most part uncultivated; some part of it is, however, under tillage; and in one field I noticed no fewer than twenty-four ploughs at work, each with a pair of oxen. The uncultivated land is covered with furze and aromatic plants; and

the aloe and prickly pear grow spontaneously in great luxuriance and abundance. We arrived at Port St. Mary about mid-day, and immediately encountered the scene of confusion invariably found wherever there is a much frequented ferry. Scores of caleche-men, who wished us to go round by land to Cadiz, vociferated their offers in our ears, swearing by all the saints, that it was impossible to cross the bar; boatmen, in as great numbers, swore, by their own peculiar saints, that there was no necessity to go by land, and that they could carry us safely over the bar: and tempted by the hope of dining in Cadiz, which I saw across the bay, not a league distant, I entrusted myself to the boatmen. The passage, till we crossed the bar, was tedious; but when this difficulty was overcome, we bounded merrily over the waves. The city is extremely imposing from the bay; it appears to stand upon an island, which it entirely covers with an irregular line of white buildings and ramparts; but upon looking more narrowly, a long, and almost invisible line is seen to connect it with the main land. The wind blew fresh; and the

bay was animated by innumerable boats, scudding in every direction, looking, with their great white sails, like enormous sea fowl cleaving the waves. We dropped under the quay about two o'clock, and I immediately made my way to the Posada Inglesa,—an hotel equalled by none that I had seen since leaving England.

CHAPTER XIV.

XERES, AND ITS WINES.

Journey to Xeres; the Vineyards, and their Produce; Amount of Export, and Official Tables for Ten Years; average Export and Price; Increase in the Trade; the Xeres Grape; Details respecting the Manufacture of Sherry; Pale Sherry and Brown Sherry; a curious Sherry; Amontillado; Adulterated Sherries, Inferior Sherries, and Low-priced Sherries; the Xeres Cellars; Varieties in Taste of Sherries; Knowledge of the Merchants; Management of the Vineyards; Wine Houses in Xeres and in Port St. Mary; Price of Sherry in Cadiz; Port St. Mary; the Theatre, and Liberal Opinions; Strength of the Liberal Party in this Neighbourhood; Return to Cadiz by Land; Isla; the Tongue of Cadiz.

I of course proposed visiting Xeres, the famous nursery of sherries, before finally leaving Cadiz for the eastern provinces; but learning accidentally, the day I arrived in Cadiz, that two of the gentlemen to whom I carried letters, were about to leave home in a

few days, I resolved to lose no time in visiting Xeres, and to defer, until my return, any inquiries respecting Cadiz and its neighbourhood. Accordingly, the morning after my arrival, I walked down to the quay, to take my place in some boat for Puerto de Santa Maria. It blew so hard, that no boat had crossed the bay that morning; and the boat that agreed to carry me across for about five times the usual fare, had no sooner cleared the harbour, that we saw the signal hoisted, declaring the port shut, owing to the dangerous state of the weather. We had a very rough and a very quick run, reaching Port St. Mary in little more than half an hour. From Port St. Mary to Xeres, it is about three leagues; and I immediately hired a caleche to carry me thither: the driver wished me to take an escort; but I had brought a light purse from Cadiz, and was resolved to risk it, rather than part with a couple of dollars. There is nothing interesting in the road between Port St. Mary and Xeres. The country is much the same as that which lies between St. Lucar and Port St. Mary,—wild,

badly cultivated, and thinly peopled. Nothing occurred on the road worthy of recording; and I reached Xeres about mid-day. I was provided with letters to the three principal houses,—those of Gordon, Penmartin, and Domecq,—and immediately hastened to present myself. In place of detailing the visits which I made to the different cellars, and the information I received in different quarters, in which there would necessarily be much repetition, I shall throw together, as connectedly as I can, the results of my inquiries and observations respecting the growth, preparation, and commerce of sherries.

The vineyards of Xeres lie scattered; but supposing them to be all concentrated, they might occupy about six miles square. They are mostly planted upon slopes; and the nearest vineyard to the city, is distant from it about half a league. It is impossible to approach to any thing like precision, in estimating the produce of these vineyards; all that can be known of this, must be gathered from the amount of export; but even the export tables do not indicate the quantity produced in the vineyards of Xeres; for, besides the

difficulty arising from ignorance as to the yearly accumulation or diminution of stock in the cellars of the different merchants, the wine growers import from the country lying to the right of the Guadalquivir, a quantity of wine called Moquer,—a cheap, light wine, which they mix with the Xeres before it comes into the hands of the grower: wines, so mixed, are called inferior sherries; they are quite well known to the Xeres merchants as mixed wines, and pass as low-priced sherries into the English markets, swelling the table of sherries exported from Cadiz. But although it is impossible to fix accurately the quantity of sherry produced, the export tables, of course, afford some data, and are interesting, as shewing the changes in taste and fashion, and as throwing light upon the general state of the trade.

The following note of exports I obtained through the kindness of Mr. Brackenbury, his Majesty's consul at Cadiz.

"The export of sherry wine and of others under the same denomination, from Xeres, and Port St. Mary, has been for the years following, as under:

83443

"In the year 1821, there were exported 1499 butts.

—	1822	—	11,508¾
—	1823	—	12,476½
—	1824	—	15,059½
—	1825	—	21,297¾
—	1826	—	no return.
—	1827	—	20,150
—	1828	—	26,901
—	1829	—	17,839."

I expected to have received the note of the first half-year's export of 1830; but I could not obtain it before leaving Cadiz. I may state, however, that the export of 1830 was expected to fall below fourteen thousand butts.

Taking the average of the last eight years from the foregoing table, presuming the export of 1830 to be fourteen thousand butts, the average export will be seventeen thousand four hundred butts. The price varies much, from 15*l.* up to 65*l.*; but as the lower priced sherries form the bulk of the export, the average must be stated low; taking the result of the opinions of the most competent judges, the price of the export overhead, may be stated at 26*l.* per butt. The value of the sherries exported is therefore 452,000*l.* sterling—the duty upon the

export is 504,600*l.*; so that if freight and the profit of the merchant in London be added, the consumption of sherries exceeds one million sterling yearly. It will also be observed from the table, that the export for the years 1827, 1828, 1829, and 1830, has exceeded that of 1822, 1823, 1824, and 1825, by seventeen thousand five hundred and fifty butts, though the export of the last two years, has fallen under that of the two years immediately preceding them.

The grape that produces the wine of Xeres, is a green grape; it is allowed to become perfectly ripe, being plucked just before it begins to shrivel: this, in average years, is on the 9th of September,—a day marked in Catholic countries, by being the day before the feast of the immaculate Conception; but in less forward years, the plucking is deferred until the 15th of September, beyond which day it is never protracted. After the plucking, those growers who are the most attentive to their wines, place the grapes in baskets, exposed to the sun for forty-eight hours,—turning and sorting them all the

while, according as they appear to require this attention.

It has often been said that sherry is a compound wine; but this is a mistake. The best pale and light golden sherries are made from the pure Xeres grape, with only the addition of two bottles of brandy to a butt, which is no more than one two-hundred-and-fiftieth part. This brandy is of an excellent quality; it is imported from Catalunia, and seemed to me scarcely inferior to the best and purest cogniac. Neither are the deep golden and brown sherries of the best quality, compound wines, though they may be called mixed wines. The difference is thus produced:—If a butt of brown sherry be wanted, a butt of light sherry is boiled down to one-fifth part of its bulk, till it acquire a deep brown colour; and one half of this quantity is added to a butt of the best pale sherry, of course removing from it as much as makes room for this additional tenth-part of a butt of boiled wine. When it is said that a butt of light sherry is boiled down, it is not to be understood that this is wine of an inferior kind; it is wine

produced from the Xeres grape, planted upon a lighter soil, near the mouth of the Guadalquivir, and producing a somewhat lighter wine. To make a butt of brown sherry, a butt and a half is therefore required, deducting a tenth part; but the brown sherry is not more expensive, because the grape from which the boiled wine is made, is more abundant than the other grape, and consequently cheaper. This boiled wine is also mixed, in the proportion of one half, with unboiled wine,—not to be drank, but to be added in smaller or larger quantities to other sherries, for the mere purpose of giving them colour, should this be desired by the English merchant. It is evident, therefore, from these details, that although brown sherry cannot be said to be a compound wine, inasmuch as it is all the wine of Xeres,—the pale sherries are nevertheless the purest; and all the gradations of colour upon which so much stress is laid, have nothing to do with the quality of the wine, but depend entirely upon the greater or smaller quantity of boiled wine used for colouring it. Taste in wines is one of the most capricious things in the world.

I tasted, in the cellar of a merchant in Port St. Mary, a butt of sherry, more than one half of which was boiled wine,—not used for drinking, or meant for sale; but kept merely as colouring matter, and which came off as dark coloured as porter; and I found it delicious. I told the merchant to make an experiment of it, as curious sherry, and to send it to the English market; but he said no one would give the price at which he could afford to sell it: for, to prepare this single butt, three butts had been required—nearly half a butt of the unboiled wine, and more than two butts and a half of the boiled wine, reduced to one-fifth.

Amontillado, the produce also of the Xeres grape, is made either intentionally or accidentally: if it be intended to produce amontillado, the fruit is plucked a fortnight sooner than for sherry. But it is an extraordinary fact, that if a hundred butts of wine be taken from a Xeres vineyard, and treated in precisely the same way, several of them will, in all probability, turn out amontillado, without the grower or the merchant being able to assign any reason for this. Amontillado is

the purest of all wine; for it will bear no admixture of either brandy, or boiled wine; whatever is added to it, entirely spoils it.

Sherries, when adulterated, are not usually adulterated by the London wine merchant, with the exception of those extremely inferior wines, which, from their excessive low price, no one can expect to be genuine wines, and which are probably mixed with Cape. But the class of wines which pass under the denomination of "low-priced sherries," are not adulterated in London, but at Xeres—by the grower, not by the exporter. These wines are mixed with the wines of Moguer, and with a larger proportion of brandy; and the exporter, in purchasing them from the grower, is quite well aware of their quality: but, being ordered to send a large cargo of low-priced wines, he is forced to purchase and export these. It may be laid down as a fact, that genuine sherry, *one year old*, cannot be imported under thirty shillings per dozen; and if to this be added, the profit of the merchant, and the accumulation of interest upon capital on older wine, it is obvious that genuine sherry, four years old, cannot

be purchased in England under forty-five shillings.

The principal depositories of wine at Xeres and at Port St. Mary's, are not cellars, but lightly constructed buildings, containing various chambers. There are generally three tier of casks, laid horizontally upon beams; and in the principal vaults, as many as two thousand five hundred butts may be seen. I noticed many casks without bungs; this, I was told, is not at all prejudicial to the wine, but, on the contrary, if a brick be merely laid upon the hole, to keep out dust, the admission of air is considered an advantage. Sherry is a very hardy wine; and is well known, by the merchants of Xeres, to be improved by exposure to the weather. An illustration of this fact lately occurred: the roof of one of the wine-houses fell in; and, not being rebuilt, the wine was left exposed to the opposite temperatures of winter and summer; and this wine was celebrated as the finest that for many years had left Xeres.

Before visiting Xeres, one cannot have any idea of the variety in flavour, and the various gradations of excellence in sherry; and, after

tasting the primest samples of each kind, from the palest straw, up to the deep brown, it is impossible to say which is the finest. I need scarcely repeat again, that it is entirely by the aroma and by the taste—not at all by the colour, that sherries are to be judged. The *wide* differences in colour, depend entirely upon the proportion of boiled wine; while those slighter shades, perceptible among the pale and light golden wines, are owing to some small difference in the ripeness of the fruit.

A few houses, of the greatest capital, are growers, as well as merchants; but, generally speaking, the wine is bought of the growers when on the lees. The exporter who is also a grower, has an advantage over the other merchant, in the perfect security he has, that no wine of Moguer has been mixed with the sherry. But the merchants are not afraid to trust to their knowledge and experience, in being able to detect adulterated wine; and besides, those who are perfectly accustomed to the trade can tell, before vintage time, by merely looking at a vineyard, within two or three butts of the quantity

the vineyard will produce: so that, when one comes to treat for the produce of those vineyards which he has had in his eye, he discovers by the quantity, whether it has been much adulterated with Moguer. An experienced merchant possesses an intimate acquaintance with the quality of the different vineyards; among which, the most essential differences are found, even when they lie contiguous. It is, of course, this difference in the quality of the vine, that creates the difference in price and quality among the genuine unadulterated sherries. In this trade, as in every other, the capitalist has an advantage; for, if he advances a few bags of dollars to the cultivator during the summer, he has the first choice of the November sales, when the article is always cheaper.

It is difficult to say what is the return for land under a vineyard in Xeres; this, of course, depends upon the quality of the produce, and partly upon the convenience of road and market. But all the vineyards of Xeres, require great expense, and unintermitting labour. The following is a summary of the management of the vine producing sherry.

The first operation is to take up the canes, or props, immediately after the vintage is gathered: the second operation immediately follows this; it is, to dig small pits about a yard square round each plant, that the vines may obtain a permanent advantage from the rains. There is then an interval of labour, till after the first rains have fallen; and in the early part of January, when this has taken place, the third operation of the vine-grower is, to prune the whole plant; and, it is a curious fact, that the vineyard which is the earliest pruned, is the latest in budding; the plant too, is always better, the vine stronger, and more firmly rooted. The next operation is to close the pits, in order that the moisture which has been received, may be retained. After this, but a little later, the whole vineyard is dug up, to loosen the soil. The next operation is to free the soil of grass and weeds, by turning it over; and this is repeated once, twice, or thrice, according as the rains may have reproduced the weeds, and rendered a repetition of this labour necessary. All these operations are concluded by the middle of March. When the vineyard

has been thoroughly cleared of weeds, the next care of the husbandman is to smoothe the soil, which is done twice, at an interval of three weeks: this done, he cuts off the vicious sprouts at the roots of the plants, which hinder their nourishment; he then pulverises the land to a fine powder, and, lastly, he puts in the stakes to support the coming harvest. These are the distinct operations to be performed in succession, and each at its fixed time: but these do not comprehend all the labours of the vineyard; for, during the whole of this time, there are many lesser cares with which the grower must occupy himself; the most unintermitting and most laborious of these, being the search, and destruction of insects. Such are the toils which are necessary to procure us the enjoyment of a glass of genuine sherry. The Xeres vintage is not considered an uncertain crop; the climate in that country may be depended upon; so that labour is certain, or almost certain of its reward. The wine trade employs, one way and another, the whole inhabitants of Xeres, and Port St. Mary: the latter is a very rising place;

it is a more convenient point of export than Xeres, being close to the sea; and new wine establishments are every year springing up there. At present, there are sixteen wine-houses in Xeres, and nine in Port St. Mary: the former would gladly change their position, if this were possible; for the merchant of Xeres has a manifest disadvantage in not being able to see his goods shipped, and put beyond the reach of damage and plunder. At Xeres, it is not always possible to know the state of the weather at sea, and it often happens that a cargo is sent down to Port St. Mary, where it lies many days exposed to both damage and roguery. The city of Xeres itself, possesses no interest apart from that which arises from its wine trade. Good sherry is an expensive wine even at Port St. Mary and Cadiz. The small wine, the *vin ordinaire* of the district, is about 6*d*. per bottle; but this, although passing under the generic name of sherry, is not produced from the Xeres grape, though there is so much similarity, that the sherry flavour is at once detected in it. But either at Port

St. Mary or at Cadiz, a bottle of good sherry is charged 3*s.* 4*d.* in a coffee-house or hotel; and if any thing very superior be asked for, a dollar will be demanded.

After spending one day in Xeres, and another, in riding over the vineyards, I returned to Port St. Mary, where I had also the pleasure of partaking of the hospitalities of its merchants. In the evening I went to the theatre, where I found good reason to be greatly surprised at the license which was permitted on the stage—so opposite from any thing I had before witnessed in Spain. A friar of the Carmelite order, was introduced, as one of the dramatis personæ, and he was made to carry on an intrigue with the daughter of a barber, and to offer her the money which he had just received for some masses; and in another part of the play, a song was sung in evident burlesque of the kind of singing heard at religious ceremonies. With all this, the audience was delighted. But neither in Madrid nor in Seville, nor in any of the towns in the east of Spain, would this have been tolerated by the public authorities; nor would it even have been acceptable

to the audience. If the liberal party can be said to be strong in any part of Spain, that part is the country and cities surrounding the bay of Cadiz. I heard several merchants of this neighbourhood express an opinion, that an attempt to revolutionize this part of Spain, would be more likely to be successful than if made in any other quarter. The population of this neighbourhood is large, and would be a formidable party if opposed to the government. The population of Cadiz exceeds seventy thousand, St. Lucar contains twenty-two thousand, Puerto de Santa Maria seventeen thousand, Puerto Real twelve thousand, Isla thirty-two thousand; altogether forming within a very narrow district, a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, without including villages.

The storm that commenced the morning I left Cadiz, had increased; and when I walked down to the quay at Port St. Mary, to cross the bay to Cadiz, I found that that port, as well as the port of Cadiz, was shut; and I was accordingly forced to hire a caleche to go round the bay by land, a distance of

seven leagues and a half. I scarcely regretted this, as I should thus have an opportunity of seeing more of the country.

Leaving Port St. Mary, I passed through an almost uncultivated country, towards Puerto Real, skirting the edge of the bay; the country on the land side being covered with furze, and intersected by hedges of magnificent aloes and Indian fig; and with wild olives thinly scattered over the soil; and farther back, were seen the outer ridges of the Sierra de Ronda. As we proceeded, a singular spectacle was presented on the side towards the bay: immense lagunes lay between the road and the sea, thickly sprinkled with white pyramids, and assuming the exact representation of an extensive encampment. These were pyramids of salt: the sea is admitted into shallow reservoirs excavated in the soil, and the salt is formed by evaporation. Nothing can be more uninteresting than the road round the bay, till we enter the Isle of Leon, which is separated from the main land by a drawbridge. Soon after, I reached Isla, which is certainly one of the prettiest towns in Spain; I never saw a

cleaner or prettier street, than the principal street of Isla. Every house is of the purest white, and every range of windows on every house, has its green veranda. Isla is a sadly fallen town: the great naval school, and extensive docks of Caraccas, in its immediate neighbourhood, once gave employment to thousands, and life and prosperity to Isla; but now, there is not a ship on the stocks, and not an *eléve* in the college.

Soon after leaving Isla, I entered upon the long and narrow tongue of land which connects Cadiz with the mainland; the tongue becomes narrower as we approach Cadiz, and during at least a league, it varies from two to three hundred yards broad, including a part of the sands, which are covered at high tide: the causeway itself is not one hundred yards broad. About a mile and a half from Cadiz, I passed a magnificent fortress, called the Cortadura, because it cuts the tongue of land across. This fortress was built in the year 1812, and it entirely covers the approach to Cadiz on the land side; presenting a formidable range of batteries, mounting one

hundred and forty guns. Before entering Cadiz, another strong battery must be passed, so that Cadiz may be considered impregnable on the land side; at all events, not to be reduced without immense sacrifices.

CHAPTER XV.

CADIZ, AND JOURNEY OVERLAND TO GIBRALTAR.

Peculiarities of Cadiz; a Fête; the Ladies of Cadiz; curious Whims and Usages; Morals; the Religious Bodies; Murillo's last Picture; Mr. Brackenbury's Pictures; Remarks upon Consular Remuneration; the two Cathedrals; effects upon the Commercial Prosperity of Cadiz, from its having been created a Free Port; State of the Road between Cadiz and Gibraltar; Departure from Cadiz; Chiclana; Morning Scenes; a Venta; the African Coast; Wild Scenery; Dangers of the Road; Suspicious Circumstance; Tariffa; another Venta; Journey through the Mountains to Algesiras; View of Gibraltar; Arrival.

CADIZ is less interesting than some others of the Spanish cities, because it is less purely Spanish: the number of foreign mercantile houses, and the concourse of strangers always to be seen in Cadiz, gives to the population a more mixed and motley aspect than that which belongs to the population of Seville,

Madrid, Valencia, or indeed, of any Spanish city—with the exception, perhaps, of Barcellona: and in the mode of life, too, foreign usages have made great inroads upon the exclusiveness and peculiarities of Spanish customs. The table is better served in Cadiz than elsewhere, and strangers are more frequently seated at it: the hours of repast too are later. At the table of a person in the middle ranks of life, the puchero is seldom seen; and among the upper classes there is an affectation of a preference of French wines, sufficiently ridiculous in a city situated so near Xeres, and in a country in which every little district produces its own peculiar, and often exquisitely flavoured wine. But those very things that diminish, in some degree, the interest of Cadiz in the eyes of a stranger, render it the most attractive city in Spain, for one who desires to pass a few months agreeably. There is, there, no shrinking from the eye of the stranger; hospitality is understood in its true sense; and no one need fear, in Cadiz, that the time may hang heavy on his hands.

Externally, Cadiz has its advantages and

its drawbacks; the streets are clean, and many of them sufficiently wide for the climate, which is delightful; but which, in the latitude of thirty-six, cannot be otherwise than hot; and there is no want of finely situated, commodious, and even elegant houses, for those who can afford to live in them. But the chief external charm of Cadiz, is found in its ramparts, and in the delightful promenade which they afford. The day of my arrival in Cadiz, as well as the day of my return to it from Xeres, were both too stormy for the enjoyment of a promenade; but the day following, was calm and beautiful; and I spent half the morning, and all the evening, upon the ramparts. The views are of course marine views, and scarcely to be exceeded in beauty, from the rampart fronting the bay, and Puerto de Santa Maria. The bay itself, the opposite shore, the many towns that sprinkle it, the distant Sierras of Xeres and Ronda, the vessels lying at anchor in the harbour, the innumerable boats crossing the ferry—fishing, or sailing, or rowing for pleasure—and the fine irregular line of handsome white buildings that lie along the Alameda,

form altogether, a delightful and animated picture.

But Cadiz lies under this great disadvantage, that it is impossible to leave the city, and walk or ride into the country; there is no country in the immediate neighbourhood of Cadiz: the city occupies every rood of the little Peninsula upon which it stands; and before one can get into the fields, it is necessary either to travel along two or three leagues of causeway, or to cross the bay to Port St. Mary. The rampart, the squares, and the streets, are the only walks; and charming as the former is, I think if I resided in Cadiz, I should soon long for the verdure of the open fields, in place of the green sea; the shade of trees, in place of the shadow of houses; and the song of birds, instead of the ocean's voice.

Whilst I remained in Cadiz, there was a fête and illumination one evening, in honour, I think, of the queen's accouchement. The streets and squares, particularly the Plaza de San Antonio, were brilliantly illuminated; and in this square, which is one of the paseos of Cadiz, all the population was assembled

from eight till eleven o'clock; and I of course seized so favourable an opportunity of judging of those charms which I had always heard spoken of as the peculiar distinction of "the ladies" of this gay and voluptuous city. Horace, no bad judge of these matters, celebrates the beauty of the women of Cadiz; and later and better poets than Horace, speak in raptures of the charms of these fair and frail ones. Whether it was, that so high authorities had their influence upon my judgment, or that sun-light is less favourable to Spanish beauty than the light of torches, blended with that of the moon,—or that the women of Cadiz are really deserving of the praises that have been lavished upon them, I will not pretend to determine; but I must be candid enough to admit, that while I sat at the door of a café, from which a strong light blazed across the piazza, and scrutinized the passers by, I did see some splendid forms, and some lustrous eyes,—some countenances, in short, that might remind one of Gulnare. The women of Cadiz are, beyond question, the finest in Spain.

Presuming upon their charms, the ladies

of this city indulge in some curious whims. Every family of any consequence, has a state-bed, highly ornamented, and placed in an elegantly fitted up apartment; and the use made of it is this:--at a particular time of the year, generally after Lent, the señora of the house, or her daughter, if *she* has reached, and her mother has passed a certain age, feigns sickness. Having previously made all the necessary arrangements, she takes to her bed: there she lies in an elegant night dress, under embroidered sheets, her head resting upon a rose-coloured silk pillow,—and a table stands near, with silver candlesticks, and wax lights,—a little silver bell, and several vases containing choice perfumes. There she receives company; there all her male and female acquaintances resort; and there, attired to be seen, and bent upon admiration, she listens to the language of mock condolence, pleasing flattery, and undisguised gallantry! There is another occasion, upon which the state-bed is used. When a woman is *accouchée*, the child is baptized next day,—and upon this day, the mother holds a *levée*: the company is received in

the saloon; the folding doors which usually divide this reception-room from the state-bedroom, are thrown open, and the lady lies in state to receive the compliments of her many visitors. This levée is held by women of all classes, though all have not a state-bed to recline on; and it often happens among the lower ranks, that a woman will arrange the chamber, make and adorn her bed, and after having prepared it for her own reception, will pop into it to receive company. I was informed that the ladies of Cadiz are adepts in the manufactory of the female person; that in looking at them, we may frequently apply with truth the well known proverb, "all is not gold that glitters;" and that the most experienced dress-maker of the British metropolis would be "all in amaze" at the various and subtle uses to which the cork tree is put in the city of Cadiz. All this scandal, however, was told me by an English lady; and I hope for the sake of the ladies of Cadiz, as well as of my own reminiscences of the Plaza de San Antonio, that it may be calumny.

Morals in Cadiz are, if possible, even lower

than in the other Spanish cities: female virtue is a thing almost unknown, and scarcely appreciated. It is with difficulty and with pain we can bring ourselves to believe, that in a civilized country, there should exist a state of society in which that purest gem—female modesty—bears no price; and it is unpleasant to have the conviction thrust upon us, that the innate virgin pride, which we have ever delighted to believe inseparable from the female character, should be so loosely rooted, as to wither away under the baleful influences of habit and opinion. Yet how can we resist this conclusion? I could give innumerable examples of the depraved state of morals in Cadiz: I have at this moment before me, a closely written page of notes, full of these; and even the names of individuals are mentioned; but I have turned the leaf, and will not sully my page with details which might indeed gratify curiosity, but which could add nothing to the truth of the statement I have made, that in Cadiz, "female virtue is a thing almost unknown, and scarcely appreciated."

The morals of the religious bodies in Cadiz

are exemplary; nothing, at all events, is said to their disadvantage; and in a city such as Cadiz, this is evidence enough in their favour. Formerly, the morals of the monastic orders in Cadiz were notoriously bad; but there is now so little disposition in that city, to affect blindness towards the feelings of the clergy—free opinions in religion have made so great progress in Cadiz—and so watchful an eye is kept upon the conduct of the religious bodies, that purity of morals could alone protect them against public obloquy.

In Cadiz, there are not many objects of curiosity to visit: it has no antiquities now visible; few public buildings worthy of notice; and a very scanty assortment of good pictures. In search of the last, I visited the churches and convents, without finding any thing to reward my labour. In one convent, indeed—the Capuchins—is found that picture which last employed the hand of Murillo. He, however, only designed it, and laid on the first colours; the work being completed by a pupil. In its colouring, there is of course nothing of Murillo to be seen; but in the composition, the genius of

the master may be detected; and the picture is at all events interesting, as being the last of his works—more interesting indeed because an unfinished work—since we know in looking at it, that *there*, for the last time, his hand gave visible manifestation of his genius.

The only other pictures that repaid the labour of a visit,—and they well repaid it,—are in the possession of Mr. Brackenbury, his majesty's consul at Cadiz. Nowhere is there a more exquisite morsel of Murillo to be seen, than the "Infant Bacchus," tasting, for the first time, the juice of the grape. He looks as if he quaffed immortality; and as a work of art, this is one of the finest specimens, both in colouring, and in every other excellence, of the best days of Murillo. In this collection there are many other admirable pictures; among these, a "Bassano," greatly superior to either of the two in the Madrid gallery. But I understand, that some of the choicest works of Murillo, have been sent by Mr. Brackenbury to England; and that the amateurs in this country, may probably have an opportunity of increasing their knowledge

and admiration of Murillo, by contemplating these admirable productions of his genius. I cannot allow this opportunity to escape, without expressing my warm acknowledgments to Mr. Brackenbury, not only for the pleasant hours enjoyed in his society, but also for the valuable information upon many points which I received from him. Nor can I help adding, that if those who speak so much, and so loudly, respecting the high emoluments derived by his Majesty's consuls, would visit Cadiz, they might find cause to alter their opinion. No representative of the English government ought to have any temptation to shut his doors against those who are recommended to him,—those who need his protection,—or even those who come accidentally in his way. Generous minded men, such as the representative of the British government in Cadiz, do not, and cannot yield to the temptations of avarice,—perhaps the suggestions of prudence. But the claims upon consular hospitality are ruinous in a city like Cadiz, where, besides its own trade, half the vessels bound for Gibraltar, call; and where the

steam-boat for the Levant, every fortnight discharges its passengers. A consul, at such a port, is exposed to many inconveniences, and has a difficult duty to perform. Nothing is so easy as to obtain a letter to a consul: friends and relations in England,—men who have travelled, and once dined with him,—consuls in other ports,—an ambassador will seldom refuse an application for a letter to the British consul at this, or that port; for he is considered a sort of public property, bound, almost by the duties of his office, to pay attention to strangers; and if a traveller carry a letter to a consul, and is not offered the hospitalities of his house, he is immediately set down as a very penurious representative of the British government. All this is wrong, and ought to be righted. I am not advocating ostentation, extravagance, or over liberality in his Majesty's consuls. They are not called upon to be princely in their hospitalities; but they are expected to act like Englishmen, and gentlemen; and although it forms no part of their consular duties, to invite to their tables every stranger who brings an introduction in his hand, there are some noble

feelings in the breast, that are felt to be more urgent than mere duties; and it is not for the respectability of the British monarchy, that these feelings should be entirely repressed. The remuneration of consuls ought to vary with the calls for expenditure that are made upon them. Those variations in commercial prosperity, which affect the different ports, require that a new scale should, from time to time, be adopted.—I will not pursue farther, a subject that may perhaps be called a digression.

The only buildings in Cadiz worth visiting, are the two cathedrals; the old and the new. The old is not remarkable for any thing excepting some treasures and relics; the new is chiefly interesting, because it is gradually falling into ruin. It was begun more than a hundred years ago, and the fund, derived from a duty upon imports from America, was entrusted to a board of commissioners. The commissioners quarrelled,—the fund did not find its way into the proper channel, and the cathedral was left unfinished,—and unfinished it will certainly for ever remain. The style

of the building was meant to be in the most gorgeous taste of Composite architecture: ornament is heaped upon ornament; and both in material and in workmanship, its richness cannot be exceeded; but it is fast falling into decay. In many parts it is uncovered; the excellence of workmanship has yielded to the influence of the weather, and the marbles have lost their beauty and freshness. The principal area of the interior is used as a rope-walk, while other parts have been converted into depositories of mahogany. Underneath the building are vast vaults, by some said to have been intended as a pantheon; by others, believed to have been excavated with a view to religious persecution and punishment. From an inspection of these vaults, the former surmise appeared to me the more probable.

The recent erection of Cadiz into a free port, has not brought with it all the advantages that were anticipated; but it has, nevertheless, had an important influence upon its prosperity. Immediately upon Cadiz being created a free port, immense shipments of manufactured goods were made from Eng-

land; and several branches of Manchester houses were established there. So improvident had been the export from England, that last autumn, calicos and muslins were bought in Cadiz 20 per cent. cheaper than in England. But the chief increase in the commerce of Cadiz, arises from the facilities now afforded for illicit trade with the rest of Spain. This is principally seen in the import of tobacco, which comes free from the Havannah, and which is not intended so much for the consumption of the city, as for supplying the contraband trade with the ports and coast of Spain. There are said to be six thousand persons in Cadiz employed in twisting cigars. But it is not in tobacco only that Cadiz has drawn to itself the illicit trade of the Mediterranean. There is also an extensive contraband trade in English manufactured goods, which can be bought throughout Spain, at only thirty per cent. above the price at which they cost in Cadiz. Gibraltar formerly monopolized the contraband trade of the Spanish coast; and the effects resulting from Cadiz having been made a free port, have proved most ruinous to the interests of Gibraltar;

the merchants of the latter place have endeavoured to support themselves by establishing branch houses in Cadiz, and of these there are no fewer than twenty-five. The change in the commercial prosperity of Cadiz has materially affected its population,—in 1827, the inhabitants scarcely reached fifty-two thousand; in 1830, they exceeded sixty-seven thousand.

The whole commercial system of Spain is most erroneously conceived. The prohibitory system is carried to a length absolutely ruinous to the fair trader, and highly injurious to the revenue. The immense duties upon admissible articles, and the total prohibition of others, has occasioned a most extensive contraband trade, both externally,—with the various ports, and along the coast of Spain, and internally,—throughout the whole of the kingdom; and by this trade, admissible articles are introduced into the interior, at from one to three hundred per cent. below the duties imposed. Government could not fail to be benefited by permitting the importation of articles of general use, upon payment of such a duty as would allow the sale of the

article at a lower price than is now paid by the consumer to the smuggler. As one example of the impolicy of the system, I may cite a fact respecting the trade in salted fish, the returns of which I have before me. The import of this article into Cadiz in one year, before that city was made a free port, amounted to four vessels, whose cargoes reached 4092 cwt.; while at the free port of Gibraltar, in the same year, forty-one vessels entered, with 89,106 cwt. *the whole of which was intended for the illicit trade*, and passed into Spain through the hands of the smugglers. The duty upon this article is more than one hundred per cent.; the smuggler considers himself remunerated by a gain of twenty-five per cent., so that the article which finds its way into the market through the contraband trade, is sold seventy-five per cent. cheaper than that which is admitted upon payment of the regular duties.

The duties upon British manufactured goods, amount almost to a prohibition; they often reach one hundred per cent.; and this trade is therefore also in the hands of the smuggler, who obtains the profit which,

under a more wholesome system, might go into the treasury of the kingdom. The fraudulent dealer is also greatly assisted by the custom of granting a royal license to individuals to import a certain limited quantity of prohibited goods; an expediency resorted to in order to meet the exigences of the state: and under the license to enter a hundred tons of merchandize,—the merchant enters perhaps a thousand tons,—a deception easily practised in a country where, among the public officers, a scale of bribery is perfectly understood and acted upon.

I must not forget to mention, that the distinction of free port, conferred upon Cadiz, was a government expedient to raise money; and that the sum paid by the city for this privilege, is raised by duties levied upon the entrance of every inland article of consumption.

The road between Cadiz and Gibraltar has long been notorious for its difficulties and danger: it is altogether a mule track, lying partly through the outposts of the Sierras of Xeres and of Ronda, and partly along the sea-coast, and totally impassable during

rainy weather, both on account of the swampy nature of the soil, and of the numerous streams which a mountain storm may convert in a few hours into impetuous and impracticable torrents. The accommodations too, are of the worst kind. Between Chiclana, which lies near Cadiz, and Algesiras, opposite to Gibraltar, a distance of nearly eighty miles, there is only one town, and the ventas are of the most miserable description:—but these are difficulties only; the dangers are still more formidable. From the middle of last June, till the middle of August in the same year, no fewer than fifty-three travellers had been robbed upon this road: many of these robberies had been attended with violence; and, in some instances, the travellers had been taken into the mountains, and long detained in the hope of ransom. More than two months had indeed elapsed since these robberies had been committed, and the danger was therefore less; the regular band under Don José had been broken up, and twenty-one of their number were at that time under sentence of death at St. Roqué; but the road was still considered unsafe—the

post from Malaga had been robbed only the day before, and I was strongly counselled to go to Malaga by sea. It is frequently, however, such roads as these, that are most worthy the attention of the traveller; and as my object was to see Spain, I concluded a bargain with a man who had the reputation of being honest, for three horses and his own attendance; for which I agreed to pay twenty-one dollars.

In travelling between Cadiz and Gibraltar, the plan usually recommended is, to leave Cadiz in the afternoon, and sleep at the town of Chiclana; the following day a push is made to reach Tariffa, or the Venta de la Jondal; and the third day, a moderate journey brings the travellar to Gibraltar. I left Cadiz therefore about two o'clock, and proceeded along the causeway, and through Isla, both of which I have already spoken of in returning from Xeres to Cadiz. In the course of four leagues, I was stopped no fewer than five times by custom-house officers, and was obliged each time to have a *peceta* ready, to avoid the inconvenience of search: this is only a part of the system of

bribery and robbery which pervades every public department in Spain; these men have scarcely any salary; and for the sake of a paltry saving, government allows itself to be robbed to a hundred times the amount, by the contraband trade, which is connived at by all the under employées. Shortly after leaving Isla, I left the Xeres road, and turned to the right, through a dreary and swampy plain that extended nearly to Chiclana: it was almost dark when we yet wanted a league of the town; but we put our horses into a gallop—and no horses go more agreeably than the little Andalusians—and arrived about eight o'clock at the door of the posada. Here we found tolerable accommodation for this part of Spain—some good fresh eggs, and a stretcher to sleep upon—and at five next morning we mounted, and trotted out of the town.

It still wanted nearly two hours to sunrise; but the crescent moon lighted our path. It has been said, truly, that the waning moon is the moon of the traveller. In southern countries, where the nature of the climate creates a necessity for night journeys, or in

any country when a long journey is necessary, it cheers many a lonely hour, and gives security to the traveller in uncertain and dangerous paths. When day dawned, I found myself travelling among uncultivated hills, with pine trees scattered over them, and the ground entirely covered with the crocus, and many other beautiful flowers; the track seemed to depend entirely upon the knowledge of the guide, who wound in and out among the glades and the trees, and up and down the declivities, with the assured step of a man who knows his business. The sun rose with its usual splendour; and soon after, we descended into a valley full of pleasing, and even cheerful scenes. No one could have believed it to be the beginning of November; it was like a July morning in England,—calm, and mild, and sunny,—the sky was without a cloud, and the little birds were at their play and their song. The valley was finely wooded, and covered with thousands of aromatic shrubs; a flock of milk-white sheep was feeding in one place, and a small herd of cattle in another; two or three muleteers, and their trains, were winding down the

neighbouring heights; and a peasant, with his gun, and two dogs, was wading among the underwood, in search of provender for his cabin. From this valley, we passed again into a more deserted country, where, in one spot, I observed a small hut constructed of branches of trees, bound together by the Esparto rush, and inhabited by a woman, who brought a bottle of brandy to the door, and tempted the muleteer by an encomium upon its excellence. The owner of the hut was no doubt the man we had seen with his gun and dogs. Soon afterwards, we came in sight of Vegé, a small village situated upon a conical hill about one thousand feet high, which stands at one side of a charming fertile valley, full of orange groves and fig trees; and at the foot of the hill, we stopped at a venta to refresh the horses, and ourselves. This was a wretched place, where nothing could be had to eat, and where there was neither table nor chair; a little hot water however, was got with some difficulty; and with tea without sugar or milk, and bread, which I had brought along with me, I made an indifferent breakfast. The master of the

venta and his wife, struck me as being two of the most suspicious-looking people I had seen in Spain; and the guide afterwards almost admitted that they were not to be depended upon. It was in this venta, about three months before, that a robbery, attended with some violence, was committed: ten banditti entered, while three travellers were at supper; and it was well known that the owners of the venta were not unacquainted with some of the number.

From this venta, there are two roads to Gibraltar; one, which leads to Tariffa, about thirty-four miles distant,—the other, by a solitary venta, considerably nearer. The master of the venta strongly urged us to go by the latter; but having been expressly cautioned against this in Cadiz, I resolved to keep to my original plan, and go to Tariffa; but, in such cases, it is always wise to keep one's counsel. Accordingly, I pretended to be convinced by his reasoning; but the moment we left the venta, I told the guide that I was resolved to go by Tariffa; and he, although more disposed towards the shortest road than I relished, promised that I should be obeyed.

For a short time after leaving the venta, there was some appearance of a road; but it soon terminated, and we struck to the left, among wide green slopes, thickly scattered with fine clumps of ilex, beneath which, many herds of swine were feeding. We passed two or three mud cabins, with a patch of cultivation round them; at the door of one of these, an old man was seated upon a bundle of rushes, and a fine athletic young man stood beside him leaning upon a long gun. The picture was striking; but it is by persons like these, more perhaps than by regular banditti, that the solitary traveller runs the risk of being robbed. Soon afterwards a young man, habited something like a soldier in undress, joined us: he said he was running away from Xeres, having been detected in some contraband transaction, and that he was going to Tariffa. It is never safe in Spain, to join company with strangers: this man and the guide immediately began to differ as to the road; and the guide, after some altercation, yielded to the other, whose good intentions I had afterwards the strongest reasons for doubting.

The country through which we passed, after leaving the venta where we breakfasted, was for the most part uncultivated; here and there, a little corn land was to be seen; and I noticed one or two ploughs at work: herds of cattle, horses, and sheep occasionally gave life to the landscape; and now and then a man with his gun, ranged the brushwood, or was seated upon a bank: but there were no houses, and no stationary inhabitants: whoever we met seemed to be far from home; and every little while, a monumental cross was seen by the way-side; I counted no fewer than twenty-seven during the day's journey.

Towards evening we began to descend rapidly; and after winding among some narrow rocky defiles, we came suddenly upon the sea. For some hours before, I had noticed very elevated mountains towards the south-east, rising above the lower hills that lay around; these, before reaching the sea, had seemed to be close at hand, and I was much puzzled to understand what mountains they could be, since I knew we were fast approaching the coast. It had never

occurred to me that we had all day been travelling towards the Streights; and the sudden opening from which the sea burst upon me, explained my difficulty. These were the mountains of Africa; and the coast of Morocco rose boldly before me at the distance of a few leagues. It was impossible to look upon the coast of Africa for the first time, without peculiar emotions. Africa, its untrodden solitudes, and mighty and unknown rivers: its swarthy kings and savage people: its wonders and its wrongs. The mind travelled backward to Egypt and her glories—to Carthage and her dominion—to the Moors, their past conquests, and present debasement; and the eye, looking beyond the barrier of mountains that seemed guarding a fabled land, wandered over the desert of Zahara, and the reedy rivers; and descried the solitary white man walking by their banks,—seeking glory, and finding a grave!

Soon after reaching the sea-shore, it became dusk, and in place of being now at our journey's end, we were yet some leagues distant from it. I have seldom looked upon a wilder

or more desolate scene, than that which lay around. Between us and the sea, was a succession of dry sand hills—on the left, vast fragments of rock were scattered below the cliffs, that rose in dark and rugged outline above, crowned by the ruins of a Moorish watch-tower;—and the roar of the sea, and the deepening dusk, and the place, and the solitude, and the helplessness of a traveller, all conspired to fix the scene deeply in my memory. It soon became entirely dark, excepting the light of the stars; but in such places, darkness scarcely adds to the insecurity of the traveller, because it conceals him. Almost all the robberies that take place, are at dusk; or sometimes, in broad day; and, unless one has been seen to set out upon a journey towards evening, darkness may be considered a defence. But in this journey, there were other dangers than robbery, to be apprehended; the road was intersected here and there, by arms of the sea, which, but for the reflection of the stars in the water, I must frequently have plunged into. Sometimes a shallow was found; and sometimes, by making a circuit, a bridge was

discovered, but of the frailest and most dangerous kind. Once, following the young man who had joined company with us, and whose white jacket was a convenient guide, I found myself, before I was aware, upon a bridge not a yard in width; without parapet, and, in many places, loose beneath. The bridge was long, and a broad arm of the sea was beneath: it was impossible to dismount, and I could only trust to my horse, which, fortunately, was both sure-footed and bold.

Shortly after this, a circumstance occurred, which gave rise to strong, and very natural suspicions of the young man who accompanied us: he was, at this time, about twenty yards in advance; and I was surprised by hearing a loud whistle. I immediately pushed forward and seized his arm, and asked why he whistled—but not before he had found time to whistle a second time. He said his mother lived *there*, pointing to a little height close to the sea, upon which something like a house, or a tower, could be discerned. This seemed very like a fiction; I have little doubt that the place he pointed to was a rendez-

vous of contrabandisters, with whom he was connected, and these are often the worst robbers. What might be the meaning of the signal, I was unable to tell, but I resolved to watch him.

I thought this journey was to have no end —there was still no appearance of Tariffa— and, when I supposed we must be close to the gate, the guide stopped at a lone house close to the sea; and, telling us we were yet a league distant from the town, said, I might find accommodation in this house: but this I refused, and insisted upon going on; and at length I was rewarded by the welcome sight of lights; and in a few minutes we were among the straggling houses that lie outside of the town. The gates of the town were shut; and the guard told me, that no one could enter without permission from the governor. Leaving the horses standing, I approached under an escort; and a soldier upon the top of the wall, asked our business. I replied, that an English gentleman, travelling with a regular passport, requested permission to enter the town; but, after waiting a full half-hour, the permission was refused, and I was obliged, in

consequence, to go to a most miserable venta beyond the gates. There was, perhaps, some excuse for this strictness. Tariffa is at all times a sort of prison, where convicted persons are kept at large; and the knowledge that there were, at that time, some refugees in Gibraltar, and that an attempt had been all but made upon Algesiras, was sufficient to justify a refusal to do what is at all times a matter of special favour.

At the wretched venta to which the guide conducted me, nothing could be had to eat, excepting a little cold fish, which had been stewed with oil and garlick. I need scarcely say, there were no knives or forks; these are luxuries rarely to be met with in a Spanish venta. Every Spaniard is provided with his own clasp knife; and as for forks, they can be dispensed with: a traveller in Spain will therefore do well to provide himself with these necessaries. There is one comfort, however, that can, with few exceptions, be always had, even in the worst venta,—good wine; very different, both in flavour and strength, from the wretched beverage generally set before one in the French *auberge*. And this was the

only comfort to be got at the venta at Tariffa; for sleep was out of the question, in a bed that had long been in the undisturbed possession of other living creatures. Next morning, the mistress of the house demanded two dollars for her accommodations. When a charge is exorbitant in Spain, less will always be accepted; and one dollar seemed to me quite sufficient payment for a bottle of wine that probably cost a real, and a bed that was already occupied.

Next morning about sunrise, I gladly mounted my horse; and without entering Tariffa we skirted the walls, and struck into the road to Algesiras. This is one of the most charming rides I have seen in any part of Spain: it is a mountain road, abounding in the finest mountain prospects; sometim s climbing to a great elevation, and sometimes descending into deep valleys, and now and then disclosing magnificent views over the sea. The coast of great part of Andalusia and of Granada, is of a curious configuration: an infinite succession of conical hills, rising one above another, decline backward from the sea, forming altogether an elevated chain

of mountains, from three thousand to five thousand feet in height; the road, therefore, which winds among these, necessarily conducts the traveller to never ending variety of prospect; and this variety I fully enjoyed for the first time, in travelling between Tariffa and Algesiras. At the highest point which the road traversed, the view might be called sublime: it looked down into the sea, which seemed like a majestic river flowing between gigantic mountains; one of its banks being the mountain below me, which appeared to dip into the water—the other, the Barbary coast, stretching away in bold outline, and forming, directly opposite, that high and frowning promontory, which is the southern boundary of the Streights of Gibraltar.

From this point, the road descended into a deep and highly picturesque valley, crossing a fine clear torrent, and then ascending through a forest of aged cork trees. Here the air was filled with the perfume of aromatic plants, particularly the balm of Gilead, which grew every where around; and I also noticed abundance of rosemary, sweet marjorum, and many medicinal plants, of whose

names I am ignorant, although I had no difficulty in recognizing their smells.

From the next elevation, I obtained the first view of Gibraltar,—an object, that even if deprived of its localities, would possess an interest exclusively its own; for it is impossible that an Englishman travelling across the Peninsula, and first descrying this tower of strength rising between Africa and Europe, should not feel that he is an Englishman. Far from country and home, home lies before him; and he is not too prejudiced a man, who, in a moment like this, feels that there is a peculiar charm in an English voice, and puts spurs to his horse that he may the sooner hear its music. I stopped a few moments, however, upon the elevation, to enjoy the prospect: the calm, sun-shiny bay of Algesiras, lay below,—the blue bosom of the water chequered with the many vessels and their shadows; the rock of Gibraltar, part in sunshine, part in shade, rising out of the other side of the bay. Beyond the tongue of land that connected Gibraltar with the coast of Spain, were seen the lofty Sierras of Granada; while beyond the Streights, the horizon

was bounded by the mountains of Morocco. But the pure air of the mountains had disposed me for breakfast, and I made haste to reach Algesiras, where I found a good inn and tolerable coffee.

My muleteer having no passport for Gibraltar, he of course could not pass the Spanish lines, and I was therefore obliged to find another conveyance for Gibraltar; and while inquiries were making for horses, I took the opportunity of strolling through the town.

Algesiras is charmingly situated at the foot of mountains, upon a little slope; and the sea washes the houses. The ruins of the ancient citadel, within which the Moors continued to defend themselves when they were driven from the town, are still visible. Just opposite to the town, and not a quarter of a mile from the shore, is the little island of Palomas; it is fortified, and commands the town, and the approach on that side. When I walked down to the harbour, I found the packet-boat for Ceuta getting under weigh. Ceuta, a Spanish possession on the African coast, is five leagues from Algesiras; and a packet sails twice every week: the passage seldom

exceeds five or six hours. The wind was fair, and I was almost tempted to step into the boat, which would carry me to Africa to dinner. But Ceuta, I believe, is an uninteresting spot; and if one be desirous of visiting Africa, it is better to go to Tangiers, to which there are constant opportunities from Gibraltar.

It was upon Algesiras that an attempt had been meditated by a small body of refugees, and others,—chiefly from Ceuta,—collected at Gibraltar; it was fortunate for them that the intention was discovered, because any descent upon Algesiras could only have been followed by their destruction. There was not the slightest truth in any of the reports which were current in other countries, respecting risings in different parts of the southern provinces. No attempt was made to disturb the government in any part of Andalusia, nor with the exception of the scheme I have just noticed, is it believed that any was meditated.

I left Algesiras before noon, and rode within water mark round the bay towards Gibraltar. Across the bay, it is not a league

from Algesiras to Gibraltar, but round by the tongue of land, it is between two and three leagues; no one however can regret the distance, for the views on every side are magnificent; and the sands, when the tide is a little back, are spacious and dry. After crossing two wide creeks by ferries, I found myself on English, rather than on Spanish ground; for though still within the Spanish lines, I met numerous parties of English officers and ladies on horseback; and having passed the Spanish sentinels, and the neutral ground, which is but very limited, I was in the British dominions.

CHAPTER XVI.

GIBRALTAR. MALAGA.

Picture of the Street Population of Gibraltar; the Construction of Houses favourable to Epidemic; Scenery, union of Nature and Art; the *Agremens* of Gibraltar as a Military Station; high Prices in Gibraltar; the Alameda; the Excavations; Walk to the Summit; the Monkeys; Magnificent View; Sunday in Gibraltar; Trade; the Epidemic; Extortion at the Passport Office; Voyage to Malaga; View of the City from the Sea; a strange Usage; Pictures of Idleness; facility of Living in Malaga; Bad Character of the Population; an Anecdote; Public Edifices; Society; Morals; Italian Opera; curious Scenes; a perilous Situation; the Wines of Malaga; Produce, and Export of Wines; Malaga Sherry; Export of Fruits; the Raisins of Malaga; Trade with England; Excursions in the Neighbourhood; Water-Coolers; Prices of Provisions.

To some, it may almost appear waste of words, to speak of Gibraltar,—Gibraltar, a British possession that every body has heard of, and where there are always five or six

British regiments; and yet, if I be at all entitled to judge of others, by my own ignorance of Gibraltar before I visited it, I suspect the rock of Gibraltar is but very imperfectly known to those who have never passed the Streights.

When I threw open the window of the hotel, and looked out upon the street, it seemed as if I had been suddenly transported to England. I saw English houses, English names upon the corners of the streets, English names over the shops, English faces, English dresses. But a more narrow inspection of the population, destroys the illusion; for it is of so motley a character, that if we can suppose one to be carried to Gibraltar, without having been informed of his destination, he would be utterly at a loss to imagine in what corner of the world he had been set down. That gentleman sauntering down the street in a surtout and black neckcloth, is an Englishman; his countenance and his dress, alike decide his country: the two ladies who follow, are Spanish; the light step, and graceful gait, would be sufficient to determine this; but the mantilla

and the fan, put it beyond doubt: those two on horseback, are a British officer and an English lady; the horse and the scarlet uniform fix the character of the one,—and as for the other, the bright sunny face, and auburn ringlets, are sufficient, without the evidence of the riding habit. The three women crossing the street, are neither English nor Spanish; their scarlet cloaks, trimmed with black velvet, distinguish them as Gibraltar women; or they might be Genoese. These men with turbans, ample trowsers, and crimson girdles, standing in a group under the piazzas, are Moors, the former masters of Spain: and these with bare legs, and sandals, and black caps and beards, sitting in the streets, are Barbary Jews, the common porters of Gibraltar: and that, is an English trading captain, easily known any where: and who can mistake the British tar, with his jacket and trowsers, and rolling walk, and bluff countenance—or the Spanish muleteer, the Andalusian, with his dark eye, and bizarre dress—or the kilted soldier, his sinewy limbs, and rough face, bearing the complexion of Scotch winds, and Highland

hills? All this is seen in less than two minutes from the window of Griffith's hotel.

Nothing can be worse judged than the manner in which the town of Gibraltar is built; the houses are constructed for the latitude of England in place of the latitude of Africa. It is not to be wondered at, that when epidemics find their way to Gibraltar, their progress should be irresistible; for not one demand of a hot climate has been complied with: here are no patios, and fountains, and open galleries, admitting a free circulation of air, as in Seville; all is closely boxed up, as if for the climate of England; closed doors, narrow passages, and narrow stairs, keep out the fresh, and keep in the foul air. In place of the floors being of brick, or Valencia tiles, they are of wood; the rooms are small; the windows, not folding, lightly closed, and opening upon airy balconies, but constructed upon the most approved air-excluding plan; and the bedrooms carpeted, and the beds curtained. The effects of all this may easily be imagined,—the spread of disease is powerfully assisted by filthiness, and by impure and stagnant

air; and, accordingly, no where in Europe have the ravages of the plague been so fearful as in Gibraltar. The streets and houses are incapable of alteration; and therefore the only remedy would be, gradually to pull down the houses, and to replace them with others better fitted to the climate.

The morning after my arrival in Gibraltar, I walked out, with some curiosity, to see more of a spot of which I had heard so much. After leaving the town, the road led me towards the south-west, gradually mounting the rock, and disclosing novel and entrancing views below, while it conducted me through most charming scenes. I was every where struck with the results of industry, and of art—not supplanting nature, but adding its embellishments where her hand had already traced the outline. Wherever a nook in the rocks was covered with a little soil, it bore evidence of the labour that had been bestowed upon it; upon every little eminence, beautiful cottages, the quarters of the officers, or the country houses of the merchants, were seen surrounded by pretty gardens; and shaded, on one side perhaps by a majestic

rock, on the other by orange trees and acacias. On both sides of the road, luxuriant hedges of geranium in flower, captivated more senses than one; and the rocks, too, were covered with its scarlet and lilac blossoms. The road which I pursued looked down upon the Alameda, which I had not then visited, but which looked most captivating from above; I saw it sprinkled with fig trees, with their broad beautiful leaves and fantastic trunks—and acacias, with their little yellow tufts so full of fragrance—and orange trees, speckled thick with the bright fruit, embowered in its green alcove. It was a charming prospect to look down upon the Alameda, and across to the Spanish main, over the calm bay—and up to the gigantic rocks, covered with their natural foliage, and sheltering the pretty villas that nestled under them. In about an hour and a half, I reached the south-west point, after passing numerous ranges of fine barracks; here the rock dips perpendicularly into the sea; and from this point, the long bold line of the African coast is seen stretching away to the west and south. The whole rock of Gibraltar is intersected by roads,

broad and smooth, all adapted for horse exercise, and most of them for carriages. In fact, Gibraltar is not the banishment some people suppose; and as military quarters, it possesses many more *agremens* than any English provincial town can boast. There is no want of society in Gibraltar, for the military are always sufficiently numerous to form society among themselves; and that fine old gentleman, Sir George Don,* is just such a man as ought to be governor of Gibraltar, because he understands hospitality, and brings the inhabitants together. Every body in Gibraltar is bent upon amusement: there are balls and concerts, and private parties, and an excellent library and a reading room, where I saw the English magazines fifteen days after they were published in London. Add to all these agremens, charming rides on the fine sands within the Spanish lines; walks in the Alameda, where there are parades and military music every day; boating in the bay; and excursions to Algesiras, Ceuta, and Tangiers; and news from England by the steam-packet

* Since this was put to press, Sir George Don has been recalled.

every month,—and it will be admitted that Gibraltar is not a place of military banishment. One drawback Gibraltar indeed possesses,—the expense of living. Almost every article of subsistence is brought from the Spanish main, from Africa, or from England; and every thing is therefore expensive: house-rent, especially, is exorbitantly high; the rent of a moderately sized house, ranging from 200*l.* to 400*l.* per annum. It is probable, however, that the withdrawal of business and population from Gibraltar to Cadiz—the result of the latter place having been made a free port—will affect a reduction in the value of property, and in the amount of house-rent. Clothing is an exception to the dearness of every thing in Gibraltar: all goods of foreign manufacture are of course to be bought of the regular trader, in a free port, at the same price as in the country where they are manufactured, with only the addition of freight, and the profit of the dealer; but all such articles find their way by some means into the hands of the Jews; and at the public sales which are held in the market-place almost daily, every thing

may be bought far below prime cost.—I saw fine broad cloth sold at a dollar a yard.

The Alameda of Gibraltar is truly a little paradise; and whenever I left the inn, I found myself on the road to this delightful retreat. Along the whole of the north side of Gibraltar, there is a level, or nearly level stripe, between the base of the rock and the sea; this stripe varies in breadth, from a quarter, to perhaps two-thirds of a mile; the east end of it is occupied by the town, and the west end by the Alameda. This delightful promenade is about half a mile long; it is intersected by innumerable walks, and affords, besides its own attractions, ever changing and delightful views of the bay, the rock, the mainland, and the town. The fences are entirely of geranium of every variety; and of a size, such as would be thought worthy of a pilgrimage in England. The spaces between the walks, are thickets of geranium, and of various flowering and odoriferous plants, seen in the English green-house; and fig trees, silver elms, acacias, and orange trees, are thickly scattered over this little paradise. The Alameda of

Gibraltar would be beautiful any where—even if surrounded by a desert; but how much more beautiful, bounded on one side by a rock fifteen hundred feet high, and on the other, by a placid bay of the Mediterranean!

But it is the excavations in the rock that are always spoken of as the wonder of Gibraltar. I of course visited these, and found them all, and more than all, that I had expected. The whole interior of the solid rock has been hewn, blasted, and formed into galleries, of immense extent,—wide enough for a carriage,—and leaving, every ten or twelve yards, openings at which cannon are placed, commanding the sea or the land approach to the rock. There are two galleries, one over the other, and the extent of both is between two and three miles. At one point in the highest gallery, a small opening leads to a projecting part of the rock, at the side of the great precipice of fifteen hundred feet, facing the north-east. I found every niche in the rock covered with white narcissus,—and beautiful looked these gentle flowers, standing in little companies, in spots where the hand of man could never reach,

nor the foot of the goat ever stray: but I made a capture of one cluster, which nodded upon a little shelf within my reach; they smelt quite as sweet as the garden narcissus; and there were no fewer than eight flowers upon one stalk.

After leaving the galleries, I wished to ascend to the highest point of the rock; but a sentry stopped me, telling me I could not be permitted to go higher, without an order from the governor. But the day being transcendantly beautiful, and, resolved upon a day's ramble, I got out of the sentinel's sight, and leaving the road, scrambled in a direct line towards the eastern point. Turning the corner of the declivities fronting the east, I suddenly found myself in the neighbourhood of eleven monkeys; they did not perceive me at first, nor, when they did, was there any great alarm manifested among them. They turned round, sat up, and looked at me; and after a few moments' scrutiny, they wheeled about, and scampered away, chattering, and looking behind them; and disappeared round some projecting rocks. The monkeys are always to be found on the side of the rock

opposite to that upon which the wind blows: they constantly shift their quarters with the wind.

It was a laborious ascent to reach the south-eastern summit of the rock, which is one thousand five hundred and ninety-five feet above the Mediterranean; but amply was the labour repaid: for my eye never embraced a more magnificent prospect. Looking towards the east, the bold coast of Granada stretched in a wide curve, ending in the dim mountains that lie around Malaga. Withdrawing the eye from the Spanish coast, it wandered over the calm Mediterranean, streaked like a summer lake, and baring its trembling bosom to the sunbeams. Farther to the south, was seen an indistinct line, stretching eastward; this was the coast of Africa: and towards the west, this line grew more distinct, till, at scarce three leagues across, it terminated in the dark high mountain of Barbary—one of the Pillars of Hercules. Turning towards the north, lay in unruffled tranquillity, the bay that separates Gibraltar from the Spanish Main. The vessels at anchor were mirrored below;

many little boats were rowing about; and several mysticos and scampiavas had hung out their enormous sails, to woo the light airs that came, and died upon the summer sea. Beyond the bay, was the coast of Andalusia, seemingly within a gun-shot; the town of Algesiras nestling at the head of the bay, and in the hollow of the mountains that rose behind, dappled with the lights and shadows that the few wandering clouds cast upon their valleys and acclivities. Nor was the gigantic rock itself a picture of no importance in this glorious view: its rugged and fearful precipices, and deep ravines—a milk-white goat here and there standing upon a giddy point—the sentinels far below, their arms glittering in the sunshine—the verdure that covered the lower declivities, and fringed the bay—these completed the picture: a picture that I think can never pass from my memory.

One of the days I spent at Gibraltar was a Sunday. This day is there observed with great strictness: prayers are read to the troops on parade, and also in the government house. But it is a most unaccountable

fact, that there should be no place of public worship for the large Protestant English population of this British possession: this is bitterly complained of. Hundreds among the troops would gladly attend church, if there was a church to attend; and many, rather than go to no temple at all, frequent the Catholic chapel. A Protestant church was begun some time ago, but want of funds has prevented its completion. All this reflects little credit upon those who have the management of such matters.

Gibraltar is a fallen and falling place, as a place of commerce; and there is no prospect of any revival. In speaking of Cadiz, I have already said that the whole, or almost the whole licit and illicit trade of Gibraltar, has been transferred to that city. The loss of the Cadiz market alone, which took up extensively the articles which were received into the free port of Gibraltar, might easily account for its decline. But there is still another cause for the decline of Gibraltar; a cause that might probably have been of itself sufficient to determine the ruin of this settlement,

and which has, at all events, materially hastened it: I allude to the epidemic. Since the last terrible visitation of this kind, there has been a general feeling of insecurity: many, soon afterwards, removed their establishments elsewhere; and others are ready, upon the first rumour of disease, to quit a spot where life is held by so precarious a tenure.

Every one knows the history of Gibraltar. Before the establishment of the Moorish empire in Spain, Gibraltar was called Calpe; under the Moors it bore the name of Gibel-Tarif, and subsequently of Gibraltar. The importance attached to Gibraltar during the last years of the Moorish empire, has lately been made better known to us by that delightful work, the Chronicles of the Conquest of Granada. In the year 1704, Gibraltar was taken by the combined English and Dutch fleets under Sir George Rooke; and in 1713 it was confirmed to England by the peace of Utrecht. The only important attempt to wrest Gibraltar from the English was made in 1782, by the combined fleets of France and Spain; but the attempt proved abortive, and

the rock of Gibraltar may now be considered inseparably united to the British empire *.

* Some account of this enterprise seems to be a natural digression; and as the fullest account of the rash attempt which led to the abandonment of the enterprise, is to be found in the work of M. Bourgoing, I make no apology for transferring it to these pages. "The court of Spain, weary of the fruitless blockade of Gibraltar, which excited the ridicule of all Europe, and of the besieged themselves, seriously determined to take this fortress by some extraordinary expedient or other, against which its steepness, its formidable artillery, and all the skill of General Elliot should prove unavailing. Plans poured in from all quarters; some bold to extravagance, others so whimsical, that it was scarcely possible to look upon them as serious. Several of this kind I received myself. One of those sent to ministers, formally proposed to throw up, in front of the lines of St. Roch, a prodigious mount, higher than Gibraltar, which would consequently deprive that fortress of its principal means of defence. The author had calculated the quantity of cubic fathoms of earth, the number of hands, and the time that would be required by this enormous undertaking, and proved that it would be less expensive, and less destructive than the prolongation of the siege upon the plan on which it had been begun.

"Another proposed to fill the bombs with a substance so strongly mephitic, that on bursting in the fortress, they would either put to flight, or poison the besieged with their exhalations.

"The plan of D'Arçon was at length presented, and engaged the more serious attention of the Spanish government.

"This plan, first projected at a distance from Gibraltar, by that engineer, who, notwithstanding the issue of that famous siege, still enjoyed the reputation of a man of great talents, was afterwards matured and modified by him within sight of the fortress. But how many crosses was he doomed to experience! * * * * * * * * Scarcely any thing is known

After having spent some pleasant days at Gibraltar, I inquired respecting conveyances

respecting it, except what relates to the ten floating batteries, which, on the 13th of September, 1782, foolishly exposed themselves to the fire of Gibraltar, and were reduced to ashes by the red-hot shot from the English batteries. This method of summing up the result of enterprises, is very convenient for indolence or malignity, but would furnish history with very erroneous elements. Enlightened by contemporary historians, her pages will inform posterity, that if this great undertaking failed, it was from a concurrence of circumstances which the genius of D'Arcon could not possibly control. One of the principal was, the hurry with which the plan was put in execution, before all the necessary preparations had been made for ensuring its success. It is well known that the ten batteries had been so constructed as to present to the fire of the fortress, one side covered with blinds three feet thick, and kept continually wet by a very ingenious contrivance. The red-hot balls were thus expected to be extinguished on the spot where they penetrated; but this first measure proved incomplete. The awkwardness of the caulkers prevented the working of the pumps, which were designed to keep up the humidity. It succeeded only on board one of them, the Talla-Piedra, and that very imperfectly. But this was not all; though the place where they were to take their stations had been but very slightly sounded, they had received instructions what course they were to pursue, in order to avoid striking, and to place themselves at a proper distance. This precaution likewise proved unavailing. Don Ventura Moreno, a brave seaman, but incapable of executing a plan, stung to the quick by a letter sent him in the evening of the 12th of September, by General Crillon, which contained this expression: 'If you do not make an attack, you are a man without honour;' hastened the departure of the batteries, and placed them in an order contrary to the plan which had been adopted. In conse-

to Malaga. I learnt that it was a two days' journey on mule back; and that the charac-

quence of this mistake, no more than two could sustain themselves at the concerted distance of two hundred fathoms. These were, the Pastora, commanded by Moreno himself, and the Talla-Piedra, on board of which, were the Prince of Nassau, and D'Arçon: but they were exposed to the fire of the most formidable battery; that of the Royal Bastion, instead of all ten being drawn up around the old mole, and receiving only sidewise the fire of that battery.

"The only two batteries which occupied this dangerous post made great havoc, and sustained dreadful loss. The Talla-Piedra received a fatal shot. In spite of all precautions, a red-hot ball penetrated to the dry part of the vessel: its effect was slow. The Talla-Piedra had opened her fire about ten in the morning; the ball struck her three and five. The mischief did not appear irremediable till midnight. The San Juan, one of her next neighbours, shared the same fate. It appears certain that the eight others remained untouched.

"But what was still more distressing, every thing was wanting at once: cables to tow off the batteries in place of accident, and boats to receive the wounded. The attack was to have been supported by ten ships, and upwards of sixty gun-boats. Neither boats, gun-boats, nor ships, made their appearance.

"Lastly, according to the projected position, the gun-boats were to have been seconded by the one hundred and eighty pieces of cannon at the lines of St. Roch. This co-operation was rendered impracticable. Near four hundred pieces of artillery were to have opened at once upon North Bastion, Montagu Bastion, and Orange Bastion. With a superiority of nearly three hundred pieces, D'Arçon flattered himself that he should be able to silence the artillery of the fortress. What was his consternation when he found that the besiegers had no more than sixty or seventy pieces, to oppose to more than two hundred and eighty belonging to the besieged.

ter of the country between Gibraltar and Malaga, was precisely the same as that which

"The combined squadron remained quiet spectators of this tremendous scene: Guichen, who commanded the French ships, sent to offer assistance to Moreno; who replied that he had no occasion for any.

"Matters continued to grow worse; and no remedy could be devised. Eight of the batteries were at too great a distance to do or to sustain much injury. The two others bore in their bosoms the elements of destruction. Moreno, despairing of being able to save any of them, and resolving that they should not fall into the hands of the English, directed that those which were already in flames should be suffered to burn, and that all the others should be set on fire. I have seen the original order to this effect. Such was the result of that day, on which were annihilated ten vessels—the masterpieces of human ingenuity—the building of which cost three millions of livres, and whose artillery, anchors, cables, rigging, &c., amounted to two millions and a half more.

"D'Arçon, in the first moment of his consternation, acknowledged that he alone was to blame for the fatal issue of the day. I had for a considerable time in my possession the original of the short, but emphatic letter, which he wrote to Montmorin the ambassador, from the very shore of Algesiras, amid the dying sound of the artillery, and by the light of the burning batteries. It was as follows: "I have burned the Temple of Ephesus; every thing is lost, and through my fault. What comforts me under my misfortune is, that the glory of the two kings remains untarnished." But on recovering from the shock, D'Arçon wrote a learned memoir, in which he took great pains to modify the confession which had escaped him; and to prove that he had more than one partner; or rather that circumstances, the most untoward and imperious, constituted his only fault.

"Scarcely had Gibraltar foiled beneath its walls, this formidable

I had travelled from Cadiz. Tempted the same afternoon by a fine breeze from the west, and by an offer of a passage in a Spanish mystico, which the captain assured me would sail at six next morning, and would be in Malaga the same evening, I got all ready,—took out my passport and a bill of health, and went to bed in the hope of sleeping next night in Malaga. I gladly avail myself of this opportunity of mentioning the unjustifiable exactions of the public offices in this British possession. Throughout the whole of Spain, more than two pecetas (1*s.* 8*d.*) had never been demanded at any passport office; but at Gibraltar, where it is difficult to understand upon what principle an English

attempt, when in sight of our armies and our squadron, the place was re-victualled by Admiral Howe, who afterwards, with his thirty-six ships, boldly entered the Mediterranean. He was seen from Buena Vista passing from one sea to the other; every spectator supposed that he was running into the jaws of destruction. The fifty-two ships which were in the bay, weighed anchor, and pursued him; but Howe baffled our endeavours, as fortune had done our plans; and returned through the Streights in the same security as he had entered them." Such is the account given by M. Bourgoing. He had access to know the facts, and they are probably correct; but there is, evidently, a French polish over the whole detail.

subject should require permission of the English authorities to visit Malaga,—I was charged a dollar. As well might an Englishman about to visit Calais, be obliged to have the permission of Sir Richard Birnie. At all events, the charge is extravagant, and therefore unjust; the petty officer who signs his name at Gibraltar, and pockets the crown, is not, like a consul in a foreign port, the representative of the British government, and obliged to spend all, or more than all, that he receives. In Gibraltar the governor is the representative of the government; and the demand of a dollar from every Englishman who passes through Gibraltar, can only be regarded as a robbery of British subjects to support a sinecurist.

Looking from my window, about five next morning, I saw with dismay, that the wind had increased almost to a storm, still from the west, but too violent to allow any vessel to beat out of the bay; for it is a great difficulty attending the navigation from Gibraltar, that the most favourable wind for the Levant, is the most adverse for carrying a vessel out of the bay. I had made up my

mind to bear the delay, and be contented with reading the English newspapers, and with an English dinner in the hotel, when the master of the mystico sent to inform me that the wind had so much abated as to permit him to beat out, and that he was on the point of sailing. I immediately ran down to the harbour, hired a boat, and was just in time to catch the mystico upon one of its tacks. The vessel had been obliged to leave the harbour, because, after gun-fire at five o'clock, the gates and harbour are shut, and nothing is permitted to pass out or in.

We beat out of the bay with some difficulty;—a brilliant sun-set flamed upon the rock of Gibraltar,—and just as the sun sunk behind the mountains of Barbary, we doubled Point Europa,—and lying to our course, went swiftly through the water. The current alone would carry a vessel from Gibraltar to Malaga, for it constantly sets in through the Streights into the Mediterranean, a fact that has puzzled both navigators and philosophers: but with a strong westerly breeze, the doubt was not, whether we should reach Malaga by

day-break, but whether we might not pass it during the night; for the masters of these Spanish boats are not the most scientific of navigators. I sat upon deck till the line of coast became invisible, and then lay down on the lee side, where I slept till day-break; and looking up, I found we were traversing the bay of Malaga, and that we should be in the harbour in less than an hour. Malaga is an imposing object from the sea: it stands in the centre of a wide bay, flanked and backed by lofty mountains; and by the picturesque ruins of its ancient fortifications and castle, which cover the hill that rises immediately to the east, and seem, from their great extent, like the remains of a former city. When we had cast anchor, the health-boat rowed out to us: fortunately quarantine had lately been removed; and after a slight examination of luggage, I was permitted to go on shore; and on the recommendation of the British consul, I established myself in the Fonda de los tres Reyes.

Malaga I found an interesting, agreeable, and hospitable city; and I recollect with pleasure the time I spent there. After break-

fasting, and waiting upon his Britannic majesty's consul, Mr. Mark, whose attentions I have great pleasure in acknowledging, I committed myself to chance, and perambulated the city. One of the first places I happened to enter, was the market, where I was attracted by the singularity of a usage which I never remarked elsewhere. Various stalls were appropriated to the sale of poultry; but these were not exposed whole;—fowls, ducks, partridges, and various other birds, were cut up: here was a row of legs,—there, of wings, or breasts,—these were sold separately; and I saw no lack of purchasers. The general aspect of the population of Malaga, I found even more Moorish than that of Seville; and it afforded innumerable admirable pictures of idleness. Many of the market people were seated on the earth on circular mats, and the stools in general use were still lower than in Seville; but hundreds appeared to be doing nothing: groups sat upon the ground, their backs against the wall of some house or convent; others lay upon the steps at the entrance of the churches;

and many sauntered listlessly to and fro in the sun, which at this season was rather coveted than shunned. All these idlers were wrapped up in their brown cloaks,—most of them ragged and patched,—and the greater number were regaling themselves with delicious melons, which they leisurely and indolently cut up with their long clasp knives—so often in Malaga put to less innocent purposes. Malaga is noted for its idle and bad population; a character which I believe it deservedly maintains, and which results chiefly from the facility with which the wants of life are supplied. A good melon may often be purchased for two or three quartos. A quartillo of wine (something more than a bottle) costs no more. A little barrel of anchovies may be purchased for two reals ($4\frac{1}{2}d.$); and if so, the fresh sardiña must be to be had at a price that will put a meal within the reach of any one who is possessed of a quarto (less than a farthing). These luxuries, indeed, require a few quartos to obtain them; and if begging be not sufficient for this, the *mala gente* of Malaga (for this is the expression commonly applied to its

population) are at no loss to find the quartos in some other way. The whole idle population of Malaga are thieves: and in so degraded a state is public justice in this city, that crimes of a far darker hue than theft, pass unpunished; because, to take notice of them, would be to court the worst effects of revenge. In another chapter I have illustrated, by an example, the perfect security with which, in Malaga, a man may obey the very worst passions. A woman who dares prosecute the murderer of her husband, speedily receives a private intimation that effectually silences her; and it has been not uncommon, for money to be put into the hands of an *escrivano* previous to the commission of a murder, in order to ensure the services and protection of a person so necessary to one who medidates crime. I will relate a trifling circumstance that occurred while I was at Malaga, in corroboration of what I have been saying.

One night, Mr. F., a most respectable merchant of the town, while on his way home, was stopped and robbed. The man who committed the robbery was very well

known to the gentleman whom he robbed: he was a waterman, owning a boat, and plying betwixt the pier and the vessels. Next morning, Mr. F. having occasion to go out to a vessel, walked down to the pier, and was stepping into a boat, when another man offered his services; Mr. F., without turning to look at the man who spoke, said this was his ordinary boatman, and he always employed men whom he knew. "What, sir," said the other, lifting his hat above his brow, "don't you know me?" Mr. F. turned round, and saw the man who had robbed him the night before; and yet, to prosecute a man, who thus in open day claimed the recollection of the person he had robbed, would be a hazard that no prudent inhabitant of Malaga dare encounter.

I found the pictures presented by the street population of Malaga interesting, because they were novel; but the streets themselves presented little attraction. The only handsome part of the town is the Alameda; the other parts present a labyrinth of narrow, intricate streets, almost wholly inhabited by the tradespeople, or by a low population; but

the buildings that line both sides of the Alameda are magnificent, and the interior of many of these houses, I found more splendid than any thing I had yet seen in Spain. The public buildings are but indifferent; with the exception of the cathedral, which is greatly admired by the people of Malaga; but which, after having seen those of Toledo and Seville, possesses but little attraction. Like the cathedral of Cadiz, it is not finished; it was intended to be surmounted by six towers, but only one of these has been erected. There are no pictures in the cathedral, nor are there any worthy of notice in the other churches or convents of the city.

The state of society in Malaga, does not greatly differ from that of the other cities in the south of Spain; but there is one strange peculiarity in Malaga society, that cannot but forcibly strike a stranger: this is, the extraordinary familiarity of servants. I have frequently seen servants at table, join in conversation with the family: a female servant while receiving orders, always sits down in the company of her mistress; and, upon one occasion, while a game at *basto* was playing,

I saw a servant who had brought refreshments, walk forward to the table, place his two *pecetas* upon it, retire, and wait at a little distance to know the fate of his stake.

With respect to morals, I might repeat what I have said of Cadiz: I may merely add, that a Spanish lady of Malaga, married to a highly respectable Scotch merchant and consul, and who had resided all her days there, told me that she did not know one Spanish woman in Malaga who had always led a virtuous life. So universal is the system of gallantry in Malaga, that a gentleman is not designated as señor so and so, but invariably as the *cortejo* of this or that señora. In another respect, too, the low state of morals is shewn: I allude to the great laxity of female conversation. I was informed by the English mother of three grown-up daughters, that it was impossible to allow them to keep company with either married or unmarried Spanish women; and this I can very well believe, judging by the tone of conversation to which I have myself been witness.

Last autumn, Malaga supported an Italian opera; at which I was twice present. Upon

one of these occasions, La Gaza Ladra was performed, and not ill performed. The Prima Donna was a sister of Malibran,—a very inferior singer to her celebrated relative, but by no means despicable, and she was well supported both in the vocal parts and by the orchestra. The theatre was crowded, and the dresses of the ladies might be called splendid. The love of dress is carried to a great length in Malaga. A young lady, fifteen years of age, who was of the same party with myself at the opera, told me that she had given twenty dollars for her fan; and another young person, the daughter of a small tradesman in Malaga, told me, when I admired her comb, that it had cost fourteen dollars. It was a curious spectacle in leaving the theatre, to see some hundreds of servants with lanterns waiting in the street. Gentlemen and ladies, have alike their lantern to light them home. To attempt the dark narrow streets of Malaga without this accompaniment, would be to tempt the *mala gente*, and certainly to encounter great and unnecessary risk. It was a very unseasonable interruption, just when every servant had

discovered his master, and when the line of march had begun, to hear the little bell that announced the approach of the *host*. All the lights were suddenly arrested in their progress, and the procession passed through an avenue of kneelers, illuminated by the hundreds of lanterns that were placed upon the ground,—the spectacle was undoubtedly picturesque.

I consider myself to have had rather a narrow escape while at Malaga, in a visit which I made to the ruins of the castle. The ruins of the Moorish fortifications are of extraordinary extent; they reach from the city to the summit of the hill that flanks it to the east,—a distance not much less than a mile; and desirous of inspecting the ruins, as well as of enjoying the views which I had no doubt were to be enjoyed from the heights, I devoted an afternoon to this walk. As I ascended, occasional gaps in the ruins discovered charming glimpses over the city, the sea, and the mountains; and at one spot, where a half-fallen spiral staircase leads to the summit of a round tower, whose ruins flank the wall,—the whole magnificence of

the prospect burst upon me. The city, washed by the Mediterranean,—the fertile plain to the north of Malaga, covered with gardens and orangeries, and sprinkled with villages and convents, and the fine range of magnificent and curiously broken mountains that environ that little plain;—the situation of Malaga leaves nothing to desire. I had not yet ascended above half way,—and the higher up, the more extensive are the ruins; the lower part being occupied by fortifications, but the upper half of the hill being covered with the remains of the castle. Soon after leaving the tower, I passed three ruffian-looking men sitting under the wall playing cards; and perhaps prudence ought to have whispered to me to return; but an Englishman with difficulty persuades himself of the possibility of violence in day-light; and the sun being above the horizon, I continued my walk. Higher up, I found myself entirely enclosed among the ruins; and having gone so far, and believing that I could be at no great distance from the summit, I resolved not to return by the same road, but to find some path that might lead me down the other side of the

hill, either towards the sea or the back of the city. I therefore continued threading my way among the ruins. I had reached a very solitary spot, entirely shut in by massive walls, when, passing within ten or twelve yards of a low archway, scarcely two feet above the ground, I chanced to turn my eye in that direction, and was startled by seeing the dark countenances of two men peering from the mouth of it, their bodies being concealed by the gloom within. All that I had heard and knew of the character of the lowest class in Malaga, suddenly recurred to my mind; I felt the full danger of my situation, and walking a few wide paces farther, as if I had not observed them, till a fragment of the ruin was fortunately intercepted between me and the arch, I sprung forward with no tardy step; but not before a stealthy glance had shewn me the figure of one man already half way between the arch and myself, and another on the point of emerging from his lurking place. I have not the smallest doubt, that if these men had been aware of my approach, or if, in the hurry of the moment, I had mistaken my path among the ruins, or found no

outlet, I should never have returned to write this volume: fortunately, however, I had not run more than twenty yards, when a gap in the wall shewed me the open country below, and the next moment I had passed through it, and dropped into a small olive plantation. I made what haste I could, down the hill to the city; and when I related the circumstance that had taken place, I was told I had been guilty of an imprudence that no one acquainted with Malaga would have ventured upon; that robbery, and murder also, had been perpetrated among these ruins; and that I owed my escape to nothing but the lucky accident of finding a speedy exit.

When we think of Malaga, it is generally in connexion with its wines; which, although not so much in vogue in England as in other times, yet enjoy a high reputation, and along with its fruits, form the distinction and the wealth of Malaga. I shall therefore make no apology for occupying a few pages with some details respecting the wines and fruits of this most southern city of the continent of Europe.

The wines of Malaga are of two sorts, sweet, and dry; and of the former of these, there are four kinds. First, The common "Malaga," known and exported under that name. In this wine there is a certain proportion of boiled wine, which is allowed to burn, and which communicates a slightly burnt taste to the "Malaga." The grape from which this wine is made, is a white grape, and every butt of Malaga contains no less than eleven gallons of brandy. Secondly, "Mountain." This wine is made from the same grape as the other, and like the other, contains colouring matter, and brandy; the only difference is, that for "mountain," the grape is allowed to become riper. Thirdly, "lagrimas," the richest and finest of the sweet wines of Malaga; the name of which almost explains the manner in which it is made. It is the droppings of the ripe grape hung up, and is obtained without the application of pressure.

The dry wine of Malaga is produced from the same grape as the sweet wine, but pressed when greener: in this wine there is

an eighth-part more of brandy than in the sweet wine; no less than one twelfth part of the dry Malaga being brandy.

The whole produce of the Malaga vineyards is estimated at from thirty-five to forty thousand butts, but owing to the increasing stock of old wine in the cellars, it is impossible to be precise in this calculation. The export of all the Malaga wines may be stated at about twenty-seven thousand butts. The principal market is the United States, and the States of South America; and to these countries, the export is rather upon the increase. The average price of the wines shipped from Malaga, does not exceed thirty-five dollars per butt; but wines are occasionally exported at so high a price as one hundred and seventy dollars. Many attempts have been made at Malaga to produce sherry, but not with perfect success. The Xeres grape has been reared at Malaga, upon a soil very similar to its native soil; but the merchants of Malaga have not ventured to enter the wine for export. For my own part, judging from a sample of wine which I tasted at the warehouse of Messrs.

W. & G. Read, I should say that the experiment had succeeded; and that the sherry made at Malaga, might be introduced into the English market as sherry; and from its great cheapness, it could not fail to command a sale. One reason of the very low price of the wines of Malaga, is to be found in the cheapness of labour: field labour is only two and a half reals a day (4½*d.*). In the fruit and vintage time it is about double.

Next to its wines, the chief export of Malaga is fruit; consisting of raisins, almonds, grapes, figs, and lemons: but of these, raisins are the principal export. I have before me, a note of the exports of Malaga for the months of September and October, in the year 1830 —the chief, though not the sole exporting months,—and I find, that during that time, the export of raisins amounted to two hundred and sixty-eight thousand, eight hundred and forty-five boxes; and thirty-one thousand, nine hundred and sixteen smaller packages. Of this quantity, one hundred and twenty-five thousand, three hundred and thirty-four boxes were entered for the United States; forty-five thousand, five hundred and

thirteen for England; the remaining quantity being for France, the West Indies, the Spanish ports, South America, and Holland.

The raisins exported from Malaga are of three kinds; the muscatel, the bloom, or sun raisin, and lexias. The muscatel raisin of Malaga, is the finest in the world. In the preparation of this raisin, no art is used; the grape is merely placed in the sun, and frequently turned. The bloom, or sun raisin, is a different grape from the muscatel; but the process of preparing it is the same: like the other, it is merely sun-dried. The lexias acquire this name from the liquor in which they are dipped, and which is composed of water, ashes, and oil: these, after being dipped, are also dried in the sun. All muscatel raisins are exported in boxes, and also a part of the bloom raisins. In the year 1829, the number of boxes of muscatel and bloom raisins exported, was three hundred and twenty thousand; each box containing twenty-five lbs.—eight millions of lbs. in all. This quantity is independent of the export of bloom raisins in casks; and of lexias, the

annual export of which, does not exceed thirty thousand arrobas. The export of raisins to England has fallen off; the export to America has constantly increased. In the year 1824, seventy-five ships cleared from the port of Malaga, for England, with fruit. In 1830, up to the first of November, thirty-four vessels had cleared out. It is supposed, that Cadiz having been made a free port, will have the effect of increasing the export fruit trade of Malaga. Owners are unwilling to send out vessels from England on ballast; and it is probable, that many will carry out goods to Cadiz, and then proceed to Malaga to take back a cargo, or part cargo of fruit.

Of the other fruits exported from Malaga, grapes, almonds, and lemons are the most extensively exported. In the months of September and October, 1830, eleven thousand six hundred and twelve jars of grapes were sent to England; to America, six thousand four hundred and twenty-nine; and to Russia one thousand six hundred and fifty. During the same period of time, five thousand three hundred and thirty-five arrobas of almonds (133,375 lbs.) were exported to England;

and this constituted nearly the whole export: and during these months also, there were exported to England, three thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine boxes of lemons; to Germany, four thousand two hundred and one boxes; and to Russia, eight hundred and forty boxes. There is also a large export of oil from Malaga: but the export for the latter part of 1830 would be no criterion of the average; because the Greenland whale fishery having failed, extensive orders for olive oil had been received from England. Eight hundred and twenty-seven pipes of oil had been exported for the British market during the above months.

The general trade between England and Malaga is on the decline: that with both the Americas is increasing, especially in wines. The number of British vessels which entered the port of Malaga in 1827, I find, from an official note furnished by the British consul, to have been one hundred and four; in 1828, one hundred and twenty-six; in 1829, one hundred and five; in 1830, up to the 1st of November, eighty-three, exclusive of the

small Gibraltar vessels. The number of American vessels entering in 1829, was fifty-five; but the average tonnage of the Americans being one hundred and seventy-five tons, and that of the English vessels not exceeding one hundred, the whole American is nearly equal to the whole of the English trade.

Whilst I remained in Malaga, my time was very agreeably employed; the weather was sufficiently cool to allow horse and foot exercise; and the neighbourhood of Malaga affords many charming excursions: these pleasantly filled up the mornings; while a stroll on the sea shore, the many hospitalities of English, American, and Spanish families, and the theatre or opera, agreeably occupied the evening. Among my excursions in the neighbourhood, one was made to the convent of Victoria, beautifully placed in a hollow of the neighbouring mountains, surrounded by charming gardens, where the most delicious fruits vie with each other in tempting the palate. Among the autumnal fruits of the south of Spain, they particularly prize the granada, or pomegranate, on account of its

real, or salubrious qualities, especially in derangements of the bowels. North of the Sierra Morena, the pomegranate is an indifferent fruit; but in Andalusia and Granada, it arrives at perfection; and so full of juice is a really fine and ripe pomegranate, that one measuring four inches in diameter, may be compressed into the bulk of a nut.

In the neighbourhood of the convent of Victoria, the country people find that useful clay, of which they make the vessels called *bucaros*, used for cooling water. Without these, the inhabitant of these sultry shores would be deprived of one of his most essential luxuries; for when the hot winds prevail, water exposed to the air in these vessels, becomes icy cold. This singular fact is to be explained by the porous nature of these vessels, which allow the water to exude; and the hot wind blowing upon the moist external surface, a rapid evaporation and consequent cold, are produced.

From the same clay, there is an ingenious manufactory of little figures, representing Spanish costume in the different provinces. These are in great variety, and are executed

with much truth and ability: indeed, I have not seen, in any other country, any thing so excellent in its kind. Nothing would have pleased me more, than to have carried a complete assortment of them to England; but they are of so fragile a nature, that they could scarcely have arrived at their destination without broken limbs and noses.

I occupied another day with an excursion to the *Retiro,* the country-seat of a noble family; but now in a state of dilapidation. The situation of the old castle is, however, beyond conception delightful,—nestling at the foot of the mountains, and almost bathed by the transparent waves of the Mediterranean; and in the adjoining gardens, every fruit-tree congenial to that glorious climate, flourishes in unfading luxuriance. Every where in the neighbourhood of Malaga, the acclivities not occupied by vines, are covered with the prickly pear, which is cultivated chiefly for the sake of the cochineal which breeds upon it: this valuable article of commerce has not, however, been yet produced in so great abundance as to form an article of export.

Few of the useful productions of the globe are unsuitable to the climate of some part of Spain. In the northern provinces, all the productions of the temperate climates arrive at perfection; and in the most southern parts, the climate is found sufficiently fine to ripen the produce of the Indies. To the eastward of Malaga, a few leagues along the coast, the sugar-cane is successfully cultivated: though this useful plant is known to have been much more extensively grown in the time of the Moors than now, which is evident, from the remains of their sugar-houses. Still, however, the sugar-cane is a valuable produce, and is said to supply a sugar scarcely inferior to that of the West Indies.

Malaga, like most of the other cities of Spain, has had various masters. Built by the Phœnicians, it was successively Carthagenian, Roman, Gothic, and Moorish; and in the reign of Haly Abenhameth, was the seat of empire. Ferdinand and Isabella succeeded in wresting Malaga from the dominion of the Moors, in the year 1487.

Malaga was formerly much more populous than it is now, though, within the last fifty

years, the population has been again on the increase. Anciently, it contained nearly a hundred thousand persons; in the middle of the last century, the inhabitants were reduced to thirty thousand; and at present, it is said to contain about forty-five thousand.

I have nothing more to add of Malaga, excepting the price of provisions.

Beef is ten quartos the pound, of sixteen ounces; mutton the same. Pork, fourteen quartos. Eggs, two for six quartos—not much less than a penny each. A fine fowl, seven reals; a chicken, three reals; a duck, fifteen reals; a turkey, from twenty to thirty reals. The best bread, twelve quartos. Excellent wine, two reals per bottle. Potatoes, the measure of six pounds and a quarter, seven quartos, or about twopence. A barrel of anchovies, two reals. A partridge, four reals. A rabbit, ten reals. Fish, remarkably cheap and plentiful. Melons, grapes, pomegranates, figs, and prickly pears, so cheap as scarcely to form an article of expenditure.

Let it not be forgotten, that eight quartos are twopence farthing; and that, in one franc French, there are four reals.

CHAPTER XVII.

JOURNEY FROM MALAGA TO GRANADA.—GRANADA.

Different Routes to Granada; Ascent of the Malaga Mountains; an Anecdote illustrative of Spanish Morals; Picture of a Venta and its Inmates; Night Arrangements; beautiful situation of Loxa; the Venta de Casin; first View of Granada; Reflections; the Situation of Granada and its Vega; the Alhambra; St. Michael's Mount, and its Singularities; excavated Dwellings; View from the Mount; extraordinary Changes in Temperature; a Fire in Granada, and the curious means resorted to for extinguishing it; Superstition; the Cathedral; the Convents; the Archbishop; Husbandry in the Vega of Granada; State of Agriculture; the Duke of Wellington's Estates; Effects of the Loss of the Colonies; the Paseos of Granada; the Population; the Market; Usages; the Italian Opera.

From Malaga to Granada, there are two roads; one by Velez Malaga, the other by Loxa. The former of these roads lies a great part of the way along the sea shore, and then turning to the left, leads through

Alhama to Granada. By sleeping at Velez Malaga the first night, and at Alhama the second, tolerable accommodation may be had all the way to Granada. The other road, on leaving Malaga, strikes at once into the heart of the mountains, and leads to Granada by way of Loxa. By this road, it is necessary to sleep at ventas of the very worst description,—for Loxa does not make a convenient halting place,—and although neither of these roads are safe from robbery, the latter is by far the most celebrated for the crimes that have been committed upon it. I resolved to travel by the Loxa road; chiefly, because the scenery upon it was reported to be greatly more attractive than upon the road by Velez Malaga; and learning that a gallera was about to leave Malaga for Granada by the road which I had selected, I engaged a place in it, for which I paid two dollars and a half,—a very moderate charge for so long a journey.

I took my seat in the gallera at seven in the morning, and found my fellow travellers to consist of a middle-aged woman, the wife, as I afterwards learned, of a respectable shop-

keeper in Malaga: her daughter, a sprightly, intelligent, and remarkably pretty girl of nineteen, two years married to a wine grower of the neighbourhood: a young woman of two or three and twenty, comely, and finely formed, on her way to Granada on speculation,—for she was one of those unhappy persons, whose temporary home depends upon the caprice of her temporary master; and another woman, who travelled openly as the mistress of the muleteer. Such was the company in the gallera.

Leaving Malaga, the road passes along the channel of a stream, and then enters the rich and highly cultivated country that lies between Malaga and the mountains, which we began to ascend, after travelling about three quarters of a league. This is the most extraordinary ascent I ever recollect to have seen: it is computed to be three leagues and a half, upwards of fourteen miles English, from the point at which the road enters the mountains, until it reaches the summit of the range; and in all this distance there is not one yard of level ground, still less of descent. I know of no mountain road in Switzerland

more abounding in magnificent scenery, or in varied and charming prospects, than this. The formation of these mountains is singular: innumerable conical hills cover the face of the range; and the road winding upward among these, is one moment shut in among the mountains, and shut out from the world,—the next, emerging from behind one of these little hills, it traverses the front of the range, disclosing an illimitable prospect of land and sea. This peculiarity in the formation of the mountain, produces an infinite variety of views. Sometimes, when looking back towards Malaga, nothing intercepts the view —the whole bay,—Malaga in its centre,—the Moorish ruins,—the cathedral, and the cultivated plain, are all spread below. At another point, only the city and the bay are seen, the mountains shutting out all the rest; while still higher up, even the city is hidden, and the sea appears to wash the base of the mountains. The views too in the interior of the mountain are beautiful: a deep valley is from time to time revealed,—the mountain slopes that encompass it, covered with vines, and in its centre the house of the vine-grower,

surrounded by a belt of charming verdure, and half embowered in a grove of orange trees.

As we ascended the mountains, we met a few travellers, and a considerable number of muleteers and their trains, every one well armed with guns, and some with swords also. Many crosses stood by the way-side; and as I walked the most part of the way up the mountain, I generally stopped to read the record; some of these were of sudden death, and some of murder,—but of the latter I saw only one of very recent date.

A curious circumstance, throwing some additional light upon the morals of Malaga, occurred in the course of the morning. When we had ascended about two-thirds of the mountain, a handsome young caballero, in the richly-ornamented Andalusian dress, and mounted upon a fine powerful horse, overtook the gallera, and accosted the middle-aged woman and her young married daughter, in the language of an acquaintance. Soon after he gave his horse in charge to the muleteer's assistant, and took his seat in the gallera, where he kept up a half-whispered

conversation with the younger lady: but the nature of the *liaison* now became more evident. The cortejo of this young wife, for such of course was his character, asked her aloud whether she would not like to ride his horse a little way? To which she at first replied no, and then yes; and the muleteer having opportunely discovered a lady's saddle lying in the bottom of the gallera, and contrived too for two persons, she was soon seated upon the horse, which walked in front of the gallera, and the caballero walked by her side; but the horse gained so fast upon the gallera, that the party was soon out of sight, till, upon reaching a point from which a higher reach of the zig-zag road was visible, the lady and her cortejo were seen both mounted, and trotting forward; and we saw no more of them till night, when we reached the venta, where we found the young lady in bed, and the caballero sitting by her. Her mother seemed quite satisfied with the arrangements of the day, and offered no reproof either in word or in look. The same evening the gallant set out on his return to Malaga.

After reaching the summit of the mountain, and following for a little way a level road, we began to descend into a deep valley, clothed with ilex and cork tree; and towards evening we passed under the hill, upon which the town of Colmona is situated. Upon a small bridge at the foot of the hill, a number of the inhabitants of the town were assembled, some sitting upon the wall of the bridge, some playing cards, and some lying on the ground; and a more ruffian-like sample of a town's population, I do not recollect to have ever seen. After passing Colmona, we continued to wind among low hills that seemed the outposts of more lofty ranges,—gradually ascending, and approaching the Sierra. And nearly two hours after dark, the gallera stopped at the gate of the solitary venta, where it was necessary we should pass the night.

This venta may be taken as a fair specimen of travelling accommodation in the southern and eastern provinces of Spain, in the year 1830. Groping my way through a small court-yard, and a wide gateway, I found myself in a long apartment; I do not know any

word to express (a barn on the ground-story), the floor earthen—the roof, a congregation of beams and rafters—the walls, partly rough stone, as originally put together; partly white-washed. The door, by which I had entered, was nearly in the middle of the side wall, so that one-half of the apartment lay to the right, and the other to the left. To the right, I saw a dim file of mules stretching away into obscurity: on the left, at the farther extremity of the apartment, a bright blaze from a fire kindled on the floor, shewed me the way to the part appropriated to the human guests! As I walked towards the fire, which was at a great distance, the scene assumed a more picturesque and striking appearance: at a round table not far from the fire, sat ten or twelve men, every one with his little round Spanish hat and crimson girdle; and in every one's hand a long clasp knife, with which he fished, from time to time, a huge piece of meat from an enormous brown dish that stood smoking in the centre of the table—diffusing around the usual fragrance of a Spanish stew, in which the prominent ingredients are oil and garlic. Over

the blazing fire hung an iron apparatus, from which depended a large iron pot, containing something worthy the attention of a brown-cheeked, dark-haired wench, who inspected it by the help of a light simply contrived by a piece of wick being put into a small open vessel of oil; and, after having ascertained the state of the stew (for this also was a stew) she hung her lamp upon a nail affixed to a rafter over her head. On the stone bench beyond the fire, sat two or three muleteers, who seemed by their inactivity, to have already tasted the good things of the venta; for one was manufacturing a cigar in the approved Spanish mode, by rolling paper round a little tobacco: and the other had already accomplished this task, and was enveloped in a cloud of smoke—and the picture of the venta is completed, if we add two or three great lank dogs standing at the table where the supper party was seated; and two or three others lying in the neighbourhood of the fire. Such was the state of the venta, when the gallera party arrived, to claim a share of its hospitalities. The features of the scene were now greatly multiplied: one of

the party was seen kneeling at the fire, intent upon the operation of chocolate-making—another was employed in heating a pot of wine—and my occupation was, watching the progress towards boiling, of some water meant to deluge the "fragrant herb." All these preparations being completed, the gallera party proposed enjoying their various refreshments in company, adding to them, the fowl and sausages which had been brought from Malaga. But the supper-table was still occupied by the hungry guests, before whom the second supply of stew had just been placed; and who were employing the interval in passing round the wine in the southern fashion—each in his turn pouring from the tube of a glass vessel, a stream of wine, which fell from the distance of a foot, in a fine arch, into his open mouth. We were accordingly obliged to carry our refreshments into the chamber, or quarto (for the word chamber suggests something beyond its deserts), where the young lady had been seen in bed. The caballero had already taken his leave; and the pretty *intrigante* got up, and joined us at supper: this being finished, a difficulty arose

as to our various sleeping accommodations. The mother and daughter were already provided; for the latter had secured the only mattress and sheets, when she arrived at the venta; and the doubtful lady had brought her sleeping apparatus from Malaga. The bed of the two former was already spread, and the other was speedily deposited in the opposite corner; and as there was no other quarto in the venta disengaged, it was proposed that I should make my bed in a corner of the same quarto: this was better than sitting by the fire, or sleeping on the mud floor; and I had deposited some clean straw, and my cloak, upon the ground, and had turned my back to the ladies while they retired to their mattresses, when a lucky event placed at my disposal, the comfortable bed of the single lady: the noise of a horse's hoofs was heard, and the commanding voice of a caballero; and when I was permitted to turn round, I discovered that the lady had disappeared. Soon after, upon going to the door of the quarto, and looking into the common apartment, I saw her seated by the

gentleman who had newly arrived, upon a bench near the fire; and after waiting more than half an hour, I took the liberty of approaching, and asking her when she purposed returning to occupy her bed, as the other ladies wished to lock the door, and go to sleep? To this question, the caballero replied for her, that the ladies might lock the door, and go to sleep when it was agreeable to them, as no one would disturb them; and receiving no contradiction of this from his companion, I returned to the quarto, bolted the door, and took possession of the comfortable berth of the absent owner.

It was a curious scene next morning, when, upon leaving my bed early, I could scarcely thread my way among the mattresses spread on the ground; all occupied by some sleeping or newly-awoke muleteer: round the fire, these were still more thickly strewn; and I had actually to tempt one yawning fellow from his bed, by a present of two cigars, that I might find a vacant spot where I could stand, and prepare my chocolate. It was then just day-break; and the gallera not being ready, I left the venta, and walked

to the summit of a neighbouring rocky height. The evening is said to be the most solemn hour; but I have felt that the morning is solemn too, when, in a desolate scene like this, we stand alone among the dim mountains, and see the stars' faint twinkle, and day preparing to illuminate a desert,—and hear no sound, that in peopled climes, welcomes the approach of light.

When we left the venta, we continued to wind through the Sierra, and then traversed a deep valley, full of wood, and bounded by lofty mountains. I counted five monumental crosses in this valley. Soon afterwards, we entered a more cultivated country; and before noon, Loxa was seen before us at about a league distant. The view and situation of this old Moorish town, are beyond expression beautiful. It stands upon a slight elevation, in a valley about half a league wide; the Xenil circling round the height, and traversing the valley; the mountains that rise on either side, are covered with the most charming vegetation, and all the lower slopes near the town, are adorned with gardens, and rich groves of oranges and lemons; and these

so mingle with the buildings, that the spires of the churches and convents seem to rise out of bowers; and the houses, partly hid in foliage, appear like a range of villas. We did not stop in Loxa, which is remarkable chiefly for the beauty of its situation—but passed on towards Granada. The valley of the Xenil is extremely fruitful; many ploughs were busy by the river side, and the young corn had already covered the fields with the freshest green.

A little before sunset, I climbed to the summit of a neighbouring height, to catch, if possible, a view of the Sierra Nevada,—the snowy Sierra of Granada—touched by the rosy light of evening; but just as I had climbed high enough to descry the summit of the range, a large, lean, and ferocious sheep dog made towards me, and I was satisfied to purchase an escape, at the expense of losing my labour. The ascent of this height had separated me a considerable distance from the gallera; and I still loitered behind, gathering the woodbine,—the first I had seen in Spain,—that grew profusely by the way side, until reminded of the propriety

of joining my companions by the approaching dusk, and by a glimpse of two suspicious-looking men, who eyed me very scrutinizingly from a bank upon which they were sitting. Soon after overtaking the gallera, we crossed a rapid stream, by a deep, and rather dangerous ford; and after dark, we arrived at the Venta de Casin, our refuge for the night. At the same time with ourselves, another gallera arrived from Granada, so that the venta overflowed with travellers, and three quartos were all the accommodation it afforded.

Very different is the reception which the traveller meets with at a Spanish venta, or even posada, and at an English inn. At the Spanish posada, no bustling waiter with his clean napkin, bows you into the house; no smart *demoiselle* drops a curtesy, and leads the traveller forward with the glance of her black eyes. In the Spanish posada, the traveller is welcomed by nobody,—is never asked his pleasure, or what are his wants; he is left to feel his way along a stone wall, and is at last directed to the kitchen by a glare of light from the fire, which is kindled

on the floor. It is a curious fact too, that the rank of the traveller makes no difference in his reception. There is not one kind of welcome for the gentleman traveller, another for the diligence traveller, and another for the visitor of low degree. All ranks find one level in a Spanish posada: no separate tables are set; no distinctive honours are paid; there is no scale of civility; the caballero, the merchant, the muleteer, is alike left to shift for himself.

By having walked in advance of the gallera, I had secured one of the three quartos, which I gave up to the females of the party, or rather shared it with them: and after having succeeded in getting some hard-boiled eggs, and some excellent wine, I made my bed, and retired to it; for no repetition of my good fortune occurred this night. But there was so great a number of mules in the venta, that the tinkling of their bells, and the noise of their feet, added to the unintermitting attacks of certain enemies of repose, whose name might be called "legion," prevented the gentle approaches of sleep; and it was with great satisfaction that I hailed the morning

dawn through the paneless windows. I need scarcely say that window glass is not to be seen in any village south of the Sierra Morena; and in the most southern, and in the eastern parts, even the principal posadas in the large towns have rarely glass in the windows. It is quite a mistake, to suppose that there is no occasion for glass in the southern parts of Spain. There are many days during a Spanish winter—and before leaving Spain I had experience of them—which, in England, would be thought to demand closed windows, and a blazing fire.

After leaving the Venta de Casin, we entered upon a heathy country, wild, open, and covered with aromatic plants; and after three hours travelling, we caught the first view of Imperial Granada,—yet at a great distance—backed by the lofty Sierra, with its snowy summits. At a small village famous for its fruits, I purchased a melon as large as a man's head, for four quartos—a fraction above a penny—and found it delicious beyond any that I had ever before eaten. Granada is the most celebrated, among all the Spanish provinces, for its fruits; but, with

the exception of the melon, the pomegranate, and the prickly pear, the season of fruit was passing. At Santa Fe, the country becomes rich and populous; for here we are within the influence of irrigation; and now at every step, Granada rose before us with greater distinctness and magnificence. The situation of Granada eclipses that of any city that I have ever seen; and altogether, the view in approaching it, struck me more forcibly than any other view that I could at that moment recollect. And yet, the description would not perhaps be very striking on paper; because the ingredients of its magnificence consist in the vastness and splendour of its Moorish remains—not a single Alcazar, not a few isolated ruins, whose dimensions the eye at once embraces—but ranges of palaces, and castles, and towers, covering elevations a league in circumference, rising above and stretching beyond one another, with a subject city at their feet; and almost vying in grandeur with the gigantic range of the snowy Sierra that towers above them.

It is impossible to approach and to enter Granada without a thousand associations,—

half reality, half romance,—being awakened within us: many centuries are suddenly swept from the records of time; and the events of other days are pictured in our imagination. A page of history is written upon every object that surrounds us. We see the Vega covered with the Christian camp, and the silken pavilion of Queen Isabella rising above the tents of the Spanish nobles: we see the queen, and the ladies of the court, and a gorgeous cavalcade, ride forth towards the Moorish city; and we see the Moorish cavalry pour through the gates into the plain, headed by the warrior Muza Ben Abel Gazan; and we see Boabdil, the last of the Moors, uncrowned and exiled, leave the city of his affections—the glory of a fallen empire—and turn round from the last eminence, to gaze yet once more upon the towers of the Alhambra; and we hear the fallen king, as he turns in silence and sorrow from the contemplation, exclaim, "Allah achbar!" God is great.

I will endeavour to convey to the reader some idea of the situation of Granada, in a matter-of-fact description.

The Vega of Granada is about ten miles long, and seven miles broad; and being subjected to irrigation, is covered with perpetual verdure, with grain of every description, with gardens, with olive plantations, and with orange groves; and it is thickly studded with villages, and country houses, and cottages. This plain is bounded on the south-east, the east, and north-east, by a semi-circular range of high mountains called the Sierra Nevada, the summits of which are always less or more covered with snow; and when we call to mind the latitude of Granada, this informs us, without the assistance of trigonometry, that the elevation of these mountains is great. Upon the outposts of the Sierra stands the city of Granada—for the most part, built upon the gentle acclivities that lie between the mountains and the Vega; but some part of it standing upon the Vega itself. Two rivers, the Xenil and the Daro, flow through the city, and traverse the Vega. Although the mountains seem from the plain to rise directly behind the city, this is not precisely the fact; two ridges, from four hundred to six hundred feet in height,

separated from each other by the Daro, lie between the city and the base of the Sierra: these directly overlook the city; and upon one of them is situated the chapel of St. Michael, while the other is entirely covered by the ruins of the Alhambra. Not only are these heights covered with wood and with verdure, but the whole city is intermingled with gardens and orangeries; and, inclosing within it so many *monticules*, which are mostly occupied by convents and convent gardens, there is a picturesqueness about the city itself, abstracted from its Alhambra or its environs, that is peculiarly its own.

From whatever point Granada may be contemplated, it is a sumptuous city; whether viewed from the plain, or from any of the neighbouring heights: even in walking the streets, vistas of astonishing beauty are occasionally discovered; and from the windows of my apartment in the Fonda del Comercio, I have never seen any thing more gorgeous than sunset upon the city of Granada; nor any thing more beautiful than the moonlight falling upon its gardens, and groves,

and convents, and towers, and neighbouring heights, and snow-clad mountains.

The first morning after my arrival, I hastened to the Alhambra. I entered its precincts by the gate of Granada, and found myself in a shrubbery, shewing many marks of the unpardonable neglect with which all the magnificent monuments in Spain are treated, by those who preside over the destinies of that ill-governed country. I was first conducted to the Xeneralife, once the residence of Boabdil el Chico, the last of the Moorish kings. This building stands upon an elevation considerably higher than the Alhambra, and separated from it by a deep ravine. Some modern additions have been made to the Xeneralife; but these may easily be distinguished from the Moorish part of the building. In the palace of Boabdil, there is nothing particularly worthy of observation; but the myrtle groves and terraces are agreeable; and from the latter, there is a charming view over the Alhambra and its gardens.

The Xeneralife, which in the Arabic signifies a pleasure house, is said to have been

built by Omar, who, in that delightful seclusion, gave himself entirely up to the enjoyment of music. The inscriptions on every part of the Alhambra, interpret the uses of the different buildings and chambers. These have all been copied and translated,—and, although a record of them would be tedious, I may perhaps be permitted to introduce two or three of the most interesting, as curious relics of Moorish customs. There is only one connected with the Xeneralife, which appears worthy of recording. It is on the arcades around a court.

"Charming palace! splendid art thou, and great as thou art splendid! all is bright around thee. Worthy art thou to be praised, for divinity is in all thy charms: flowers adorn thy garden; they nod upon their stalks, and fill the air with their sweet perfume. A breeze plays with the blossoms of the orange tree, and their delightful fragrance is wafted around. Hark! voluptuous music mingles with the gentle rustling of the leaves,—sweet harmony! and verdure and flowers encompass me. Thou, oh Abulgali! most excellent of kings; guardian of the faithful, and of the

law,—thou art the object of my reverence. May God be ever with thee, and may he crown thy hopes! Thy greatness throwest dignity on all that thou doest. This apartment, dedicated to thee, is full of perfection and strength,—its duration will be coeval with our faith,—it is a wonder and a triumph."

From the Xeneralife, I descended by a steep path shaded by fine elms; and crossing the ravine, entered the precincts of the Alhambra, by what is called the Gate of Iron. The remains of seven gates are passed before reaching the inner court, where Charles V. had the bad taste to project the erection of a palace, which yet remains in an unfinished state: close to this palace stands the Alhambra, the most perfect monument of Moorish magnificence that the world contains. Passing through an oblong court, with a colonnade at each end, I found myself in the Court of Lions, a fine and perfect specimen of Moorish taste. The Court, formerly paved with marble, has been converted into a garden; it is surrounded by a colonnade of one hundred and forty elegant white marble pillars; and

in the centre, is a fountain supported by thirteen lions: there, the last of the Moorish kings were doubtless wont to retire from the council, to ruminate upon their misfortunes, and the probable termination of their empire.

Upon the alabaster bowl which the lions support, there is a long inscription,—great part of it is without beauty; and owing to the darkness in which the events of Moorish history are buried, it is for the most part unintelligible. This indeed is an observation which may apply to many of the inscriptions in the Alhambra. The conclusion of the inscription is as follows:—"The purity of the alabaster and of the water may vie with each other. If thou wouldst distinguish the water, look narrowly into the bowl; for both might be liquid, or both solid. The water seems to envy the beauty of the basin where it lies; and the basin is jealous of the crystal water. Beautiful is the stream that issues from my bosom, thrown high into the air by the profuse hand of Mahomed. His generosity excels the strength of the lion!"

From the court of Lions you enter various

halls, each of them distinguished by the singularity, and some by the beauty of their walls and roofs, which are of the same materials as those of the Alcazar of Seville, but of better workmanship, and more vivid in colour. Of these halls, the most magnificent is the hall of the ambassadors, or audience chamber. The bed-chamber of the king and queen is a curious sample of Moorish taste, and throws some light, too, upon the customs of these days. There are two alcoves for the separate beds of the king and queen, with pillars before them; and in the middle of the chamber there is a marble fountain: the floor is of porcelain, and the only light is admitted through the door. Immediately adjoining the bed-room, are two baths. The boudoir of the queen is in a more elevated part of the building, in a circular tower, from which a magnificent prospect is enjoyed. Many foolish persons have torn away pieces of the fretwork from the walls, in different parts of the Alhambra; but the old woman who now accompanies the visitor, looks so keenly after her charge, that, unless she be accessible to

bribery, I should think it difficult to commit a theft.

One of these gardens was formerly called Lindaraxa; and as an example of the extravagant, I shall quote the inscription which refers to this garden. "The beauty and the excellence that are in me, proceed from Mahomed. His goodness surpasses that of beings that have passed, and that are to come. Among five stars, three turn pale beside his superior brightness; my master gives lightness to the murkiest atmosphere: the stars sicken with love of him; and to them, he communicates the perfume of plants, and the sweet odour of virtues. Their business is to enlighten the firmament, else would they dart from their places, and seek his presence. By his command, stones are firmly rooted: it is his power that communicates to them their delicate workmanship; and by his will do they remain firm. The marble softens at his voice; and the light of his eyes scatters darkness. Where is there a garden like unto this? its verdure and its fragrance excel all others; and its freshness is diffused far around!"

I must not omit to make mention of the Hall of the Abencerrages, so called from an historical fact with which it is connected, and which is probably known to the reader. It was in the year 1491, when Abdali was king, that two great families, the Gomels and the Legris, conspired the ruin of the Abencerrages, the greatest of the Moorish families. To effect this, they invented a tale, by which they fixed dishonour upon the queen, and connected it with Albin Hamet, the chief of the family. The king in his fury, resolved to extirpate the family; and they were sent for to the Alhambra, one by one, and the moment they entered, each was beheaded beside an alabaster vase, which yet stands in the hall, and which is said to have overflowed with their blood. Thirty-five of the family fell victims; but the rest being warned by a page who escaped, they raised the city in their cause, penetrated the palace, and slew many of the Gomels and the Legris, who there defended the king, who took refuge in a neighbouring mosque. The conquest of Granada speedily followed this event.

No description can convey to the reader any just idea of the Alhambra of Granada; nor is it merely the courts, and halls, and fountains, that excite the interest of the traveller: with every one of these, there is some historic and romantic association; and he that would fully enjoy the hours, or days, spent among these splendid tokens of the Moorish empire, must prepare himself by a perusal of that delightful work, "the Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada." He will there find a thousand stirring, romantic, or affecting pictures, peopling the Alhambra with recollections—interesting, as human passions and human affections can make them; and if they be not as vivid as they are interesting, the fault will be in himself, and not in the writer, who with so graphic a pen has sketched the scenes from which they are drawn. I spent the morning of several days wandering over the Alhambra, and found no diminution in the interest awakened by these majestic remains. I did not forget to visit the postern gate through which Boabdil el Chico went forth to surrender his empire, and which he requested might be closed up,

that no one might enter or pass out by the same gate. Accident has now sealed the request of the Moorish king, for the entrance is closed up with stones

The finest point of view in the neighbourhood of Granada, is not from the Alhambra; because the view must be imperfect, unless the Alhambra be itself one of the features. The chapel of St. Michael, upon the opposite height, is the spot to be attained; and to this little excursion, I devoted a morning. The hill upon which the chapel stands, is one labyrinth of aloes and Indian fig, which form an impenetrable thicket, unless where the zig-zag path is cut; and of so sturdy a growth are these, that the prospect towards the city and the Vega is entirely shut out. But this mount is curious and interesting on another account: every ten or twelve yards,

* The existence of this gateway, and the story connected with it, are perhaps known to few, but were identified in the researches made to verify this history. The gateway is at the bottom of a great tower, at some distance from the main body of the Alhambra. The tower had been rent and ruined by gunpowder, at the time when the fortress was evacuated by the French. Great masses lie around, half covered by vines and fig trees.—*Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada.*

you pass the exit of a narrow path cut through the aloes, and leading, a few yards forward, to the door, or rather the mouth of a hovel, excavated in the face of the hill. These habitations are tenanted by the very lowest of the population, as may well be believed; and I counted a hundred and forty of them. I requested permission to enter one, at the door of which, a young woman in rags, sat spinning flax; she told me that her husband was out with his gun seeking rabbits, and the only other inmate of the hovel, was a child, asleep upon a mattress on the ground. I saw no furniture, excepting two stools and this mattress, and the light found its way in, and the smoke its way out, at the entrance, to which there was no door; but the woman said, that before winter, they meant to supply this want; and that they also intended to construct a chimney, or, at least, a hole by which the smoke might escape. I noticed that some of the other hovels had chimneys, but I saw no one with a door. I was not sorry, when, after many times losing my way in this labyrinth, set upon by fierce hungry dogs, and meeting many suspicious-

looking persons, I gained the summit of the mount, and an open space where I could see around me. The view was superb: in front stood the old Moorish town—on the left, lay the ravine of the Daro—and beyond it, the whole range of the Alhambra, with its towers, and walls, and arches, and pillars, and the rocky ridge upon which it stands, beautifully shaded and coloured by the woods, over which late autumn had thrown his rich and nameless tints: still higher, stood the Xeneralife; and above this range, the dark defiles and snowy summits of the Sierra, towered into the serene skies. The view was of a different character, looking towards the west: Stretching from the foot of the Alhambra, lay the city, with its many spires and towers, and all its groves and gardens; and still farther, was spread out the rich and fertile Vega, traversed by its winding rivers, and losing itself in the hazy distance. Not wishing to run the risk of losing myself again in the labyrinth of prickly pear, or to encounter the dogs—some of which owed me a grudge, for having threatened them with a stone—I succeeded in finding another road

back to the city. In this walk, I could not but observe the remarkable changes of temperature to which Granada is subject.—Walking up the sunny side of the mount, I many times blessed the friendly shade of the prickly pear, and the enormous leaves of the aloe; so scorching was the sun; and yet, under the wall, on the shaded side of the mount, the hoar frost was lying; and this same evening, I found it so cold in the hotel, that I drank tea, and received some visitors in bed.

The second night I slept in Granada, I was awoke about midnight by an extraordinary confusion of sounds: bells from the seventy or eighty convents and churches, rung out an alarm; sometimes in discordant chorus, sometimes one ceasing, and another commencing—sometimes, after a moment of perfect silence, all again breaking into a general peal—trumpets, distant and near, filled up the intervals, or pierced shrilly through the crash of bells—and mingled with these sounds, were heard the roll of drums, the hurrying of footsteps, and the howling of dogs. Naturally supposing that all this must indicate

something, I hastily dressed, and putting on my hat, hurried down stairs; but the master of the *fonda* stopped me at the door, telling me he could upon no account allow me to go out; the cause of the disturbance, he said, was a fire, and it would be extremely imprudent for a stranger to trust himself in the streets. Recollecting Malaga, I did not contend the point with him, but contented myself with looking from the window of my apartment. The noise still continued, and the fire not being speedily got under by human efforts, stronger measures were resorted to: the sound of bells and trumpets was exchanged for the song of monks. I heard the monotonous hum from several quarters; lights in long lines were seen approaching; and soon one procession, and then another, headed by a silver virgin, or a wooden saint, crossed the Plaza; and all the while, the streets were paraded by single friars, each tinkling a little bell, and crying aloud "Holy Mary! Blessed Virgin! save this city!" This proved effectual, for the fire was subdued before morning. I need scarcely add, that before these processions

issue from the convents, a hint has been received, that the fire will speedily be got under,—and who can be surprised that the brethren of St. Francis, or St. Dominick, should seize so excellent an opportunity of publishing a miracle?

Among the objects most worthy of notice in Granada, the cathedral must not be passed over. I was already almost surfeited with marbles and gilding, and paid little attention to these; but there are some other things deserving of observation. Among them, the most remarkable and the most beautiful, are the Sarcophagi of Ferdinand and Isabella, the conquerors of Granada: which are of white marble,—sculptured with great taste and delicacy. The sword and sceptre of these illustrious personages, are preserved in the sacristy. I observed a curious notice affixed to every conspicuous part of the walls, forbidding any man to speak to a woman within the cathedral under the pain of excommunication, and the penalty of two ducats, to be given to holy purposes; thus making good spring out of evil. There were formerly some good pictures in the cathedral,

but they did not escape the rapacity of the French.

The convents of Granada are not distinguished for their pictures; but the admirer of fine marbles will find nothing in the Escurial equal to the marbles that adorn some of the convents of this city. I visited four of the convents—the Dominicans, the Hieronomites, Juan de Dios, and the Carthusians. The Dominican convent is remarkable as the depository of a piece of marble found in the Sierra Nevada, upon which is distinctly represented the flight into Egypt; or at all events, a pictorial resemblance of the objects which are generally selected by the painter to illustrate this piece of history: the marble is in so elevated a situation, that suspecting some deception, I obtained a ladder, and examined it closely; but I found that the friar had not deceived me. Juan de Dios contains, besides much fine marble and innumerable relics, the real body of John of God. The urn was formerly placed within a dome of pure silver, supported by silver pillars, but the French carried off these, and a wooden temple has been substituted: it is somewhat curious that

the French should have respected the saint so much as to leave the silver urn in which his body is contained. Judging however, by the order which he has instituted, the memory of John of God is entitled to veneration. The monks of this order do not spend their lives in sloth, but devote them to the succour of the wretched: there is always an hospital attached to a convent of this order. The Carthusian convent of Granada is one of the most splendid, and one of the richest in Spain: its revenues are immense; and being inhabited by only eleven monks, who live on fish and fruits, the convent treasury must be well stored. The marbles of this convent are beyond price; and all the doors and the panels round the sacristy are mosaic of mother-of-pearl, ivory, ebony, and tortoise-shell. They have some pictures, said to be from the hand of Murillo; but this I disbelieve.

It is said, that formerly five thousand poor were fed daily in Granada by the archbishop and by the convents: at present, however, only four of the convents supply the needy; but the archbishop gives all that

he can spare. His revenues, which formerly amounted to one hundred thousand dollars, do not now exceed forty thousand. I went one morning to the archepiscopal residence, to obtain an order to see a country-house belonging to this dignitary; but he was in bed, unwell; and while the major-domo was sent for, I entered at one of the doors opening from the yard, and found myself in the kitchen. Four dishes were preparing for his lordship's breakfast;—a white soup, a stew of pigeons, pig's feet, and stewed cellery—which, with dessert and wine, was a tolerable breakfast for a sick archbishop.

Among the letters which I carried with me to Granada, one was addressed to General O'Lowlor, Lieutenant-Governor of the province, and Commissioner for the Duke of Wellington, in the management of his Grace's estates in this neighbourhood. From Gen. O'Lowlor I obtained accurate information respecting the state of agriculture in the Vega of Granada, as well as regarding the property of the Duke of Wellington; and I have great pleasure in recording my acknowledg-

ments to this gentleman, for the many kind and polite attentions which I received from him.

The following is the usual rotation of crops in the Vega of Granada. After the land has been fully manured, hemp is put in; and two, or sometimes three crops of wheat, according to the nature of the land, are taken in the same year: a crop of flax, and a crop of Indian corn follow the next year, and beans and Indian corn are taken the third year. For this last crop the land is half manured; and then it is fully manured for the hemp, to begin the next rotation. The hemp is considered necessary to prepare the land for wheat, which otherwise would come up too strong after the manure. This is the rotation on land which is subjected to the process of irrigation.

Agriculture, in the best parts of Spain, is not in a flourishing condition; agricultural produce of every kind, the value of land and rents, have all fallen. Ten years ago, land in the Vega of Granada was worth from fifty to a hundred dollars per acre: at present, it does not average above six-

teen. Wheat sold, ten years ago, at three dollars the *fanega;* now, it does not average, year by year, more than one dollar and a half. Rents are of course fallen in proportion; and low as rents are, they are difficult to be recovered. Upon the lands which are not capable of being irrigated, the crops are extremely precarious; and where a money-rent is required, it is next to impossible to find a cultivator for the land. As a remedy for this, proprietors of high lands are contented to receive a certain proportion of the crop—generally a fifth; and upon land subject to irrigation, a tenant is willing to pay one fourth part of the produce. Land, generally, in the Vega of Granada, returns four per cent., taxes paid; but a considerable quantity returns as much as six per cent. The return from land under tillage, is greater than that from meadow land.

The estates belonging to the Duke of Wellington, lie in the lower part of the Vega, about two leagues from Granada; and all the land is capable of irrigation. His Grace's estates return about fifteen thousand dollars per annum; his rents are paid in grain—a

fixed quantity, not a proportion of the crop; a plan beginning to be pretty universally followed by other land-owners. The Duke has three hundred tenants, from which it appears that very small farms are held in the Vega of Granada; for if the whole rental be divided by three hundred, the average rent of the possessions will be but fifty dollars each. The tenants upon the Duke's estate are thriving; they pay no taxes; and these estates are exempt from many of the heavy burthens thrown upon land. A composition of six per cent. is accepted from the Duke of Wellington, in lieu of all demands.

Before the loss of the colonies, taxation was light; the revenue being mainly supported through them. This loss was a severe and irrecoverable blow; and whether by the burthens which it has thrown upon land,—by drying up the former sources of revenue,—or by the extinction of the best and only sure market for Spanish manufactures, it is a blow felt throughout every department of Spanish industry. Before the loss of the colonies, there was in Granada an extensive

manufactory of ribbons, which found in South America a wide, ready, and exclusive market,—no fewer than two thousand hands were employed in it; but since that event, it has entirely fallen. Many persons who were in that trade, and were accounted the richest in the city, have become bankrupts; others have closed their concerns, and turned their attention to agriculture; and hundreds of the artizans are in a state of perfect destitution, supported only by charity or thieving: to so great an extent has theft been carried, that in one night, while I was in Granada, twenty-six persons were arrested in the act. The export trade in oil has also suffered severely from the loss of the colonies: before that event, it fetched from eighty to one hundred dollars the arroba; and now, it cannot command more than from twenty to twenty-six dollars. The export wine trade from the southern provinces, has suffered the least: the imposition of import-duties has, of course, somewhat limited the demand, by increasing the price in America; but in articles of taste, such as wine, or any thing that is the exclusive produce or manufacture

of a mother country, the separation of colonies but slightly affects the market: the colonists have acquired a taste for such produce, and they will continue to give a preference to it, notwithstanding a political separation.

I will venture to say, that no city in Europe can boast of promenades so delightful as those of Granada. Besides the many romantic walks in the neighbourhood of the city—to the hill of martyrs; to St. Michael's mount, and to the nearer ridges of the Sierra; there are two professed alamedas: one, along the banks of the Xenil; the other, by the margin of the Daro: the former is within the city, and is the most frequented; the other is a path above the Daro, which flows through a deep and finely wooded ravine. Nothing in Switzerland excels the romantic and striking scenery of the valley of the Daro,—for along with the picturesque views within the valley, magnificent glimpses of the glorious Alhambra, and the gorgeous city, are frequently caught beyond it.

The appearance of the population of Gra-

nada differs little from that of the population of Malaga; there is nearly an equal quantity of beggary and idleness; but it occurred to me, that among the lower orders, there was more rudeness than in any of the other cities of the south: strangers are more stared at than elsewhere; and it is rarely that one passes a group of idlers, that a gibe and a laugh do not follow. This may perhaps be accounted for, from the greater rarity of strangers in Granada than in Cadiz, Seville, or Malaga. One morning, my walk conducted me through the market-place, which is not appropriated to edibles only, but which contains all kinds of goods, exposed in stalls: it is in fact, a general bazaar. The central part is occupied by meat, fruit, and vegetables; and round the sides, the other goods are exposed. At one end, under a range of sheds, all kinds of trades are carried on. I remarked an extraordinary shew of vegetables and fruits, especially dried fruits; but among all the articles exposed for sale, nothing appeared to be so much in demand as hot potatoes; the supply of which was constantly kept up by a regular apparatus of

fire, water, and a steamer. This seemed a favourite breakfast, for scores were sitting upon the ground enjoying it; a little boy, to whom I gave a trifle for shewing me a barber's shop, immediately upon receiving his quartos, sat down upon the ground with his purchase of potatoes, apparently highly delighted with the treat. I noticed a Franciscan, perambulating the stalls with an image of Christ under his arm, and those who gave him any thing were permitted to kiss the image,—a favour that seemed to procure him ample supplies. I inquired the prices of some articles in the market, and found them to differ little from the prices of Malaga: eggs were a halfpenny a-piece, in place of a penny, as in Malaga; bread was somewhat cheaper, and all kinds of game extremely low in price.

The manner of life in Granada differs little from that of Malaga; only that being inland, and having less communication with strangers, Spanish usages are more unmixed. Every one takes chocolate, and goes to mass in the morning. Every lady dresses, and seats herself upon her couch with her fan in her hand, her basket at her feet, and her embroidery

before her, waiting the arrival of visitors; every one dines *a la cuisine Española*,—eats melon and pomegranate, and takes a siesta,—and every one goes to the paseo in the evening. When I was at Granada, a Neopolitan company gave operas every second night. The prima donna, Señora Cresoti, would have done honour to any opera in Europe,—but she was only indifferently supported. It is a curious fact, however, that several of the provincial towns of Spain —poverty-stricken Spain! should be able to support an Italian opera; and that in England, London alone, and with difficulty, supports an indifferent company. This can only be accounted for from the absence of musical taste in England; for there is not a country town to which the expense could be any barrier. What salaries are paid to the singers in Malaga and Granada, I have no access to know; but where a whole box may be engaged for 7*s.*, and the price of the pit is only 10*d.*, these cannot be very extravagant.

The origin of Granada is hidden in the obscurity of antiquity. It is said to have been founded nearly three thousand years

before the Christian era; it is at all events certain, that during the time of the Romans, Granada was a place of some importance: but the name of the founder, as well as the precise date of the foundation, are altogether matter of conjecture.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOURNEY FROM GRANADA TO MURCIA.—MURCIA.

The best mode of travelling this Road; Precautions necessary; the Village of Huetor, and its Venta; Aspect of the Country; an Encounter; Diezma; singular Scenery; Guadix; Journey from Guadix; excessive Cold; Baza, and its Valley; Cullar de Baza; excavated Dwellings; a probable intention of Robbery; Chirivel; Desolate Country on the confines of Murcia; Puerto; the Vale of Lorca, Dress of the Murcian Peasantry; Lorca Market; the Cathedral, and Liberality of the Archbishop of Carthagena; Totana; a Dance; Approach to Murcia, and extraordinary beauty of its Vale; Murcia, its Streets and Population; Magnificent View from the summit of the Cathedral Tower; Paseos and Environs; a ridiculous Observance; Prices of Provisions; Manufacture of Salt-Petre; Silk Manufacture; Agriculture.

I had always looked upon this, as the journey in which I might expect to find the most privations, and that most abounded in hazard; and the little information I was able to receive at Granada, tended rather to confirm

than to dissipate these anticipations. It is, indeed, surprising how very little information I was able to obtain at Granada: there is no commerce between Granada and Murcia; the communication between the southern provinces, and Valencia, and Catalunia, is entirely carried on by sea; and the few persons who pass from Granada to the east, generally take shipping at Malaga, for Valencia. Every one was agreed, however, that the road was execrable, and totally impassable after rain; that the accommodations upon the road were as bad as they could be; and that the probabilities of robbery outweighed the chances of escape. The few persons who had travelled that road, had invariably taken an escort; and this I was told, I could by no means dispense with. I resolved, however, to be guided by the opinion of General O'Lowlor; and, acting upon his advice, I engaged a *tartana*, a small covered cart with one mule, and a muleteer, recommended by him as an honest man. An honest muleteer is the principal security of a traveller; for I am convinced from what I have subsequently heard, that an escort is

totally useless, unless it be composed of soldiers; and, in a long journey, the expense of a sufficient escort will amount to as much as one runs the risk of losing by being robbed; because no traveller in Spain ever carries an overflowing purse. The best mode is, to pay the muleteer a part, before setting out, and the remainder at the end of the journey, which can, of course, be managed by carrying a letter of credit; and the traveller ought to carry in his pocket only what may suffice for his personal expenses, with as much more added, as will satisfy banditti, in case of being attacked by them; for otherwise, the traveller is exposed to violence. If one chooses to hire four soldiers, the risk of robbery is entirely at an end; but this, in a journey to Murcia from Granada, would cost thirty-five dollars; exceeding by at least fifteen dollars, the amount of the purse which it is necessary to have in readiness, in case of meeting with robbers. An escort of peasantry is totally useless. Many instances have occurred, in which travellers have been betrayed by their escort; and I could hear of no instance in which the escort had

stood to defend the traveller; but, indeed, it is better that they should run away, as resistance would only endanger his life. Resistance is a thing that no traveller in certain parts of Spain should ever dream of: before setting out, he must make up his mind to the probability of being robbed, and provide accordingly; not by hiring an escort, or by loading his pistols; but, by putting about twenty dollars into a separate purse, to buy civility in case of need; and by obtaining a letter of credit upon the next town.

The distance between Granada and Murcia is not very accurately measured; but it is computed to be about forty-seven leagues, which is nearly two hundred miles. For this journey, I agreed to pay the muleteer twenty-five dollars; which I thought a reasonable demand for a journey of thirteen days. I did not intend to make much use of the tartana, excepting for carrying my portmanteau, and a basket of provisions; the mule walks the whole of the way; and the daily journey averaging only about thirty-two

miles, it would be no difficult matter to keep pace with it.

I left Granada at three o'clock, P.M., in order that we might arrive the same night at a village called Huetor; from which an easy journey would carry us to Guadix the night following. By any other arrangement, we should have been obliged to rest every night at a solitary venta. We no sooner got clear of Granada, than we were enclosed among the mountains; and in a wild, uncultivated country, overrun with the Esparto rush,—the Sierra Nevada lying on our right, and a range of other, and somewhat lower, mountains on our left. The road alternately descended into deep narrow valleys, and climbed the heights that separated them; but, upon the whole, we gradually got into a higher country; and it was dusk long before we reached Huetor. I noticed several fires blazing in remote spots of the ravines; and one of these we passed so near, that I was able to distinguish several persons around it: the muleteer told me that these persons were migratory peasantry, who avoided the ventas from

economy; or, perhaps, houseless persons, who lived by the produce of their gun. About half a mile before reaching Huetor, we passed a chapel erected in a very dreary spot; a lamp burned before an image of the virgin, and the light, shining upon the road, shewed me a monumental cross standing by the way-side. Soon after, we reached the village and its venta.

This venta was a bad specimen of the accommodation I was likely to find on the road. Although only four leagues from Granada, I should have been obliged to go supperless to bed, unless for the provision I had wisely made against such an event. I superintended the boiling of some water, infused my tea, got my bread and little jar of Dutch butter from my basket, and cut into a most delicious ham, which had been presented to me, and prepared at Granada. Sugar was the only thing I had forgotten; but this the good people of the venta undertook to supply from the village; and it was soon brought, in four separate papers, wrapped up like powders received from an apothecary. Having made a comfortable meal, I next went in

search of a bed, and succeeded in finding a mattress, which I laid upon six chairs; and, covering myself with my cloak—of course, without undressing—I slept tolerably well till roused by the muleteer, although the wind and rain beat in at the open window half the night. When I went in search of the tartana, I found no fewer than sixty-nine mules in the venta, some ready to set out, and others standing in their places—the muleteers sleeping beside them: all these were going to Granada, laden with the Esparto rush, which is extensively manufactured into baskets.

After the night's rain, the morning was hazy; but it gradually cleared away, and fine weather succeeded. On the outskirts of the village, I noticed these words inscribed upon a house in large letters, *Viva el Rey absoluto*, "Long live the absolute King:"—and soon after, in a little hollow, I passed a cross which recorded a murder, committed there five months before, upon a traveller who had been so rash as to offer resistance to banditti. When we left the village behind us, we left the road behind us also: it was now no longer a road, but only a track of the rudest

kind, winding among the ridges of the Sierra; the ground was entirely without cultivation. Mingled with the Esparto rush, lavender, sweet marjorum and thyme, covered the lower part of the mountains; which, higher up, were bare and stony; and the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada, bounded the horizon. At a wild and desolate spot, where enormous rocks were strewn around—a secure and admirable retreat for thieves—we suddenly came upon two men seated in a hollow of the rocks, armed with guns, and with pistols stuck in their girdles; and when I saw them leave their places, and hasten down the rock towards us, I began to think of feeling for the purse of twenty dollars. They, however, adopted a different mode of supplying their needs,—thinking it safer to ask for money, as guards of the road, than as robbers. I gave them a dollar betwixt them, with which they appeared to be contented; and, giving me in return, "*Muchas gracias,*" and the parting salutation, "*Vaya Vd. con la Virgen,*" they scrambled up among the rocks. The salutation differs in different provinces: before reaching Granada, it had always been

"Go with God!" now, it was, "Go with the Virgin." From this spot, the road continued to wind among the mountains, amid the same wild and desolate scenery, till we arrived at Diezma, a small village, with a venta attached to it. Here I again found my ham useful, and, with some eggs and chocolate, I had no reason to complain of my breakfast. The venta, however, seemed very miserable: they had to send into the village for the small quantity of bread I required, and for a little wine. But there was an excuse for the neglected state of this venta; the husband of its mistress had been stabbed in a quarrel only the day before, and had been buried that morning.

After leaving Diezma, we entered a very singular looking country; it was covered with monticules, and pyramids of clay, sand, and gravel, from thirty to a hundred feet high, forming a perfect labyrinth, through which the road tortuously wound. This forenoon we had nothing to fear from robbers, for our party was numerous, consisting of about fifty mules and ten or twelve muleteers. I walked all the way along with the muleteers,

entering into conversation with them, and from time to time assisting them in diminishing the rotundity of their wine-skins: a traveller must never refuse to put the wine-skin to his mouth; to refuse this offered courtesy, is looked upon as a serious affront. It requires some practice, however, to use the skin without wasting the wine, and deluging the bosom: and nothing but habit can teach this art.

This singular labyrinth continued about two leagues, when we reached a small village, called Parillena, in the neighbourhood of which I observed many hovels excavated in the clay banks—the wretched retreats of the miserably poor. It did not surprise me to see no fewer than five records of murder in this neighbourhood. Between this village and Guadix, parts of the country are under tillage; and I saw some ploughs at work, and several persons sowing in the fields, although it was Sunday; but I never observed that, in the South of Spain, any distinction is made between Sundays and other days. It is not as in France, a day of recrea-

tion; every one plies his trade as usual. In the towns, all the shops are thronged; and in the country, those who wish to be industrious are industrious still.

Guadix, which is situated within half a league of the Sierra Nevada, is approached through a fine avenue of trees; and the land on both sides is rich, and subjected to irrigation from the small stream of the same name. We reached the town, or city I believe, about sun-set, and halted at the best posada the place afforded; but it boasted no provisions, and being unwilling to draw too constantly upon my stores, I walked into the market, and purchased a rabbit for four reals (eight pence), which, stewed with potatoes, afforded me a comfortable supper. During the night, I was awoke by sounds of quarrelling under the windows, and upon rising and looking out, I saw a man lying upon the ground, and several persons collected about him. Next morning, I learned that the man had been stabbed in an affray by his brother-in-law, after having been engaged in playing cards. Guadix is famous for its midnight frays; and it is here, those murderous knives are made,

which are in general use throughout all the south of Spain. This is the only manufacture of Guadix, the inhabitants generally being employed in agriculture. This city is a bishop's see; it has a cathedral, four churches, and seven convents; and contains between five and six thousand inhabitants.

Next day, I left Guadix before sun-rise; the morning was fine, but rather chilly. All the clay banks in the neighbourhood of Guadix, are excavated into human habitations: the first league from the town, I counted one hundred and sixty of these miserable hovels; and some of their inmates, who looked from the outlets, exhibited the very acmé of wretchedness.

After leaving Guadix, we entered a vast open plain, traversed by deep ravines, and almost wholly abandoned to the Esparto rush: here and there, I noticed some feeble attempts at cultivation; and some flocks of sheep were feeding upon the lower acclivities of the Sierra, which bounded the plain on the right. The venta, fourteen miles distant from Guadix, was the first house we saw;

and we therefore cease to wonder at the neglected state of a plain in which there are no human habitations. The venta at which we stopped furnished chocolate, and bread, and good wine; and with my ham and butter-jar, I feasted luxuriously. I noticed an improvement in the construction of the interior of this venta: there was a circular stone bench round the place where the fire is made upon the floor, large enough for a dozen persons; and it was indeed occupied by nearly as many when we entered it; for there was the old man and his wife, the son of the old couple and his wife, three children, and two great dogs. Two very suspicious looking men were standing, apparently about to leave the venta; but when I arrived, they sat down again; and one of them put a number of questions to me, as to where I had come from, where I was going, and if I had no companions. I had already received a hint from the honest muleteer, not to answer questions of that kind; and I pretended not to understand him. The muleteer, to whom he immediately afterwards put the same questions, told him that I had left Guadix an

hour sooner than my companions; and that before we arrived at Baza, we expected to be overtaken by four of my countrymen.

After leaving this venta, we continued constantly ascending, and soon reached a very elevated and exposed plain, bounded by snowy mountains; the cold was intense. I had never felt a more cutting wind in England; and unless by quick walking, and even running, I found it impossible to keep myself warm. Suddenly the plain terminates in an abrupt descent, almost a precipice, and Baza was seen at the foot, with a fertile plain stretching before it, and mingled with groves and gardens. The transition from this region of snow, to the sheltered valley of Baza, was luxury; and to my great surprise, I found myself soon established for the night in an excellent posada, kept by a Frenchman, who I need scarcely say, provided a supper that did not disgrace his country.

Baza was once a place of consequence and wealth; rich lead and copper mines abound in the neighbourhood, and were formerly worked with profit; but they are now closed,

and will remain closed, until a new order of things begets a spirit of enterprise. The inhabitants are entirely occupied by agriculture, which, in this valley, is assisted by irrigation; and is sufficient for the wants of the people. Baza is said to contain fifteen thousand inhabitants: it is certain that it contains many churches, and five convents,—one of these, St. Hieronimo, possessing an income of eight hundred thousand reals (8,000*l.* sterling), meant for the support of the seven monks who inhabit it.

The market-place of Baza is adorned by nine columns, being the nine iron cannon, by the aid of which, Ferdinand and Isabella took the city from the Moors. Upon one of them, is the following inscription:—Estos tiros son los que los Reyes Dom Ferdinando y Dona Isabella ganaron esta Ciudad sobre los Mauros, anno 1489, en el dia de Sancta Barbara Patrona de esta Ciudad.—"It was with these cannon, that Ferdinand and Isabella took this city from the Moors, in the year 1489, on the festival of St. Barbara, the patroness of this city."

From Baza, which we left as usual about

sunrise, to Cullar de Baza, the country is wholly without interest; we ascended an inclined plain, bounded by snowy mountains on both sides, and almost wholly left to the hand of nature. The situation of Cullar de Baza is pleasing: it stands upon the side of a deep ravine, almost wide enough to be called a valley, which is cultivated to the utmost possible extent; and doubtless, when spring clothes with its own fresh livery, this little valley, Cullar de Baza will appear not only pleasingly, but beautifully situated. This valley, a mile long, and about a quarter of a mile broad, is the sole resource of the inhabitants.

In the neighbourhood of this town, the excavation of the earth, to form dwellings, is carried to a greater extent than in any place that I had yet seen; these present a very singular appearance in travelling below the gypsum rocks that environ the town: they are formed in galleries, one above another, and are entered by steps cut in the face of the bank. I noticed several crosses before entering, and after leaving Cullar de Baza; and it is worthy of remark, that these are

more numerous in the neighbourhood of the small towns, than in the more solitary places. From this town to Chirivel, we passed over a high and very desolate country, producing nothing but the Esparto rush, and aromatic plants: upon the highest part of the ridge, Vertientes, and another small village, are situated; there, some few fields are seen under tillage, and stunted ilex is scattered over the neighbouring acclivities. At Vertientes, the muleteer mistook his path, and we were under the necessity of several times asking directions: this, is always to incur risk. It was already dusk, and no road could be more solitary than that between this village and Chirivel; the population seemed miserably poor, and many of them had seen the unprotected vehicle pass, and knew its destination. As we went forward, I noticed several fires in hollows not far distant from the road, shewing the night camp of some houseless wanderers; and I was somewhat startled when looking keenly along the road, lighted by a glorious full moon that had risen in the east, I descried the figures of two men, about two hundred

yards behind us. The old muleteer seemed not quite at his ease, when I told him what I had seen, and he urged on his mule. I had little doubt that we were followed by some of the persons who had seen us pass through Vertientes; and taking from my purse of twenty dollars, a part of its contents, I slipped them, and two ounces of gold, into my boot, and put in my waistcoat pocket, a purse with only twelve dollars, which I thought sufficient for two peasants of Vertientes, although so paltry a booty might be despised by the band of Don José. Just at this time, something dark appeared before us, and presently a train of some ten or twelve mules, and three men approached. We stopped to ask them how far we were distant from Chirivel—and while the question was put and answered, I kept my eye upon the men behind, who stood still in the middle of the road. I had now less doubt than ever, of their intentions, and mentioned the ground of my increased suspicions to the muleteer, who was so persuaded of their truth, that he proposed to the men whom we had met, that one should go forward with the mules to

Vertientes, and that the other two, should return with us to Chirivel, which was only about half a league distant. It is generally indifferent to a Spaniard where he passes the night; and this proposal, seconded by the promise of a few pecetas from me, secured us this seasonable addition to our party. After we set forward, the men behind followed us a little way, probably to ascertain our numbers; they then stood still; and in another quarter of an hour, they were no longer visible.

The posada at Chirivel was almost as bad as the venta at Huetor; but being nearly independent of the larder of the posada, I both drank tea and supped comfortably, with that miserable substitute for a sea-coal fire—a brasero—under the table; but I had no talisman against the fleas, and was overjoyed to find myself free from their assaults, and on the road next morning.

From Chirivel, the only road is the bed of a river, in which we travelled three leagues, till we reached Velez el Rubio. The banks of the stream, then almost dried up, are in many places precipitous; so that I had been

truly told in Granada, that in wet weather it is impossible to travel to Murcia. The situation of Velez el Rubio is picturesque: a ruined castle looks down upon it, and the environs are tolerably well wooded; this improvement in the appearance of the country, continues only about a league and a half beyond the town, when every trace of cultivation is entirely lost; and a range of the most desolate hills I ever travelled through, stretches to the east; these are the hills that divide Granada from Murcia. The pass through them is twenty-two miles long; and the whole of this distance there is not a single human dwelling. It is not by a road, nor even by a path, but by the bed of a torrent that these mountains are traversed; and this bed, for the first eight miles, is not six feet wide, and is strewn with enormous rocks, which force the traveller to be a pedestrian. During the whole day, after entering these mountains, we met only one person; this was a Capuchin friar, driving his ass before him, laden with two large jars of oil, the gift of the good Catholics of Lorca, where he had been, to beg this luxury for the use of his

convent at Velez el Rubio. Since there are no houses among these hills, it can scarcely be expected that there should be any cultivation; I did not see one rood of cultivated land, nor a single flock of any kind, not even a few goats. But this country, desolate as it is, has some charms of its own. Rosemary, sweet marjorum, thyme, lavender, and a thousand odoriferous and sweet smelling plants, fill the air with their fragrance, and by so pleasingly addressing one of the senses, withdraw the attention of another from the spectacle of barenness. After ascending in the bed of one torrent two leagues, we reached the summit of the ridge, and then entered the channel of another stream, in which we descended three leagues to Puerto, our rendezvous for the night. Approaching this place, I observed several little boys herding goats, with only a shirt on, and that shirt a very ragged one. This, on the warm shores of Andalusia, or in the plain of Murcia, would excite little compassion; but here, scarcely out of the region of the Sierra Nevada, it was pitiable to see these shivering little creatures, the children no doubt of

those wretched persons whose hovels I saw excavated in the bank of the river.

In the posada at Puerto, I found very civil people, but nothing to eat. They made me a blazing fire of rosemary and the husks of Indian corn—another of the many uses to which this valuable plant is put—they shewed me a good mattress, and the luxury of a bedstead, and they found a peasant to accompany me to the market to buy something for supper. A fowl was procured without difficulty; and this, stewed with rice, and followed by some excellent wine, might have pleased a more fastidious taste than mine. I had also the luxury of the prickly pear; I bought three dozen for 2*d.*, and found them delicious.

We left Puerto half an hour before sunrise: a rapid descent was carrying us from the regions of cold, into the sunny vale of Lorca, and the transition was equally striking and agreeable. It was now the 2d day of December, but the air was like that of a June morning in England; and as the mist rose from the lower grounds, and disclosed the vale of Lorca, smiling beneath the rays of the

new risen sun, the earth, as well as the air, seemed to own the dominion of summer. As we descended into the vale, the change from the high lands, both in the temperature of the air, and in the appearance of every thing around, became more striking: the fields were covered with wheat, fresh and green; olives, and other trees had regained their natural height; and aloes were again seen by the way side. The whole of the vale of Lorca is under cultivation: to the traveller who arrives by way of the snowy Sierra, it appears a paradise; and the situation of Lorca, close under the mountains that bound it on the left, and the fine old castle hanging over it, add greatly to the beauty of the picture.

The best posada in Lorca I found worse than might have been expected in a city containing twenty-five thousand inhabitants; and it was so dirty,—certainly not a common fault in the posadas—that I breakfasted in the yard. It chanced to be market-day at Lorca; and immediately after I had breakfasted, I strolled through the town, and into the market-place. Here I found many things new to me; for, as I have observed before,

the provinces of Spain differ greatly from each other in dress, usages, &c. All the women wore a large square white woollen shawl, thrown over the head like a mantilla; the men were seen with short white drawers, untied at the knees, and reaching about two inches lower; they had no stockings; upon their feet were sandals, made of rope; and in place of the smart Spanish hat, they wore tapering black caps, fitting close to the head, with a small rim turned up all round: others, from the higher countries, were enveloped in blankets, generally of gaudy colours,—some of them nearly approaching to tartan. All sorts of things were exposed for sale: I saw an immense quantity of dried and shell fruits; cloths and calicos of Catalunian manufactory; shoes, especially rope sandals; quantities of the Esparto rush, and baskets made of it; beads, rosaries, images, and trinkets; and, in short, every thing that one either eats, or wears in the province of Murcia. In a street in the neighbourhood of the market-place, the pig market was held. I never saw a finer shew; for nowhere in the world, is the pig to be found in so great perfection as in

Spain—fed, as it is, in the woods, upon the ilex nut. I asked the price of an enormous animal, weighing one hundred and eighty-five lbs., and found it to be two hundred and forty reals (about 2*l.* 8*s.*); for a sucking-pig, they asked fourteen reals. In Lorca, there is little beef; mutton sells at twelve quartos; a fowl costs 1*s.* 8*d.*, a hare 10*d.*, bread 1½*d.* per lb. The price of labour in the vale of Lorca, is five reals, nearly 1*s.*

I walked into the cathedral, but saw nothing worthy of notice, except proofs of the liberality of the Archbishop of Carthagena, who has published so great a number of indulgences, that the Catholics of Lorca and other places in his diocese, may pray themselves out of purgatory before they get into it. I saw one indulgence of forty days for every paternoster, and an ave, said before the shrine of St. Francis; and another of forty days for an ave, and a paternoster, said to St. Jago, St. Anthony of Padua, St. Domingo, and St. Nicholas: but I saw nobody taking advantage of these indulgences. The cathedral contains some tolerable pictures by pupils of Murillo.

I left Lorca about mid-day, passing through a very spacious paseo, surrounded by gardens; and after fording the river Gudalentin, and traversing a long suburb, the road skirted the range of hills which bounds the vale on the left; and about a league distant from Lorca, we began to ascend, leaving the vale and fertility behind, and passing through an uncultivated and unpeopled tract of land, to the village of Totana. Here I was again greeted with the sight of orange trees, the first I had seen since leaving Granada; and magnificent aloes and prickly pear, shewed what the land is susceptible of. But the village seemed very miserable; great part of it was in ruins, and most of the children I saw, were clothed—if clothed it can be called—in ragged shirts. Yet, this miserable village supports a convent of monks, of the order of St. Jago. I saw one of their number walking in the neighbourhood of the village, and might have pitied his forlorn situation, but that I knew the minds of most friars to be devoid of those feelings which would render a lot like his, intolerable to a man of refined and cultivated understanding.

In this wretched place the price of labour is only two reals, less than 5*d*. Beef is rarely seen, but when brought to market, it is sold at only five quartos per lb., about 1½*d*.; mutton sells at eight and nine quartos; and pork at twelve; but the pork is excellent.

After dinner, two village musicians introduced themselves: one played the violin, the other the guitar; and thinking it a pity that no use should be made of the music, I invited all the inmates of the posada to my *sala* to have a dance; and excellently well they danced their fandango—snapping their fingers as a substitute for the castanet, and displaying a grace in their movements and limbs, that would surprise the audience in any of our minor theatres.

Next morning, I left this place with the intention of dining in Murcia. We travelled along an execrable road, but through a country susceptible of the finest cultivation, though totally uncultivated, to the little village of Pedrilla; where at an enormously large posada we stopped to refresh the mule and take chocolate; and immediately after leaving Pedrilla, I descried at a distance the tower

of the cathedral of Murcia. Yet for three leagues the country continued wild, and but very partially under cultivation; and then, at about a league from Murcia, we entered its celebrated vale. I was delighted and surprised with the prospect before me: a wide avenue, bordered by trees, stretched four miles, terminating in the two lofty towers of one of the churches. On both sides of this avenue, as far as the eye could reach, it rested upon a carpet of that perfect green that is produced by irrigation,—but there was variety too,—for the shades of the green were different; there was the green of the young wheat, that in a thick crop had reached the height of eight or ten inches; and the still brighter green of the flax; and the green of the many beds of the various vegetables for the market of Murcia; and over all the vale, fig-trees and mulberries were thickly strewn; luxuriant groves of blood-coloured oranges speckled the fields; and stately palms here and there lifted up their broad canopy. It was altogether a most captivating prospect, and realized more than any thing I had ever

yet seen,—the idea of a continued garden and eternal summer. The scene was animated too; for many country people, with their short white trowsers, crimson girdles, and Montera caps, were crossing the fields, returning from labour. Many carts, waggons, carriages, and horsemen, filled the road; and every hundred yards, or less, we passed a neat cottage, half hid in its own little orangery. All this was very different from what I had been led to believe. I expected to have found nothing but silence and poverty in the neighbourhood of Murcia; and in place of these, the approach to it more resembled the neighbourhood of a large and flourishing city, than any thing that I had yet seen in Spain.

At the entrance to the city the custom-house officers, of course stopped the tartana, and I was prepared with the usual bribe of a peceta to save myself from the inconvenience of a search: but here the officers were more ambitious, they would take nothing less than half a dollar; and rather than submit to this imposition, I allowed my portmanteau to be tumbled inside out, and thus saved my pe-

ceta. I arrived at the Fonda de las Diligencias at five o'clock, much pleased that my purse of twenty dollars might now be applied to some better purpose than to fill the pockets of banditti.

The interior of Murcia surprised me as much as the approach to it. I found clean pleasant streets, like those of Seville, and a population not remarkable for poverty and rags. The best commentary upon this assertion, is the fact, that I was not accosted by a beggar during the three days I spent in Murcia. Like Seville too, the convent gardens often skirt the streets, and the walls are overtopped by the heavily laden orange trees, and by the branchy palm. In walking towards the cathedral, I chanced to follow a friar carrying an image of St. Anthony, which the children crowded to kiss; and some of the lower orders to whom he held it, also bestowed upon it this mark of attention.

The cathedral is not equal to many in Spain, but it is fine nevertheless:—the architecture is mixed,—there is much fine marble, and several of the Gothic chapels are worthy of a visit, from the excellence of the workman-

ship found in them. There are no pictures in the cathedral; and the riches in which it formerly abounded were almost all carried off by the French. But the chief object of attraction is the tower, which is ten feet higher than that of Seville; and like it, is ascended by inclined planes. The prospect from the summit at once lays open the character and extent of the celebrated vale. It is about sixteen miles long, and eight wide, and is bounded on both sides by mountain ranges. The whole of this expanse is one sheet of variegated green, thickly dotted with mulberry trees, and sprinkled with clumps of palms, and copses of orange trees. The whole of the vale is divided into fields, separated from each other by small embankments about eighteen inches high, to assist the process of irrigation, and by rows of mulberry trees or shrubs of some sort, which give to the landscape a lighter effect than that which is produced by the dark thorn hedges of England. Towards the east, four leagues distant, where the vale contracts into the narrow opening through which Alicant lies, I could distinguish the spires of Ori-

huela. An isolated rock, crowned by a Moorish castle, and a village beneath it, called Monte Agudo, and another village charmingly situated under the mountains, called Algesarez, were agreeable features in the landscape; while the cottages and houses thickly strewing the plain, gave life and animation to it.

Walking towards the paseo by the river side, I observed a fine marble column erected in the Plaza Real; and upon inquiring its history, I learned that it was to be surmounted by a statue of King Ferdinand. Farther on, I passed an hospital begun seven years ago, but still unfinished; and still farther, I reached a fine aqueduct for conveying a stream across the deep bed of the river Segura, to water the vale. This promenade would be very delightful, were it not that in order to reach it, it is necessary to pass through the lowest quarter of the city, where the poorest and worst population are congregated. I was told that the corregidor executes well the duties of his office, and that crime is rare in Murcia. In returning from the paseo, I visited the Dominican Convent,

without finding in it much to attract my notice; excepting an indulgence of two hundred and eighty days, granted to all who assist in the ceremony attending the procession of St. Rosario.

In another walk, I visited a chapel where are presented in wood, many passages in the life of Christ,—among others, the last supper; the figures are well executed, and the attitudes natural. Seeing the table covered with a cloth, I asked the reason of this; and was told,—that a magnificent supper is always served on Holy Thursday, and that after standing on the table forty-eight hours, it is removed, and given to the poor; so that at times, even the most absurd superstitions may be productive of good. Returning from the posada, I passed through the market, where I helped myself to a handful of fresh dates, and astonished the vendor with the princely recompense of a halfpenny! The following are the prices of provisions in Murcia. Beef, per pound of 16 ounces, twelve quartos; mutton, eleven quartos; veal, ten; pork, fourteen. Were it not for a heavy duty upon the provisions entering the city,

these prices would be at least one-half lower. A fowl costs 1*s.* 8*d.*; a chicken, five reals; a turkey, a dollar; a duck, 10*d.*; a hare, 10*d.* or 1*s.*; a rabbit, three reals. Bread of the finest quality is ten quartos per pound, and of an inferior quality, eight quartos. Good wine is about nine quartos per bottle. The price of labour is from four to five reals. A female servant receives a dollar per month; a man, a dollar and a half, or two dollars.

While at Murcia, I visited the manufactory of saltpetre, this, and all other manufactories of the same article, are farmed by government to a company. The company is bound to furnish the article at six dollars the arroba, (25lbs.). At present, they make but 1200 arrobas yearly; but formerly, they manufactured as much as 10,000. There were 70,000 arrobas in the magazine when I visited it. The trade has lately been thrown open; but I was informed that few have availed themselves of the permission to enter it. I did not visit the gunpowder manufactory, which is about a league distant from Murcia. It is bound to furnish government with 10,000 arrobas every two months, but

there is at present so large a stock on hand, that it only produces 32,000 arrobas yearly.

The silk manufactories of Murcia, were once so extensive, as to employ 16,000 hands; at present, scarcely 400 are required. In Murcia, all the silk is prepared by hand labour, and cannot, therefore, enter the market with the Valencia silk, which is for the most part, produced by machinery. The only other manufacture of Murcia, is a coarse cloth, which, to a certain extent, is sure of a market. The city lives almost entirely by agriculture; but the prosperity of the agriculturist, here as in Granada, has greatly decreased since the loss of the colonies has created a necessity for the imposition of new burthens upon land. The land in the vale of Murcia produces two crops yearly: wheat and lentils, wheat and maize, or wheat and beans; and may be computed to return about five per cent.

CHAPTER XIX.

JOURNEY FROM MURCIA TO ALICANT—ALICANT; AND JOURNEY FROM ALICANT TO SAN FELIPE AND VALENCIA.

Winter in England and in Spain; Journey from Murcia; Orihuela and its Huerta; Inhabitants, and Superstition; a Muleteer's Story; La Granja, and effects of the Earthquake of 1829; Elche, and its Forest of Palms; Commerce; the Date; arrival at Alicant; magnificent Houses; Situation of Alicant; the Feast of the Patron Saint; peculiarity in Alicant Society; Political Restrictions on Society; the Trade and Exports of Alicant; Barilla, the Huerta; an extraordinary Law-suit; Dangerous Road to San Felipe; Montforte, Novilda, and Elda; the Feast of the Concepcion Purissima; Sax, and Villena; Recontre with Moorish Physicians; Fuente de Higuera; Soldiers' Opinions; charming Scenes; the Algarrobo; arrival at San Felipe; magnificent Moorish Remains; Relics of Moorish Customs; Journey to Valencia; Conversation with a Dominican Friar; the Plain of Valencia; Spring and Autumn in Spain; arrival at Valencia.

If I were anxious to impress any one with a favourable idea of Spanish scenery, I would carry him from Murcia to Alicant, by Ori-

huela; for the beauty and the novelty of the views upon this route, absolutely beggar description. It is here particularly, where we learn to understand the singular charm of palm-tree groves; and I was informed by a gentleman, who before travelling this road had visited those spots in both Africa and in Asia where the date is most abundant, that he had nowhere found it in so great perfection as between Murcia and Alicant.

There is a diligence upon this road, which makes the transit in ten hours; but I preferred hiring a tartana, and employing two days on the journey. I accordingly left Murcia about sunrise, journeying along the left bank of the river Segura; and while I sat in the tartana, with all its curtains withdrawn, feeling the air so mild that I was even forced to throw aside my cloak, though it was little more than day-break, I transported myself in imagination to my native land, and its December fogs, and frosts and snows. How different was a Spanish December! Here, was no hazy atmosphere,—no raw, damp winds,—no rain, or sleet, or snow, or cloudy sky. I never saw a June

or July morning in England finer than this. The sun rose into a cloudless heaven; not a speck was visible from horizon to horizon: it was the calm of a summer morning, and the softness of summer air; and when I turned to the bright green livery in which the earth was arrayed, it seemed as if Spring had borrowed for a day the graces of a riper season.

About a league from Murcia we passed under the rock and Moorish castle I had seen from the tower of the cathedral, and gradually ascending among the outer ridges of the mountains, and winding through some sweet secluded valleys, the towers of Orihuela appeared over a little promontory; and about eleven o'clock I reached the posada to breakfast.

Orihuela is famous upon many accounts. It is famous for the extreme beauty of its situation, and the unrivalled fertility of its *huerta:* it is famous for the undue number of its churches and convents: it is famous for its superstition, and it is famous for its demoralization. The three last are consequent upon each other. Even the vale of Murcia

yields in beauty and fertility to the Huerta of Orihuela; because the latter is more abundantly supplied with water. I thought the greenness of the vale of Murcia could not be exceeded; but I was mistaken. I found the Huerta of Orihuela greener still: and the greater variety in the trees with which it is thickly strewn, give to it another claim of preference; for, mingled with the mulberry, the orange, and the fig, are seen the cypress, the silver elm, and the pomegranate; and there too, the palm, in place of lifting at wide intervals one solitary crown, seems to have found its element; and, rising in clusters, lends novelty as well as beauty to the enchanting scene.

As for the number of churches and convents in Orihuela, its superstition, and demoralization, I can speak only of the first; but it is highly probable, that where priests and friars so much abound, superstition and bigotry should abound also. I walked into the parish church of St. Augusta; and found a most unusual concourse of persons at prayer; there was not a saint around the church who had not found several worshippers; and I noticed

that in one of the larger chapels, where mass was then performing, the devout people of Orihuela were not contented with the lowest prostration, but beat their breasts in an agony of devotion; and I have no doubt that if any one had set the example of flagellation, it would have been followed with spirit and effect. In returning from the church, I saw two boys in the habits of Augustin friars; and the population of the town appeared to possess in an uncommon degree, the character of idleness, and its attendant, poverty. No one seemed to have any thing to do, and no one had the air of being anxious to do any thing. The men had taken to themselves, their winter cloaks; and although the weather was so warm, that when walking in advance of the tartana, I sedulously sought out the shade, every one stood with his back to a sunny wall, folded up to the nose, and immoveable, unless when a friar passing by, demanded a salutation of reverence.

At the Posada, at Orihuela, I succeeded in getting a little milk for the first time since leaving Seville, and made ready my chocolate in the English fashion. Nothing is so diffi-

to be had in Spain, as milk. Cows' milk is a luxury not to be dreamed of, excepting in the very largest cities; and even goats' milk is far from plentiful; milk, in fact, is an aliment of which the Spaniards make no use.

From Orihuela, I skirted the Huerta, passing close under the range of hills that bound it on the north; and noticing a cross on the summit of a perpendicular rock, and another beneath it, I inquired of the muleteer, the cause of their erection,—and he in reply, told me a melancholy story, how a certain friar of Orihuela was grievously tempted by the flesh; and how he dreamt, that to escape from temptation, he must go to the brow of a certain mountain—a dream that was doubtless sent by the devil,—and how that when he arrived there, the damsel who stood between him and heaven, was waiting for him; and how he, being a holy man, and seeing no means of escape but one, commended himself to the saints, and leapt from the summit of the rock; but the saints, unwilling that he should commit suicide, even to escape from another deadly sin, bore him up, and he walked back to the convent. But every day

he returned to this rock to pray; and when he died, his body was miraculously conveyed from the convent to that spot, beneath which it was buried.

Soon after passing these crosses, we reached a village, whose name I have forgotten; but the entrance to it was marked by some beautiful and extensive inclosures,—thickets of orange trees and pomegranates, surrounded by a row of stately palms. The next village we arrived at was La Granja, situated also amid groves of oranges and palms, but exhibiting in its ruined dwellings, and almost houseless population, the awful effects of the earthquake of 1829, that spread ruin and desolation over some of the fairest valleys in Murcia. This road possesses a peculiar and sad interest, from conducting the traveller through these melancholy scenes. La Granja suffered severely by the visitation. I scarcely saw one upper story standing, and the greater number of the houses had been levelled with the ground. Upon the sites of these, the owners had built low houses of one story; and those of which the lower

story still remained, were inhabited in that part which had withstood the shock. The tower of the church had not been thrown down, but I noticed a wide rent from the top to the bottom.

The earthquake of 1829 took place on the 21st of March. In the morning the sky was serene, and the atmosphere clear; but towards mid-day clouds began to rise, and the sky was soon obscured; the wind also entirely fell, and it was a perfect calm. The shock took place at six in the evening, and lasted only five seconds; but in these five seconds it spread death and ruin wherever it was felt. Fifteen towns and villages were less or more injured. Torre Viejo, on the sea-coast, four leagues from Orihuela, was entirely destroyed; and in that town, in Almosida and La Granja, between five and six hundred persons were swallowed up, or were buried among the ruins of their homes. Torre Viejo is rebuilt with timber houses of one story. In that place, every day renews the recollection of its misfortune; for it is a singular fact, that a day never passes over Torre Viejo that a slight shock of earthquake is not

felt. At Orihuela the shock was severe: many houses were rent, some few injured, but no lives were lost. At Alicant the shock was also alarming, although, there, little actual damage was sustained. A gentleman of that city related to me, that while he sat writing, he felt a very slight motion, which he knew to be produced by an earthquake, for slight shocks of earthquake have always been of common recurrence throughout Murcia; thinking it possible that the shock might be repeated, he walked to the balcony, and at the same moment his anticipations proved too true: he saw the wall of the house rock to and fro, and almost immediately afterwards found himself, without knowing how, in the great square, where the whole of the inhabitants were already assembled, testifying their alarm in all the modes by which human fear can find expression. The shock was sensibly felt in the harbour of Alicant; it seemed to those who were embarked, as if the vessels had struck against each other. It is no more than justice to add, that subscriptions for the destitute sufferers were

universal throughout Spain, and that the king liberally aided the subscription from his own purse.

After leaving La Granja, I passed through two other villages in a state of ruin. In one of them the tower of the church had been thrown down, and a rent a foot wide traversed the side wall. The whole of the way from Orihuela to Alicant, I observed that almost all the children, and very many grown-up persons, were afflicted with sore eyes. The people in the neighbourhood were unable to assign any cause for this, though I was informed at Alicant that it was to be attributed to irrigation; but as there is not the same prevalence of this complaint in the vales of Murcia or Orihuela, where irrigation is carried to as great an extent as in these smaller valleys, this seemed to me to be a conclusion scarcely sufficiently built upon experience.

The country is here extremely beautiful,—we traverse a succession of little huertas, as fertile as irrigation and a delightful climate can make them; every one with its village surrounded by orangeries and palm groves.

After passing this line of villages, the fig-trees are so numerous as to seem almost a forest; and succeeding the fig-trees, a thick and extensive wood of olives stretches on all sides; here the olive is not the dwarfish tree we find it in the south of France, or even in other parts of Spain, but a fine branchy tree, which, but for the unlovely hue of its green, might vie with many of our forest trees.

And now we approached that most interesting spot on the route to Alicant, Elche, which has been called "the City of Dates," and which, to all travellers who have never pitched their tents with the Arabs, must be striking, alike from its beauty and its novelty. Here I purposed resting until next day; and having alighted at the Posada de la Concepcion, and ordered supper, I walked out to enjoy the scenery.

Elche rises from the midst of a forest of palms, which encircles it and mingles with the buildings, and which occupies altogether nearly a league square. There is scarcely a vacant spot within, or about the city, that is not covered with them; they crowd the gardens, they fringe the banks of the stream,

and in every direction are seen overtopping the houses. And beautiful is the palm-tree at this season,—its majestic stem rising to the height of eighty or a hundred feet, surmounted by the clusters of bright golden dates, and its broad canopy of fan-like leaves falling around like a circular plume. From a tower of the very ancient palace of the Dukes of Arcos, I obtained a view over the city and the surrounding country: this view was of so novel a character, that it will bear no comparison with any other; it was simply the view of a palm forest, which, from the great height of the trees, seemed unbounded, with the city embosomed in it. This is all that can be said by way of description; but the mere novelty of a view, embracing thousands, and tens of thousands of these strangely beautiful trees, cannot fail to delight the spectator.

I fared well in the posada, and drank delicious wines; and passed the evening in conversation with the host and his family, and a neighbouring grower and exporter of barilla, and other produce of the district. He was an intelligent and communicative man; and

from him I learnt some particulars respecting Elche. Elche contains about 20,000 inhabitants, and may be called a flourishing city; for the surrounding country, besides its large produce of dates, abounds in barilla, of which the export is very extensive. Last year, the export of barilla from Alicant, but chiefly grown in the vicinity of Elche, amounted to no less than 200,000 quintals—twenty millions of lbs. The export of dates I could not ascertain; but I afterwards learnt at Alicant, that a great proportion of the dates imported to England as Barbary dates, are from Elche; and in proof of this, I was shewn some boxes in a warehouse, marked "Barbary dates." The wages of field labour at Elche, are three or four reals; and every thing is proportionably cheap; barley bread, which is much used in this neighbourhood, is sold at two quartos (less than a farthing) per pound. Elche possesses one important advantage over most of the other Spanish cities: it is not overrun with priests and friars. It contains only two churches, and two convents; and the inhabitants are thus spared the expense of feeding the idle

and useless incumbrances who are so great a burthen upon the market people of Murcia, Orihuela, Guadix, and other cities of the southern provinces. And besides this advantage, the proportion of the religious bodies in Elche is so small, that their influence acts feebly: self-interest has gained upon the dominion of superstition; for I was informed, that the after part of most of the holidays, enjoined, or recommended, by the Catholic church, is spent in field labour. The two convents of Elche are rich; and therefore have less interest in maintaining that dominion, to which others are indebted for their sustenance.

I left Elche about sunrise on foot, the muleteer not being ready, and walked slowly through the palm forest, that he might overtake me. I noticed that the colour of the fruit varied much; some of the clusters being green, some of them yellow, some orange colour, or golden, and some brown; but the two latter colours were the most prevailing. The taste also differs. I threw stones at some of the clusters which were upon the lowest trees, and found the fruit I brought down, differ almost as much in taste, as in colour;

the deep golden, verging upon brown, tasted the most agreeably. At a house on the outskirts of the forest, I purchased 1lb. for four quartos, (about one penny). After leaving the palm forest, we passed through a wild country, partially under tillage; and here the sea is first discovered upon the right; the castle of Alicant, perched upon its high rock, rising in front. From this point, we descended into a cultivated plain, abounding in almond trees; and then winding for a while among sand-hills, we passed along the straight avenue that leads to the gate of Alicant, which I soon afterwards entered, and alighted at the Fonda de las Diligencias.

After having breakfasted, I waited upon Mr. Waring, the British Consul at this port, and have great pleasure in acknowledging his hospitalities, — not easily forgotten by one who, after having lived upon Spanish stews since leaving Malaga, enjoyed the luxury of a true English dinner. To Mr. Adams, also, the Consul for the United States, I was indebted for many kind attentions, and much valuable information. I was much struck with the interior of some

of the houses in Alicant; the spaciousness of the rooms; the magnificence of the staircases; and particularly, the beauty of the floors. These, throughout an extensive suite of apartments opening into each other, are covered with the Valencia tile, which is a kind of porcelain. The pieces of which the floor is composed, are about nine inches square, the ground white, and each having a flower painted upon it, with the utmost truth and delicacy; and the lobbies and staircases are paved in the same way. In some houses, the different rooms are paved with different patterns; but I thought it more elegant, where one pattern covered a suite of apartments.

The situation of Alicant pleased me,—though less than that of Malaga. Like Malaga, it lies at the foot of a bay; but the mountains behind it are comparatively diminutive; the castle, however, is singularly picturesque; the rock upon which it stands is eight or nine hundred feet high,—nearly pointed, and stands isolated from the other heights; and a precipice, reaching from the foot of the castle wall, overhangs the town.

The rock is constantly crumbling; and fears are entertained, that it may some day overwhelm the city. I applied for leave to see the fort, but this was refused. The quay is fine and spacious, and a handsome row of houses fronts the sea.

The day after my arrival in Alicant chanced to be an important *dia de fiesta;* for it was no less than the day of the patron Saint of the city (Saint Nicholas), who is besides the peculiar patron of all young women who wish to be married. In the evening I went to the cathedral, which was illuminated, and was filled with spectators; some seated upon mats, some standing: and in front of the altar an elevated platform was erected, upon which sat the Governor, and high civil and military officers. The Saint stood in a niche, in the centre of the altar, surrounded by lights; above, was an image of Christ, and below, an image of the Virgin. After the performance of some selections of music, all the female part of the audience pressed forward towards the Saint; for she who has the good fortune to see the Saint with his eyes open, will certainly be

married the same year. There was much eagerness and much merriment among the ladies; and as I chanced to be in the current, I was carried in the same direction. I found, that the merriment was owing to the difficulty of ascertaining what all were anxious to ascertain; for either the eyes of the Saint, or the lights, were so contrived, that it was impossible to determine whether his eyes were open or shut. After the ceremonies, a paltry engraving of Saint Nicholas was presented to each of the great men who occupied the platform, all of whom reverently kissed it. This was also the fee given to the musicians.

In Alicant there is an extraordinary forgetfulness or disregard of distinctions in rank; arising, no doubt, from the very limited society of the town. It is not at all unusual to see the daughter of the governor sitting upon her balcony in company with the daughter of the jailor. If there should be a deficiency of one or two persons to make up a game at cards, the most respectable of the inhabitants will send to any low person in the neighbourhood who happens to be

skilful in the game, to supply the deficiency; and among the many examples of this, I knew an officer, holding a high official situation, who every night sat down to cards with his wife, and a tailor who lived next door, and who chanced to be an adept in their favourite game. The Spaniards, especially in the south, although not addicted to gambling, are extremely fond of cards: they play from the real interest which they feel in the game,—its chances and its difficulties,—for the stake is generally so utterly insignificant, that it can scarcely add any thing to the interest. In truth, there is a miserable want of resource in most parts of Spain. The *regimé* of married life forbids those domestic enjoyments,—those home occupations,—that fill up so large a portion of the evening hours in an English family of the middle classes: books and study are almost out of the question; because, unless in the principal cities, public libraries are nowhere to be found; and private libraries are luxuries that few possess: Spain has not, like France, the resource of the coffee-house;

nor, like England, the news of yesterday, to employ a vacant hour; and therefore the Spaniard seeks relief from *ennui* in cards, which are always at hand, and are at all times capable of producing the same enjoyment.

When I visited Alicant, difficulties had been newly thrown in the way of even the simplest interchange of civilities; and society was in consequence almost broken up. Public parties, such as balls, &c., were prohibited; and it was even expected that the governor should be informed, if more than half-a-dozen persons were invited to an entertainment: this was more complained of by the foreign merchants than by the Spaniards, because the Spaniards give few enterments,—and foreigners not being willing to make the expected intimation to the governor, society was rapidly on the decline. Every one spoke of the governor as a man of despotic character; but the Spanish government considers a man of this kind necessary in a place like Alicant, where it is well known, that liberal opinions have many sup-

porters, and where the population is so closely connected with many of the refugees. Few towns have suffered more from emigration than Alicant: between three and four hundred persons were forced to leave it from political causes; so that there are few families in Alicant who have no relation or friend among the *emigrés*. But the governor, although scrutinising political opinion with a keenness that is disagreeable to many, is allowed by all to be an admirable civil magistrate. Alicant was formerly almost as notorious for robbery and murder, as Malaga is still; but these crimes are now almost unknown. The governor is accustomed himself to perambulate the streets during the night, disguised, and with two attendants; and it not unfrequently happens, that when one is challenged in passing along the street during the night, the challenger is discovered to be the governor.

Alicant, like most of the other Spanish sea-ports, has greatly declined in its general commerce. In the days of its prosperity, as many as one thousand vessels have been

known to enter the port in one year: at present the average number is about three hundred. The exports of every kind, with the exception of barilla, are gradually declining. The export of wine particularly, formerly an important article of Alicant trade, is now reduced to almost nothing. A little dry wine is still shipped to Gibraltar; and the sweet wine (*tent*) is exported in such very small quantities, as scarcely to enter into the tables —the little that is shipped, is for Russia. I am convinced, that if the common red wine of Alicant were better known, it would find a ready market;—it is made from several qualities of grape mixed, and if kept a few years is truly delicious. The export of almonds and of raisins does not at present decline; the former are for the English and Hamburgh markets,—the raisins exclusively for English consumption. The Alicant raisin, which is dipped, like the *lexia* of Malaga, is used in England for plum-pudding, and in the manufacture of raisin wine. The export of brandy, of which one hundred thousand pipes have been known to leave Alicant, has almost entirely ceased; and oil, since the

loss of the colonies, has been exported in comparatively small quantities.

The only exports of any consequence are barilla and salt. I have already stated the amount of the former export in the year 1829. In 1830 it would greatly fall below that quantity; but, upon the whole, the export of barilla maintains itself. This is not, however, a lucrative trade. The profit from barilla affords the cultivator nothing beyond a bare livelihood. But in a country where rain is so uncertain, barilla is the only safe crop upon land that is beyond the reach of irrigation. The price of this article is extremely low, because, in the markets of Ireland, to which it is chiefly exported, it has to compete with the potash. The barilla of an inferior quality is sent to England for the use of the soap boilers. It is possible that some may not know how barilla is made. The weed, which is planted by seed, is pulled up by the root, and is stacked and dried; circular pits are made in the ground and heated; bars are laid across the mouth of these, and the weed being placed upon them, melts and

drops into the pit, and hardens into barilla. The cultivation of barilla is expensive, because the land requires much dressing, and a large supply of manure.

The other principal export, salt, is embarked from Torre Viejo, though the vessels make their clearances at Alicant. From fifty to sixty vessels yearly clear out with cargoes of salt, chiefly for Sweden and the different ports of the Baltic. This salt is remarkably strong, and best suited, therefore, for those countries where salted provisions are the most in use.

One of my mornings I devoted to a walk to the huerta, which lies about two miles to the east of the city. It is about three miles in diameter,—the sea forming its southern boundary, and the mountains entirely closing round it on the west, north, and east. With so favourable a situation, and irrigated from a reservoir formed in the mountains, this huerta will scarcely yield in productiveness to any of the most favoured spots in Spain. Besides a constant succession of crops of grain, barley, wheat, and maize,—of flax, and of the various esculents used at the table, this little plain is

thickly strewn with every kind of fruit tree, —orange, lemon, fig, almond, pomegranate, apricot, and with innumerable mulberry and olive trees. But the greatest novelty of this plain consists in the many delightful country houses that are scattered over it; these belong to the merchants of the city; and one object of ambition for which every one in Alicant strives, is to possess a country house in the huerta. Exposed, however, as the huerta is to the southern sun, I should think the pride in such a possession must be greater than the pleasure.

I was greatly amused by the history of a law-suit that was pending while I was at Alicant. A certain rich proprietor having died about six months before, left money to the church, sufficient to purchase twelve thousand masses for his soul; but after a few of these had been said, the masses were discontinued, and the process was brought by the heir to recover the sum left for the masses, the church having failed to fulfil the condition upon which the money was bequeathed. The defence set up was sufficiently singular:

—Those upon whom the duty of saying these masses devolved, willing to be excused from the labour, interceded with the bishop, who interceded with his holiness the pope: the defence against the claim was the production of the pope's letter, which declared, by his sovereign authority, that the celebration of *twelve* masses should have the same effect, and be as beneficial to the soul of the deceased as the celebration of *twelve thousand masses*. The decision upon the case had not been given when I left Alicant; but as it involved a question touching the pope's spiritual power, the probabilities are, that his holiness would prove an overmatch for the heir. The argument of the counsel in support of the claim was merely non-fulfilment of the stipulated duty; while the argument for the church was, that the deceased had intended to benefit his soul to a certain extent, for which he left a certain sum of money; and that since his soul was benefited to the same extent by the performance of *twelve*, as of *twelve thousand* masses, the intention of the deceased was equally fulfilled, and the money, therefore, equally the property of those who fulfilled it.

But this evidently leaves room for a rejoinder, as to the power and value of the pope's letter.

At Alicant I heard the worst accounts of the road to San Felipe. Every one agreed that there was the utmost danger of robbery, and urged upon me the necessity of taking an escort. I recollected that at Mr. Addington's table at Madrid, I had been told by Captain C——k, a gentleman well known for his enterprise in scientific pursuits, and intimately acquainted with every part of Spain, that I should run the greatest risk of robbery in the neighbourhood of San Felipe, and between that town and Alicant; and being obliged to carry from Alicant a fuller purse than it would have been convenient to lose, I yielded in this one instance to the general opinion, and applied, through Mr. Waring, to the governor, for an escort of four soldiers to Fuente de Higuera. The danger of robbery upon this road is not by regular banditti, but by itinerant or idle, or ill-disposed peasantry, who have frequently been known to leave their work in the fields to intercept and rob a traveller, and then return to their occupation.

I hired a tartana as usual, at the rate of three dollars a day; and left Alicant about seven in the morning, accompanied by my four soldiers, armed with guns, swords, and bayonets. The country, upon leaving Alicant, is at first very interesting; after passing some low hills about a league distant, we entered the little valley of Montforte, which, with its handsome church, and Moorish castle, dominates over its own fertile huerta. Between this place and Novilda, we passed a convent of the Franciscan order, of vast extent, and in which I was informed there are sixty monks. We also passed two men, whom the muleteer recognised as two notorious thieves, who had lately been released from prison. At Novilda we stopped, the muleteer to dine,—myself to take a cup of chocolate. The streets of this village were spread in many places with figs, drying in the sun, which any one appeared to have the liberty of making free with. I picked up one or two, but found them indifferent. From Novilda, we passed through a very partially cultivated country, but affording some picturesque views; particularly of the Castle of

Luna, situated upon a very high rock; and soon after we descended into the vale of Elda, by a singularly wild approach in a chasm through barren gypsum hills. Walking in advance of the tartana, I observed in a deep hollow below, a spectacle in perfect unison with the scenery. It was the carcase of a mule, the possession of which was disputed by about a score of ravens, and four very large lean dogs. The discharge of one of the soldier's muskets scarcely startled them; they were "too busy" to be easily disturbed.

The little vale and town of Elda, lie very bewitchingly on the other side of these barren hills. The huerta was covered with verdure; and the town, with its castle upon a rock—like all the towns in this neighbourhood—looked promising as night's quarters. I was amused with the distinction which was made in the venta at this place, between things which scarcely differ from each other. I asked as usual for a quarto; and they ushered me into a room without a chair or a table. I of course complained of the accommodation; "Oh," said they, "if you wish to have a sala, that's another affair"; and to a

sala we went, which differed from the other, only in having two chairs, and a deal table; but the sala costs the traveller double the price of the quarto.

Next day was one of the most important festivals in Spain, no less than that of the concepcion purissima; and not being able to start in the morning, until the muleteer had attended mass, I thought it as well to attend it along with him. In this church, I noticed the same edict that is published in the church of Alicant; an indulgence granted by the College of Cardinals of no fewer than two thousand five hundred and eighty days, to whatever penitent person shall say at the altar of the Virgin, "Ave Maria Purissima"; and the same to every one who shall reply to this, "Sin pecado concebida." It was in this chapel that mass was performed; and many two thousand five hundred and eighty days were no doubt that day added to the credit side of the purgatory accounts. My muleteer, in particular, was constant and earnest in his endeavours to turn the morning to the best advantage: constantly on the watch to hear any one say "Ave Maria Purissima," he was

kept constantly repeating "Sin pecado concebida." After we set out, I told him he must certainly be a great rogue, since he had shewn so much anxiety in the morning to accumulate indulgences. He replied that he was not any worse than his neighbours; but that it was best to be upon the safe side. The feast of the Concepcion Purissima, produced one good effect. I was not charged at the posada above one-third part of the sum I had been accustomed to pay; no doubt because on so holy a day, to cheat would have been to neutralize the effect of the indulgences.

From Elda and its vale, we passed through a wild country to Sax; a romantic town, overlooked by a castle perched upon the top of a rock as high as that of Alicant. There we only stopped to take in a supply of bread, for which Sax is famous, and proceeded towards Villena, still through a wild country. On the road, we met a coach filled with travellers, and escorted by five soldiers; and also a gentleman on horseback, with an escort of two soldiers; proving that I was not singular in the precaution I had taken. Vil-

lena has also its rock, and castle, and huerta, the latter larger than those of Elda or Sax, because Villena is a place of some size, containing several convents and churches, and nearly 8,000 inhabitants. The vine is extensively grown upon the lower acclivities of the neighbouring sierra, and is almost all converted into brandy. The population of this town appeared to me to present a singularly disreputable appearance—beggarly, idle, ragged, and ruffian-like; this, I was informed, was to be attributed to the great plenty and cheapness of brandy, which had produced its usual effects upon those who indulged in it without moderation.

Leaving Villena, we entered the Sierra that lies between it and Fuente de Higuera; this is considered the most dangerous part of the road; and as it would be dusk before we could reach Fuente de Higuera, the soldiers new primed their guns, and armed me with a sabre, and we kept close together. We had a singular, and certainly very interesting rencontre, by the way. In travelling through a narrow valley covered with aromatic shrubs, I noticed upon one of the slopes, two figures

in a stooping posture, whom I at first mistook for women; but upon coming near, I discovered them to be tawny Moors, clothed in the Moorish dress, and that they were engaged in searching for something on the ground: we passed within a hundred yards of them, and exchanged salutations; and I observed, that each carried a tolerably large basket. I did not learn the explanation of what I had seen till I reached San Felipe; every year, in Spring, and in Autumn, the Moorish physicians come to these parts from the shores of Africa, to gather medicinal plants,—a custom that may be called the only remaining tie between Barbary and Spain.

Descending the mountain towards Fuente de Higuera, I observed a scorpion on the path; and several young eagles flew over our heads: the soldiers fired at them,—of course without effect; and soon after these various encounters, we came in sight of the town, lying among elevated brown mountains, and surrounded with ilex woods; and about dusk we reached the Posada. At this place I discharged the soldiers, all fine young men,

who I am convinced would have done their duty if their services had been called for. They told me that Spain was the finest country in the world; that they were well and regularly paid; and had nothing to complain of; that they were ready to fight against whosoever the king commanded; and that they hoped they should not spend all their days in inaction. I commended them for their loyalty, which is always a virtue in a soldier towards the actual king,—gave them a dollar more than their due, and sent them away contented.

At Fuenta de Higuera, I had the luxury of a hare for supper, and the still greater luxury of a flealess bed: and next morning betimes, I was on my way to San Felipe. This is a delightful road; we ascended a narrow, but very charming valley, presenting at every turn new and picturesque prospects. It is traversed all the way by a stream, which in the eastern provinces of Spain is always made to fertilize its banks: a beautiful stripe of green lay along its margin; vines and fruit trees clothed the lower acclivities of the mountains, which higher up, were scattered

with the ilex and algarrobo. This is a very useful tree; the bean, which it bears plentifully, is found to be a wholesome and nutricious food for cattle; and the great abundance of the tree in the south and east of Spain, renders it as cheap as it is useful. The algarrobo, besides its utility, is one of the most beautiful of trees, full in its foliage, and rich in colour. The valley through which we travelled, lay on the right; barren hills rose on the left, close to the road; and the infinity of aromatic and flowering plants and shrubs with which these were covered, surpassed anything of the kind that I had yet seen in Spain: the heaths, in particular, delighted me; they were all in flower, their hues varying from the deep crimson, to the pale pink, and their bell-shaped blossoms, larger and more beautiful than the heaths I had been accustomed to admire in the glass houses of England. Several villages lay under the mountains, and we passed two large ventas, situated on the road; but the most striking object is the castle of Montesa, upon a very high rock, and the town surrounding its base. The castle is a ruin, having been entirely

destroyed by an earthquake nearly a hundred years ago. Soon after, San Felipe appeared at about a league distant, most romantically situated in a recess among the mountains, with a rich vale stretching before it: the direct road to Valencia does not pass through San Felipe: it is a detour of two leagues; but I wished to see this fine old Moorish city, and it had been arranged that I should rest there one night. We accordingly left the road, and followed a narrow track through the Huerta to San Felipe, where I arrived about two o'clock.

I was much pleased with *San Felipe;* and the magnificence and extent of the Moorish remains in its neighbourhood struck me with astonishment, even after having seen the Alhambra. These crown a hill that rises immediately behind the city; the hill is twice the height of that upon which the Alhambra stands, and the ruins at *San Felipe* are also greatly more extensive; they are not, indeed, like the Alhambra, in preservation; nor do they present the terraces, and arches, and columns, that at once point out its Moorish origin: but they are splendid

ruins, covering the summit of a mountain ridge a thousand or twelve hundred feet high, and presenting in fine relief, against the sky, an irregular line not less than two miles in extent, of massive and imposing ruins. I did not climb to the summit, but I ascended about half way to enjoy the prospect, which on every side was picturesque or beautiful. The magnificent ruins behind, and the thick wood of Algarrobos that filled every hollow of the mountain,—the city below, and its green huerta, and convents situated upon projecting points, with rocks behind, and orange groves below, formed the features of the landscape; and at a distance, between the mountains, a vista was caught of the wide and rich plain of Valencia.

Descending from the mountain to the posada, I noticed a fountain from which no fewer than twenty-five full streams were flowing; and from other fountains on the paseo, many other streams united with these, and flowed in a brimful rivulet, towards the huerta, to cover it with fertility and beauty. Passing along the street, I observed many

signs of Moorish days, more than either in Seville or Granada: in a court-yard which I entered, mistaking it for that of the posada, I noticed that the walls were arabesque; and looking in at the doors of the shops and houses, I scarcely saw a single person seated upon a chair, or even upon a stool; every one was squatted upon a mat. I walked through the cathedral, but saw nothing worthy of observation; and returned to the posada, where I fared well, and found the most delicious wine I had yet tasted in Spain;—how different from the small vin de pays of France.

San Felipe has no fewer than ten convents, seven for men, and three for women; and it contains about 12,000 inhabitants, the whole of whom find employment and subsistence from the huerta; for the city contains no manufacture of any kind.

I left San Felipe about day-break; and after skirting the huerta, we began to ascend the range of hills that separated us from the plain of Valencia. I had set out on foot from San Felipe, and made but slow progress towards these hills, being often

tempted to stand and look back towards the ruins, which had alone caught the golden hue of sunrise.

I had for some time observed a friar before me, upon a small mule, and in ascending the height I overtook him, and we entered into conversation. He complained of his manner of travelling, not being accustomed to ride, and readily accepted a seat in the tartana. I bore him company for the sake of society, and my muleteer mounted his mule. He was a young friar of the Dominican order, then scarcely eighteen,—his youth rendered him communicative, more so than might perhaps have been approved of by his superior; and I obtained from him some particulars respecting himself and his convent. He had entered the convent at thirteen. I asked him what was his motive? He replied, that it was attachment to the monastic life that led him to adopt it, and that he had entered upon it contrary to the wishes of his parents, especially his mother. When I observed that it would have been a greater virtue, and more his duty, to have remained with his mother,

to comfort and cherish her,—he said it was better as it was, for that now he was sure of meeting her in heaven, which otherwise might have been doubtful. When I remarked that thirteen was too early an age to enter into a convent, he replied that it was better and safer never to have known the world; and when I enquired of him whether he would still enter a convent, supposing him to be now free? he answered that he would; for that it was the only sure road to heaven: but when we became better acquainted, he admitted that the monastic life was *triste;* and I could discover, that he occasionally doubted whether he was happy. Ignorance of the world, and the seclusion of a monastery from childhood, are insufficient to change human nature; or to hinder the indulgence of a suspicion, that the world is not barren of enjoyments.

He gave me some account of the manner in which he spent his time. The Dominican is a strict order, and one that makes study an obligation. Philosophy and theology occupied a great part of the day. The friars met together only one hour in the twenty-four; and all the rest, excepting those devoted

to sleep, were spent in study of one kind or another, and in religious exercises. One day in the week only, this young friar was allowed to leave the convent and walk in the garden; and only twice in the year it was permitted to go into the city. The old friars, however, were allowed greater indulgence in these matters. The rules of the order do not admit of animal food: fish, vegetables, and fowls are alone permitted; but the friar told me that the fish is often very various, and well cooked. The friars rise at four in summer, and at five in winter. They are allowed two habits in the year, and each costs seventeen dollars. The conversation among the friars during the hour when they meet together, is generally upon philosophical or theological subjects, and sometimes politics; but the young friar was no doubt still ignorant of the conversation which those who are emancipated from the restraints put upon youth, hold with each other; for Dominican councils have not always been held in their hall of recreation. I was also informed, that some of the friars in this convent understood several languages; and that the books being selected

by the superiors, there was no restraint upon the study of these. Three of the friars also understood music; and in the convent there were three pianos. I omitted to say, that the young friar possesssed property before entering the convent, amounting to 120*l.* a year.

From the summit of the range which we had now ascended, we looked down upon the plain of Valencia, usually called "the garden of Spain," an appellation that has been given to it, not I should suppose, on account of its exclusive fertility, because the huertas of Murcia, and Oriuhuela, and San Felipe, are no less fertile than the plain of Valencia,—but on account of its great extent. All the way from the foot of the hill to Valencia, we passed through a highly cultivated, and well peopled country; covered, like the vale of Murcia, with the finest vegetation, thickly scattered with wood, and strewn with houses and villages. At short intervals, the road is crossed by a fine clear stream, communicating the benefits of irrigation to both sides of the plain; and as we approached nearer to Valencia, the road was

in many places skirted by extensive orange groves, laden with so great a profusion of fruit, that the green and the yellow appeared to be almost equally mingled.

Although in some respects, spring is the most eligible season for travelling in Spain, late autumn, and even the confines of winter, have many advantages. Both seasons have their charms; spring is the peculiar season of flowers; and in those extensive tracts in the south and east of Spain, which are covered with a thousand flowering shrubs and aromatic plants, and where particularly, the beautiful oleander, the caper, and the various species of gum-cistus, are found in all their perfection and variety, spring is doubtless the season of beauty; but amid different scenery, the later autumnal months disclose many as beautiful, and to a stranger, more novel scenes; for it is then only, that we can understand the beauty of an orange grove, and that enchanting union of the most lovely green, with the bright mellow fruit that sparkles among its leaves; then only can the strange charm of the palm tree be felt, as we look up to its broad green crown, and golden

treasure of dates; then too, the olive is covered with fruit; and the ilex and the algarrobo being evergreens, little is lost in the beauty of forest scenery. The finest and rarest flowers may be seen in the conservatories; and the imagination can easily multiply them, and cover a mountain with their blossoms: but where, in our own cold clime, shall we find the stately palm; or where, but in the regions of the south, enjoy the beauty and the fragrance of an orange grove.

Valencia is seen about three leagues before reaching it; and from this point, a straight avenue leads through the plain to its gates. Its widely extended buildings, its massive wall, and numerous spires, strongly impressed me as I approached it, with an idea of its magnificence; and with excited expectations, I passed the gate, and alighted at the Fonda de la Paz. This is not considered the first hotel in Valencia; the Fonda de las quatros Naciones enjoys this reputation; and in the department of the kitchen, I believe deservedly; but the superior situation of the hotel I made choice of, outweighed in my mind, the culinary advantages of the other.

CHAPTER XX.

VALENCIA.—JOURNEY TO BARCELLONA.

Bridges, River, Convents; prevalence of Religious Bigotry; Moorish Remains; Beggars, and the cause of their abundance in Valencia; the Archbishop; the University; Academy of Fine Arts; the Cathedral and its Tower; the plain of Valencia and its productions; Rice Grounds and their produce; produce of Silk, and Silk Trade; export of Fruit; prices of Provisions; Pictures; Valencia Society; the Ladies of Valencia; the port of Valencia; Paseos; Valencia Tiles; Journey to Murviedro, (the ancient Saguntum); Convento de los Reyes; Murviedro, its Fortress, and Ruins of Saguntum; an Arrest; a visit from the Alcalde; Journey to Tarragona; pleasing Scenes; Catalunia; Catalunian industry and its causes; Tarragona, its Antiquities and Cathedral; Provinciál Dialects; sorting of Nuts, and the Nut trade; Journey to Barcellona, and arrival.

When I had dispatched my introductory letters, I sallied, as usual into the street, and accident brought me to one of the bridges across the Guadalaviar, called Puente del Mar. The river sometimes fills its channel,

a channel so wide, that some of the bridges have as many as thirteen arches; but I saw only an inconsiderable rivulet not much larger than the Manzanarez, as it flows through the bridge of Toledo at Madrid. I believe, however, the apparent scantiness of the stream is partly owing to its being diverted in numerous channels to water the plain. The view from any of the bridges over the river is fine, for a handsome line of irregular buildings follows the curve of the river, and the bridges one beyond another, and the great Moorish gates, give an air of grandeur to the scene. Almost all the conspicuous buildings seen from this point are convents; these add much to the external beauty and effect of the great Spanish cities; and few are more favoured in this respect than Valencia, for it contains no fewer than twenty-seven convents and monasteries for men, and twenty-two for women; and these, with sixteen churches, and twenty-four chapels and hermitages, amount altogether to eighty-six religious edifices. No wonder, therefore, that the streets abound in friars and priests, and that the influence of the

religious bodies should be great in Valencia. Bigotry is not upon the decline here among the mass of the population; and whether for the sake of appearance, or from sincerity, religious observances are strictly practised by the inhabitants of all classes. I have not seen in the convents and churches of any town in Spain so great a number of persons at devotion as in those of Valencia. I several times attempted to enter the Dominican convent to see some pictures that I understood adorned the walls of the church; but though the Dominican church be one of the largest in Valencia, I always found the floor entirely covered with kneelers, not scattered, but so crowded, that it was impossible to wade among them. My apartment in the hotel was opposite to the gate of the cathedral, and there too a constant stream poured in and out. In Valencia, as in Toledo, tokens of faith and devotion are affixed to the doors of the houses; but in place of the "ave Maria purissima" of Toledo, engravings are seen pasted upon the doors in Valencia, representing different passages in the life of our Saviour; and I noticed upon some of the houses

paintings, or at least daubs, as large as life, of Christ taken down from the Cross, the Crucifixion, &c.; crosses, the same as we meet with upon the highways, are seen in many parts of Valencia affixed to the walls of the houses. But these do not all, though many do, point out the place marked by a deed of murder. Several of them record examples of sudden death,—probably of some well-fed canon, or other dignitary, who dropped down dead from repletion or apoplexy.

Valencia is one of those cities in which traces of Moorish dominion are the most visible,—not in any splendid Alhambra or Alcazar, but in every-day sights and common objects. Independently of the great wall and fine Moorish gates, one observes, in walking through the streets of Valencia, many smaller signs of other days and ancient masters. Gateways are occasionally seen sculptured in marble upon Moorish designs; stones over the doors, or underneath the windows, shew, by their chiseled marks, their ancient fashioner. Looking one day accidentally through the open window of a house near the cathedral, I was surprised to

see an arabesque roof, gilded like the halls in the Alhambra of Granada and the Alcazar of Seville; and if, from these inanimate objects, we turn to the population, we shall also find among them equally strong traces of former connexion with the Moors. All the Moorish tokens which I have already mentioned, as distinguishing the population of Seville, Malaga, and San Felipe, are found in even greater distinctness in Valencia.

It is impossible to stir out of doors in Valencia, without being beset by beggars, and by others also more decent in appearance, resembling work-people: the latter are those persons who were formerly engaged in the silk manufactories, but who are now thrown out of work by the diminished trade that followed the loss of the colonies. As for the common beggars, I can only attribute their abundance in Valencia to the easy relief which they find at the convents. Formerly, throughout every part of Spain, the convents fed the poor, and fed idleness at the same time; but now, with the exception of the poor orders of friars, who still continue to give alms, this practice has been discontinued; and to this improvement,

for I cannot call it by a better name, I am inclined to refer the fact, that in those cities which were formerly the most distinguished for the numbers of beggars by whom they were infested, I found few: and when in Valencia, I saw every street swarm with them, and every door beset by them; and when I learnt that this city was an exception to the rest of Spain, inasmuch as almost every one of the forty-nine convents distribute indiscriminate charity, it was impossible to avoid the conclusion, that this had the effect of encouraging idleness, and beggary along with it. In Valencia, every idle person is sure of his dinner; and he endeavours, by begging, to supply himself with a few of those superfluities which the convent does not provide for him.

The church dignitaries, and the archbishop, give nothing to the poor. The revenues of the archbishop amount, at present, to about 17,000*l.* sterling per annum—an immense sum for Spain—and whatever part of this sum he can spare from his own expences, he employs in the erection and endowment of convents. It is only a year ago, since he

endowed a new convent at the port of Valencia, the erection of which cost him forty thousand dollars—almost half a year's revenue. Short-sighted man! twenty years more, and no trace of his ill-directed generosity will remain; but it is possible, that the wealth which he destines to maintain a corrupt system, to foster idleness, and dim the light of knowledge, may, before half a century pass away, be directed into other channels, and be employed in disseminating truth, and supporting useful institutions. Let us hope that it may be so.

The opportunities of instruction for the youth of Valencia are considerable, though greatly narrowed by the regulations which affect every seminary of learning throughout Spain. When I visited Valencia, the university contained nearly two thousand five hundred students; these were chiefly divided between law and philosophy. Theology here, as in Toledo, commanded but few disciples; not more than eight or ten attending a course. The professors of the different branches of knowledge, with the exception of law, are friars; and the salaries amount to about six

thousand reals per annum—the law professors receiving more than double this sum. Education here, may be said to be gratis: formerly, the students, at entry, paid no more than four quartos; now, they pay three dollars at entry, and one dollar every succeeding year: but even this is next to free instruction. Among the *estudiantes* there are many paupers, who go regularly every day to one or other of the convents to get a basin of soup; and when vacation arrives, they beg their way home. One of these passed me on the road between San Felipe and Valencia; he had perhaps not heard of the royal order for closing the universities; and having travelled to Valencia, and found the university shut, he was no doubt returning home. His dress was scarcely removed from rags; he had a patched brown cloak thrown over his shoulder; a cocked hat; and a sack, —probably containing his books, and some provisions,—slung across his back.

Instruction in the fine arts is also provided for in Valencia; and as this seminary is not affected by the imbecile policy of the government, and has escaped the superintendence

of jesuits and friars, its results are more successful. I visited this institution one evening, and found much to please, and a little to surprise me. In one room I found fourteen pupils engaged in drawing the same figure, a Venus, a cast from the antique, which was placed upon a pedestal on one side of the room; and the pupils were ranged before it in a semicircle, so that owing to the different position from which each pupil saw the object, every drawing exhibited a different view of it. From this room I passed into another, where sixteen pupils, of a maturer age, were employed, some in drawing, others in modelling from a group intended to represent despair; the group was composed of real figures,—two men, entirely naked, standing upon an elevated platform. The stillness of the men was so perfect, that they might have been mistaken for statues; but for that hue of flesh and blood, which marble cannot imitate; and which at that time, strongly reminded me of the painting of Murillo and Velasquez. This drawing from nature has been lately revived; it was discontinued for some time, owing to the great difficulty in

finding persons who were willing to assist the views of the institution; but lately, high remuneration has produced its usual results. The drawings appeared to be in general, executed with spirit and fidelity. In still another room, I found fourteen students of agricultural design. The institution is decidedly flourishing, and finds many disciples. In a large hall which I did not see, because before I had satisfied my curiosity in the other rooms, the hour of dismissal had arrived, there are no fewer than three hundred pupils of a tenderer age, who are there instructed in first principles, and in drawing separate parts of the human body. The school of Valencia has always maintained its reputation, and from time to time, has produced many great painters; among others Españoletto, Juanes, and Ribalta; and among the living painters, Lopez, and the author of "the famine in Madrid," are both of this school.

I was not a long time in Valencia before I visited the cathedral, which is a pleasing and elegant structure of Greek architecture in the interior; but in many parts of the exte-

rior, and in some of the chapels, displaying the Gothic style. It contains abundance of fine marble; and at the back of the choir, twelve bas reliefs in alabaster, representing our Saviour's passion, will engage for a while, the attention of the passer-by. I noticed only three good pictures; one, a descent from the cross, by Murillo, but not in his best style, "the Adoration of the Shepherds," said to be also by Murillo; and "the Baptism of Christ," by Juanes. In the sacristy, and in the chapter-house, there are also two or three pictures by Ribalta, and one by Juanes, of singular merit. I was also shewn some of the relics, an arm of St. Luke, one of "the Innocents," and a picture of the Virgin, by St. Luke, who, if we are to credit the keepers of the relics in almost every church, both in Spain and in Italy, has multiplied to a great extent, these specimens of his art. The cup out of which our Saviour drank at the last supper, is too precious, and too sacred, to be gazed upon by heretical and unbelieving eyes.

After satisfying my curiosity in the cathe-

dral, I ascended the tower. The view of the plain is superb. Though not greener, or more beautiful, than the vale of Murcia, its immense extent, and great populousness, produce a more striking effect. I should guess the extent of the plain to be little less than thirty miles long, and twenty wide; on three sides it is bounded by the mountains, and on the fourth, by the sea; and throughout the whole of this vast extent, there is not an acre that does not produce its crop of grain, or vegetables, or rice. The olive, the mulberry, the ilex, the algarrobo, the orange tree, and the palm, with all of which the plain is thickly dotted, give to it the appearance of a union of garden and orchard; but the populousness of the plain is even more striking than its beauty and fertility. I counted in it no fewer than forty-two towns and villages, and sixty-four spires of churches and convents, exclusive of the sixty spires and towers of the city. The plain, the towns and villages, the mountains, the sea, the city, and the line of coast terminating in the hill of Murviedro (the ancient Saguntum), formed altogether a prospect, that in richness and

animation, cannot be equalled in any other country.

The plain of Valencia produces every kind of crop that is congenial to the climate; two and three crops in the year are taken from it; and the greater part of the land returns as much as eight per cent. The rice crops are among the most valuable in this plain; they are chiefly found in the territory of Albufera, surrounding the lake of the same name; the nearest part of which is distant from Valencia about two leagues. This was the property first proposed to be granted to the Duke of Wellington; but the Cortes of Valencia objected to it; and the estates near Granada were substituted. The rice grounds produce only one crop in the year; but the return is from eight to ten per cent. The rice is put into the ground in June, and cut in September,—water is then let in upon the ground,—and when the stubble rots, the land is ploughed up; and no other manure is required. In Valencia and its neighbourhood, rice is in universal use by all classess; but the produce is much greater than the con-

sumption of the plain; and the surplus is exported to the different ports of Andalusia. The whole produce is estimated at twelve million of arrobas (three hundred million of pounds), one half of which at least is exported; and the average price may be taken at fourteen reals, about 3*s*. the arroba, nearly 1½*d*. per pound; but the best rice for exportation is one dollar the arroba. The neighbourhood of the rice grounds is extremely unhealthy, being pregnant with all those maladies that originate in exhalations from stagnant water; for rice is sown in water, grows in water, and rots in water.

The other chief produce of the plain of Valencia is the mulberry, once the source of great riches, through the silk manufactories of the city. This trade had been declining for many years; first, the French invasion was the means of destroying the mulberry trees; and then, the loss of the colonies, to which the silks of Spain enjoyed an exclusive trade, gave the death blow to this source of wealth. The first blow was remediable, for new plantations now cover the plain; but when these began to be service-

able, the second severer blow rendered them almost valueless. At present, the silk manufactories of Valencia do not employ one twentieth part of the hands that were needed, previous to the loss of the colonies; for these silks cannot compete in the foreign markets with the manufacture of France or England. The only manufactured silk that continues to bear a remunerating price, is the damask, and rich silks used in religious ceremonies. The produce of silk from the plain of Valencia, is computed to be about one million of pounds; by far the greater part of which is exported in its raw state; and the average price is from forty to fifty reals per pound (8*s*. to 10*s*.).

The export of fruit from Valencia is large, particularly of raisins; these are of two kinds, the muscatel, and an inferior raisin,—but neither are equal to the raisin of Malaga. These, like the lexia of Malaga, are used in England for puddings, confectionary, and wine; but since the introduction of cape wine into England, the manufacture of raisin wine has greatly decreased; and with it, in some degree, the export of raisins from Spain.

This, however, is still very large. In the year 1829, 47,000 quintals of the best, and 42,000 quintals of the inferior raisin, were exported from Valencia;—in all, eight million five hundred and forty-four thousand pounds of 12 ounces. This export was exclusively for the English market. These statements I make upon the authority of Signor Trenor, the chief exporter of fruit from Valencia, and who has access to the export tables. The export of figs, oil, and wine, from the province and different ports of Valencia, is also considerable, particularly the latter, which is called *Beni Carlo*, and is exported from a town of the same name, lying considerably to the east of Valencia. This wine is sent chiefly to *Cette*, from whence much of it finds its way to Bourdeaux, by the canal of Languedoc, to give body and colour to the clarets.

The huerta of Valencia belongs, for the most part, to great proprietors; and many of the Grandees own estates in it. The Duke of Medina Cæli has a revenue of seventy-five thousand dollars per annum from his estates in the huerta. The families of Villa

Hermosa and Benevento have almost as much; and in fact, there are very few persons who labour upon their own land. This is another explanation of the poverty that every where obtrudes itself in the midst of abundance. The price of labour is generally about three reals, and provisions are by no means remarkably cheap, considering the situation and advantages of Valencia. Beef is twelve quartos the pound of eighteen ounces, mutton seventeen quartos, pork a little more; a wild duck costs 10*d*. These are found in immense quantities on the lake of Albufera, a fowl costs 1*s*. or 1*s*. 3*d*. Wine, owing to the dues upon entry, costs in the city, three times its price in country; but bread is the dearest article in Valencia, notwithstanding the abundance of wheat: this is owing to a combination among the bakers, who are well known to bribe the corregidor not to interfere.

There are few good pictures in Valencia; I looked for them in the convents, but found scarcely any; and the only tolerable private collection is up five pair of stairs, in a remote alley in the house of a Peruquier. He has an extraordinary number of pictures,—some ori-

ginals, but more copies: one picture by Alonzo Cano, and another by Juanes, are, however, sufficient of themselves, to repay the labour of mounting to the gallery of the peruque maker.

Society in Valencia differs little from society in other Spanish cities of the south. Many persons of high rank and great wealth, reside in Valencia; but they live without any display, and many of them even shabbily, sending to the wine shop for two bottles of wine, and to the cook shop for a stew Among the middle classes, the Tertulia is universal; but its monotony is usually relieved by music and dancing. I had good opportunities at Valencia, of judging of the manners of the Valencian women; and I found among them, that agreeable vivacity—that ready wit—that perfect freedom from affectation—and that obliging disposition, which render them the most charming triflers in the world; and the graces of music and dancing, in which they almost all excel, greatly heighten the pleasure one finds in their society. But in Valencia, more than in any other city, I was struck with the

absence of that mental cultivation, without which, vivacity, wit, and even good temper, must fatigue, or become insipid. I need scarcely say how much I was surprised, when one day showing a lady the beautiful sketch of the Alhambra, from which the engraving in this work is taken, she said, "what is the Alhambra?" It is a curious fact, that in Valencia society, professional men are not to be found. Neither law nor medicine carry with them any respectability in that city: I could obtain no explanation of this; but perhaps there, as elsewhere, riches are the best passport to society; and I was informed, that the fees paid to medical men are so low, that not one physician in Valencia makes 100*l.* per annum.

On the Sunday before I left Valencia, I walked to the port, which is situated about two miles distant from the city. Passing towards the bridge, I met a religious procession issuing from one of the churches, carrying with it the pope's bull, published that day in every church of the city, granting permission to eat animal food during the approaching Lent: this resource of the papal exche-

quer, I should think fast declining. A fine broad avenue leads in nearly a straight line, from Valencia to its port, which is but an insignificant place, with a harbour, suitable only for boats; and a roadstead very ill protected against a south or south-west wind. The view from the end of the pier, laid open the whole reach of that wide bay which lies between Cape St. Antonio and the high lands in the neighbourhood of Propesa; but, excepting the charm of a calm sea, there was little more to attract. Between the port and the city, the country on both sides of the avenue is laid out in vegetable gardens, for the consumption of the town. At this season,—the month of December,—every kind of choice vegetable was seen upon the table, particularly cauliflower, and green peas, which I ate in the utmost perfection at Valencia.

The paseos of Valencia are scarcely proportionate to the greatness of the city; but indeed, every road from Valencia is a paseo, because they all lead through its beautiful plain, and are all skirted by trees, close enough planted to afford a sufficient shade. The captain-general, too, kindly throws open

his garden, which is remarkable for its profusion of flowers, its myrtle bowers, its acacias, and its orange-trees, which I saw there for the first time as a wall-fruit. I counted no fewer than sixteen in one cluster.

I have several times spoken of "Valencia tiles," which, in all the cities of the south of Spain, are used for floors; and are not only highly ornamental, but most appropriate to the climate. In Valencia, these tiles are, of course, more universally in use than elsewhere, owing to their greater cheapness; but the best qualities are expensive, even when bought at the manufactory. I saw there a very large assortment, varying in price according to the design, from two to six reals; and when it is considered that the squares are not more than nine inches, it is obvious, that to cover an extensive suite of apartments with these at 1*s.* a-piece, must be greatly more expensive than the most sumptuous carpet. A good workman, employed in painting the tiles, earns as much as a dollar per day.

I now prepared to leave Valencia. There is a diligence twice a week to Barcellona;

but, being desirous of visiting the site of the ancient Saguntum (now Murviedro), I resolved to make only partial use of the public conveyance. Accordingly, having hired a tartana, I left Valencia after an early breakfast, and took the road to Murviedro. About half a league from Valencia, stands the *Convento de los Reyes*, one of the richest in Spain; and leaving my little vehicle at the gate, I applied for leave to see the interior, which was immediately accorded by a very civil, and even courteous monk, who accompanied me through the building. In a former chapter, when speaking of the riches of the convents, I referred to this, and mentioned the conversation that passed between the friar and myself; I need not, therefore, repeat it here. The chief distinction, however, of this convent, is the collection of manuscripts which were bequeathed to it by the founder, who, along with his magnificent endowment, enjoined that every day, and for ever, a mass should be said for the repose of his soul. Among the manuscripts, I was shown a fine copy of Livy, and many illuminated copies of the fathers; but the chief treasure is the

Roman de la Rose, of so early a date as the ninth century. I was glad to see the friar show something like enthusiasm in displaying these literary treasures.

Still continuing to pass through the rich vale, we gradually approached the ancient Saguntum; and passing a thick olive wood, where I observed two Franciscan friars tending a flock of sheep, we wound round the base of the hill upon which the fortress stands, and entered the town. One can scarcely be accused of affectation in saying that this spot, so connected with the most momentous periods in Carthagenian and Roman history, cannot be viewed with indifference; and I hastened to leave the posada and ascend the hill. The hill of Saguntum, about a mile and a half long, and less than a quarter of a mile broad, is now surmounted by a modern fortress; but mingled with its walls, and covering other parts of the summit of the hill, and strewing its sides, the ruins of the ancient Saguntum are every where visible. The most entire among these ruins, though quite a ruin, is the theatre; parts of the outer walls are still standing, and the seats

hewn out of the rock, are likely to remain for ever. I ascended to the summit by a steep ascent, but by a good road, constructed from the town to the fortress, where I was admitted after a little hesitation. Even if there had been no vestige of antiquity here, the view from the summit would have well repaid the labour of the ascent; for the wide, rich, and populous plain of Valencia stretched before me, bounded, forty miles distant, by the mountains of San Felipe,—the city in its centre; the sea, almost washing the foot of the hill, spread towards the south, bounded by the horizon; while to the north and east, ruins spread over the fore-ground, backed by a range of romantic mountains; and the coast of Valencia, stretched in a long curve of green and wooded fertility, till no longer distinguishable from the waters that laved it.

Whether owing to the length of time I lingered in the fortress, or my narrow scrutiny of its walls and ramparts, or the rumours of revolution and refugees, I somehow awakened the suspicions of the non-commissioned officer on guard; and while looking into a small ruined building that seemed half ancient,

half modern, I was addressed by a soldier, who said he had instructions to carry me before the governor. I of course made no remonstrance, especially as I had satisfied my curiosity, and suffered myself to be marched into the town, and to the governor's house, attended by a corporal, and followed by a soldier with his shouldered musket. The governor had gone to the paseo, and although I knew that dinner was ready at the posada, I was obliged to wait the return of this great man. The soldiers desired me rather roughly to wait in the open yard; but I took the liberty of knocking at the governor's door; and entering his house without leave, I seated myself upon his sofa to wait his arrival. When he entered the room, I took the first word, saying it was the most extraordinary thing in the world that an Englishman, carrying a proper passport, should be marched through the town like a felon, and detained for an hour, when his conduct had afforded no ground of suspicion. The governor replied that the soldiers supposed I was a Frenchman. He looked slightly at my passport, said he was sorry I had been detained,

and I made my bow, well pleased to return to the posada and to dinner.

But although I had escaped from the governor, the alcalde thought himself bound, as civil magistrate, to take some cognizance of a stranger who had attracted the suspicion of the military powers. Accordingly, while I was sitting after dinner, enjoying my dessert, and a bottle of excellent wine, two visitors were announced; and the alcalde, with a sabre buckled round his waist, and with some lesser insignia of office, and accompanied by a friend, entered the apartment. He laid aside his sabre, lighted his segar, and then explained the object of his visit. Strict orders, he said, had been received at all the fortified towns along the sea coast, to keep a watchful eye upon strangers, particularly French; and as positive injunctions had been given by the governor, that no stranger should be admitted within the fortress, it was supposed I had bribed the soldiers. I answered, that in the first place I was not a Frenchman; and that in the second place, I had not bribed the soldiers, unless he considered it bribery to give a peceta to the person

who took the trouble to walk round the fortress with me. The alcalde then said, that if I was not a Frenchman, that altered the case; that he knew I had told the governor I was an Englishman; but that the governor was so short-sighted, that he could not read my designation, &c., in the passport; and that he (the alcalde) would be glad to see it. With this request I of course immediately complied; and the alcalde being satisfied from an inspection of my passport, that I was, what I pretended to be, buckled on his sabre, re-lighted his segar, which the importance of his mission had made him forget; and with an apology for the intrusion, left me to relate the history of his visit in the next room, where I heard his voice, along with others, at least an hour longer.

I knew that between Murviedro and Tarragona there was not much to interest the traveller; and I accordingly resolved to take advantage of the diligence which passes through Murviedro before midnight, on its way to Barcellona. I found a vacant place, and rolled onward as fast as seven mules

could carry me. I passed in the dark, through Nules, and Villa Real; and through a country, as far as I was able to judge, fertile and well wooded. At the earliest dawn we reached Castellon; but it was too early to gain admittance to the church of Dominicans, or the chapel of la Saugne, where there were once, and perhaps still are, some good pictures by Ribalta, who was a native of this town. By travelling six hours in the dark, I had also missed the aqueduct of Almasora, interesting to antiquarians. But this aqueduct being a tunnel almost the whole of its length, cannot possess any of those attractions which are allied with the majestic, or the picturesque; and which are the chief sources of interest to those who do not make antiquities a study.

From Castellon we passed through a fine country, and between immense fences of aloes, to Venicasi,—an inconsiderable place with a fine church,—and not long after, we reached Cropesa, whose castle, crowning the summit of a high rock, and rising out of woods, overlooks the sea. The castle of Cropesa, which gives its name to a military

order, is now a ruin, having been entirely destroyed by the French. A country, but partially cultivated, lies between Venicasi and Torreblanca. The rich carpet of aromatic plants, and the luxuriance of the trees, shew what the soil is capable of; but the temporal, as well as spiritual sovereignty exercised by the Bishop of Tortosa, falls so heavily upon the produce of land, that it is not able to support its burdens; and therefore lies for the most part uncultivated. Torreblanca, a poor little place, is undeserving of notice; but Alcala, which lies two leagues behind it, is a pretty town, remarkable for a magnificent church, and for the number of its clergy. The dinner at the posada appeared so little inviting,—the soup covered with oil, and the stew fragrant with garlic,—that I preferred a stroll through the town, and a loaf of bread.

The drive along the sea coast, from Alcala to Venicarlo, is singularly pleasing; the road is generally close to the sea, which is not here, as we are accustomed to see it in northern countries, bounded by barren sands,

or chalky cliffs; but is fringed by the finest verdure, and often throws its little impotent waves almost to the roots of the lovely Algarrobos that bend over it. The sun, too, was getting low; the sea glittered beneath it, and the crowded trunks of the dark green trees, were all bright in its beams. Venicarlo, I have already mentioned as famous for its exported wines; but there is also a wine made for consumption, which I tasted as we changed mules, and found it so excellent, that I filled a small wine-skin with it, which I borrowed from the conductor. The chief produce of the country between Venicarlo and the river Ebro, after the vineyards cease, is the Algarrobo. In this part of Spain, the bean is bought of the owner at sixteen reals three quarters the quintal; and I was informed, that a good bearing tree will produce about four quintals and a half: this, however, I can scarcely credit. The produce of a single tree would, in that case, be worth 15*s.*; and a forest of Algarrobos would therefore be the most productive of all lands. It was dusk before we reached the confines of Catalunia, and the bank of the Ebro,—here a

very different stream from that which I had crossed at Miranda, where it divides old Castile from Biscay. The river, at Amposta, is about three hundred yards wide,—less than might be expected from a river which runs so long a course as the Ebro,—and within so short a distance of the sea. We crossed in a boat, and walked to the venta, which is about a mile distant from the bank. Here we remained all night; but the entrance to Catalunia was rather discouraging. Although the diligence was expected, no supper had been provided, nor was there any thing in the house that could be converted into a supper. I was forced to be contented with a cup of chocolate; and the night being cold, and the fire bad, I was glad to escape to bed.

We were now in Catalunia, which in its accommodations, in the industry of its inhabitants, and in the perfect security with which it may be travelled in every part, has the advantage over all the other provinces of Spain, with the exception, perhaps, of Biscay. It is not, however, more, but perhaps less interesting to the traveller, for these very

reasons; if the accommodations on the road are better, they are more like other countries, and therefore less novel; if there be no danger from robbers, there is less excitement; and as for the industry of the Catalunians, industry, although always a pleasing spectacle, possesses no novelty. Catalunian industry does not arise from any superior education, by which men obtain a clearer insight into their moral duties, and higher views of the human character; on the contrary, no Spanish peasant is more ignorant than a Catalunian boor; none are more enslaved by the priesthood; and in no other province, have the inhabitants shewn so much, their veneration for the apostolical party both in church and state. The secret of Catalunian industry, is the same as that which has covered with fertility many an Alpine valley in Switzerland,—self-interest. Give to the labourers of the earth an interest, —a property in the land which they cultivate, and the world would become one wide extended garden. The land upon which the Catalunian labours, is either his own, or held by him upon a lease, sometimes for lives,

sometimes in perpetuity, with a fine upon succession or alienation; but at all events, for so long a period as to invest the tenant with a real interest in the property which he cultivates.

From the Venta, where we slept, to Tarragona, the road winds among rugged hills, along the sea shore. I noticed many beautiful heaths by the way side, but the soil is not rich enough to repay cultivation. At a venta close by the sea, called Hospitalet, we stopped to breakfast. Soon after, we entered the plain of Tarragona, almost vieing in fertility with the huertas of the more southern provinces, and reached the city to a late dinner.

I had expected much from the antiquities of Tarragona; but I confess they disappointed me. They possess few of those features which strike or delight the traveller who is not professedly an antiquarian. When a Roman amphitheatre is shewn to me, I always think of the amphitheatre of Nismes; if I look upon an aqueduct, I see placed beside it the Pont de Gard. The remains of the amphitheatre are little more than visible;

the aqueduct, though fine, is certainly not comparable to that which I have named; and the tower of Scipio is merely the tower of Scipio. I was greatly surprised at the ignorance of the inhabitants respecting their antiquities. The cicerone whom I first engaged, scarcely knew of their existence; and one group of priests whom I addressed, and another group of respectable looking men, could give me no information upon the subject.

The cathedral of Tarragona is worth a visit, particularly the court and cloisters, which are surrounded by innumerable pillars. The canon who accompanied me, said they were Roman, but upon one I noticed a representation of the crucifixion, and upon another the last supper,—and upon others I could trace Gothic designs. It is possible that some Roman pillars found elsewhere, may have been conveyed to this court. The ecclesiastic who walked round the cathedral with me, spoke in earnest language of the decline of piety; and so deeply did the old man lament this that, as he laid his hand upon his heart, I saw the tears start into his eyes.

I was delighted with the posada at Tarragona; the posadero, an Italian, put forth his utmost skill in cookery, and seeing that I relished the wine he set before me, which was really excellent, he brought a pint bottle of choice wine, which he had had eleven years in his cellar. It proved perfect nectar, and the owner was quite charmed with the praises I bestowed upon it.

I found it impossible to understand the Catalunian dialect, which is indeed almost a distinct language,—this is a difficulty that is felt in all the provinces. The dialects of Biscay, Andalusia, Valencia, and Catalunia, are all different from each other, and distinct from the Castilian; the better classes in all the provinces, of course, understand and speak Castilian,—with certain imperfections in pronunciation, such as in Andalusia, where *th* is used in place of *s*, which gives a softness, but an indistinctness to the language; but the lower classes, the persons met with in the ventas, and the muleteers, often speak a dialect that is altogether unintelligible.

I was much pleased at the port of Tarragona, with the operation of sorting the nuts,

which form an important article of export. In one of the principal warehouses I saw from two hundred to two hundred and fifty girls, seated upon stools, at a table which extended the whole length of the room; heaps of nuts lay upon the floor, and men were constantly filling baskets with these and emptying them upon the table. The girls drew the nuts towards them by handfuls, and distinguishing, as if by an instinctive knowledge, the empty from the full nuts, they swept the good into a basket between their knees, and the empty, they dropped into a basket at their feet. Nothing can exceed the rapidity with which these operations are performed; it is really a busy and an animated scene; the labour employs the hands only, for it is by the touch the quality of the nut is distinguished; and the mind being disengaged, the constant prattle and the frequent laughter, give to the scene an appearance almost of a party of pleasure.

Tarragona is the chief exporting port of Catalunia. Its exports consist of nuts, almonds, wines, and brandy. The nuts sent to the English market are known by the

name of Barcellona nuts; but they are neither grown near, nor exported from Barcellona. They are grown more in the interior of the province, and are all exported from Tarragona. The average export of nuts from Tarragona is from twenty-five to thirty thousand bags. There are four bags to a ton; and they were placed on board last autumn at 17*s.* 6*d.* per bag. The whole of this export is for the English market. The export of almonds is about twelve thousand bags. From five thousand to five thousand five hundred pipes of wine are exported from Tarragona, to Rio Janiero, the Brazils, Guernsey, and Jersey; and of brandy, about four hundred pipes are exported, chiefly for Cette, and Cadiz, from which places, it finds its way into the wine butts of Bourdeax and Xeres. Cork wood, and cork bark, also form a small export from Tarragona.

I left Tarragona for Barcellona in a small carriage, something better than a tartana, and two mules, which trotted all the way. The country is chiefly a wine country; and the road winds among hills, covered in the lower parts with vines, and higher up, with pine.

Numerous villages, engaged in the wine and brandy trade, are scattered along the shore, but all of these have considerably suffered from the loss of the colonies. After passing Vendrill we left the sea coast; and about three leagues from Barcellona, entered a charming country, covered with romantic hills,—clothed with fir, and embosoming numerous small and beautiful valleys; and emerging from these, I found myself in the Huerta of Barcellona. The approach to Barcellona is less striking than the approaches either to Murcia or Valencia; nor does the city itself present so imposing an appearance; but the commerce upon the road, greatly exceeded what I had seen in the neighbourhood of any other city in Spain. I reached the gate before dusk, and alighted at the Fonda de las quatros Naciones.

CHAPTER XXI.

BARCELLONA—JOURNEY TO THE FRONTIER.

General Character of Barcellona, and its Population; Paseos, Ramparts, and Fortifications; the Conde de Espana; his Policy; Interview with the Conde; his Character and Government; Anecdotes of his Government; Political Feeling in Barcellona; Churches and Convents; the Opera; Monjuich; Barcellonetta; Decrease of Trade with England, and its Causes; General Trade of Barcellona; an Execution; the Priesthood and the People; a Miracle in 1827; Prices of Provisions; Visit to Montserrat; Journey from Barcellona to the Frontier; Delightful Scenery; Proofs of Catalunian Industry; Gerona Figueras; the Fyrenees, Reflexions.

A glance at Barcellona is sufficient to show, that we approach the frontier. We no longer see a purely Spanish population. Spanish hats are scarcely to be seen, nor is the mantilla altogether indispensible. In the buildings too, we perceive a difference; the streets

are wider, and few of the houses are adorned with balconies. I thought too, but this might be fancy, that I could perceive a different expression in the countenances of the people. Of one thing I am certain, that although the women of Barcellona have not perhaps the grace of the Andalusians; their claims to beauty are stronger: their features are more regular, their complexions are clearer, their hair less coarse, and their forms slighter: still it must be admitted, that there is more witchery hid in the eye of an Andalusian, than perhaps in all the separate charms of a woman of Barcellona. No one, however, can walk along the streets, without perceiving in the female population, sufficient evidence of being no longer among a people exclusively Spanish. I found another peculiarity in the aspect of the Barcellona population—a peculiarity however, that refers only to the time I visited Barcellona. No caps were to be seen: these, as well as grey hats, were forbidden, immediately upon the revolution breaking out in France. For my own part, I continued to wear my grey hat while in Barcellona, without being challenged; but I have good reason

to believe, that this forbearance arose from the authorities knowing that I had the honour of being acquainted with the Conde de España, the ruler, and dictator of Catalunia. But the strange, and gaudy dress of the Catalunian peasantry is the most striking peculiarity in the appearance of the Barcellona population: all wear their red caps, which hang at least a foot down their backs; and with their crimson girdles, and gaudy coloured woollen plaids, they give a peculiar grotesqueness to the appearance of the Rambla—the principal street of Barcellona—which is almost always crowded.

Barcellona is particularly fortunate in its promenades; the Rambla is scarcely inferior to the Boulevards of Paris; and there is a charming walk round the whole of the ramparts; every moment the view changes, sometimes looking towards the huerta, and sometimes towards the mountains, with the villages, and country houses of the merchants lying under them; sometimes towards the hill and fortress of Monjuich; and sometimes towards the sea; and that part of the promenade which is above the sea, is without

exception, the finest promenade in any city I have ever seen. Barcellona would be better without its fortifications; for owing to them, the city has been confined within too narrow bounds; and the whole space within the walls, is filled up with houses, in place of (as in other Spanish cities) gardens mingling with the buildings, and adding both to the beauty and the healthfulness of the place. The fortifications of Barcellona are of little real use to it. I was informed by the commander of the citadel, that the city could not maintain a siege of one week, against a sufficiently well appointed army; nor could the occupation of it be maintained for one day, if the citadel or Monjuich were in possession of an enemy.

The day after my arrival in Barcellona, I was presented to the Conde de España, a man who has made himself to be respected by some, and feared by all; owing to the promptness, decision, and tyranny of the measures by which he has from time to time put down the most formidable insurrections; and owing also to the influence which he has more than once shewn he has the power of

wielding, over the determinations, and the actions of the king. No man has more enemies than the Conde de España, both at court, and in the province which he governs; and constant attempts are made in the highest quarters, to remove him from his government, and from the confidence of his royal master. The Archbishop of Toledo is his bitterest enemy, and has never forgotten the insult he put upon the dignitaries of the church, in the year 1827; but the king knows that whatever his faults may be, they are faults that prove him to be a zealous and faithful servant; and the fittest man to govern the turbulent Catalunians; and when upon a late occasion, the Duke del Infantado strongly urged upon the king, the unpopularity of the Conde de España, and the propriety of removing him, his majesty cut the matter short by saying, "I wish I had a Conde de España in every province;" one of the most sensible things the king ever said, if he wishes to preserve his authority.

The Conde de España is not very easy of access; he is seldom seen, though his pre-

sence is always felt; his system of government is secret; and in the province of Catalunia, it may be said to have come in place of the inquisition,—with instruments as numerous and as masked, with power as unanswerable, with measures as prompt, and sometimes as unjustifiable, and with a bolder heart and a stronger head to direct the machine. It was a mere chance whether I should be admitted to an audience: indeed, no one in Barcellona knows, whether he be in the city or not. The parade takes place before his residence, and the guards are mounted at his gate every morning, but this is no proof that he is within. The Conde was at home however; and the names of his Britannic Majesty's Consul, and English gentleman, were passed inward. We walked into an anti-room where a Spanish general, and several other persons were waiting. How long they might have preceded us I cannot tell, but in a few minutes, we were informed that the Conde would see us; and we were conducted through a long suite of magnificent apartments, and ushered by an aide-de-camp, into a little mean dirty parlour, without a bit of

matting to cover the brick floor, the walls white washed, a wood fire almost burnt out, and the furniture consisting of one small table, and two or three chairs. There sat the Conde de España, writing, or, at least, signing his name to a number of papers. He immediately rose, and received us with the utmost curtesy, made us sit down, and asked me some particulars of my journey, and in what state I had found Spain. I told him, what I really believed to be true, that Spain was at that time, the most tranquil country in Europe; and that I had no where found the slightest indication of commotion. This reply was no doubt gratifying: the Conde ordered wine and segars, and the conservation took a more general turn. He spoke of France, and said he considered it hastening towards republicanism. He then spoke of himself, his conduct, and his enemies; and said, that as a private individual, he always acted justly, and morally right; but as a public man, he clothed himself with a garment of policy,—an ingenious, but not a new apology for the commission of iniquity. I remained about a quarter of an hour; and

when I took leave, he did me the honour to offer me the freedom of the royal box at the opera; and also to invite me to his country seat, where he said he spent much of his time, for that to be respected, (he meant feared) one must not be seen too often. The Conde appears to be about fifty, he is rather under the middle size, and somewhat lusty; his head and face are large, and his eyes expressive of much. One may read in them, violent passions, penetration, reflection, and cunning.

The character of the Conde de España has been variously represented. All admit, however, that he is a man of most determined and fearless character; and that Catalunia, which, to be preserved in tranquillity in these perilous times, requires to be ruled with a rod of iron, could not be entrusted to any man better qualified to wield it. When he first took upon him the government of the province, he committed many oppressive acts; some of which I have related in the chapter entitled "State of Parties," consisting, for the most part, in banishment without trial; and even in some instances, carried so

far as secret execution. This was soon after the fall of the constitution; and some apologists of the Conde excuse these proceedings upon the plea of political necessity; an expression that, in my mind, involves a sophism, because I do not believe that the moral government of the universe can ever include in it a necessity for doing evil.

The government of the Conde de España has sanctioned many lesser acts of inquisitorialness and oppression. Several despotic orders were issued immediately upon the French revolution breaking out: ever since that time, no greater number than four persons are permitted to dine together in a coffee-house; nor are politics allowed to form the subject of conversation in any house open to the public; and it is believed, that the Conde is not entirely ignorant of the conversation that passes in many private houses also. He has even had the boldness to interfere with the usages of the church, by interdicting the celebration of the midnight mass in the cathedral, at Christmas; probably, because he disliked the assemblage of so great a number of persons during the night:

but, of course, mass was permitted to be celebrated in a more private way. The strictness of the Conde extends also to morals: all houses of ill-fame are suppressed, and instances occurred, even while I was in Barcellona, of inquisitorial strictness in more private matters relating to morals. Dining one day in company, one of the gentlemen at table received a message while at dinner, which he immediately attended to, and withdrew; I saw a smile pass round the table, and I afterwards learnt, that the occurrence was not unusual. The gentleman had a *liaison* with a *chére amie*, who lived in lodgings provided by him; but this the police would not permit; and, to escape their interference, these lodgings were changed every few days; and every few days he was questioned as to his secret, and obliged to pay a fine. This was the act of the police; and, although the police is not within the department of the Conde, who is captain-general, not civil governor of the province, yet it is well known that both the military and civil government are in his hands; and that the civil authorities do not move a step without

his permission. Along with this strict surveillance of morals, the Conde's own morals are irreproachable, and he neglects no opportunity of showing his regard for religion; he is present at all its public ceremonials; and assumes an air of the deepest devotion. This is doubtless to please the party of Carlists, who might otherwise prove dangerous. But with all these inquisitorial and tyrannical acts, even his enemies admit, that he is the only man who could have kept Catalunia tranquil: and peaceable-minded persons, however they may condemn the means by which the quiet of the province has been preserved, are satisfied with a government under which they feel a security against civil commotion.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the Conde de España is attached to the apostolical party; quite the reverse: he is a decided, thorough-going royalist, who will exert himself to the very uttermost for the preservation of the king's government; and come when it may, a revolution in favour of either Carlists or liberal, the deadliest stand against it will be made in Catalunia, if the

Conde de España be then captain-general. But, that he is no Carlist, is evident from his conduct in 1827, when he put that affront upon the bishops, which I have already said has been one means of securing the enmity of the Archbishop of Toledo. The circumstances are as follow:—In the latter part of 1827, when the Catalunian insurrection in favour of the Carlists took place, and when fifty thousand men in arms threatened the province with anarchy, and Barcellona with capture, the Conde de Espana represented to the king the necessity of his appearing in Catalunia; and after his majesty had arrived, he, by advice of the Conde, called a convocation of bishops, ostensibly to consult respecting the state of the province. The Conde well knew the connexion of the bishops with the plot; and was in possession of documents that proved their guilt. The Conde, as representing his majesty in that province, or by express delegation, presided; and all the bishops being assembled, he addressed them to this effect, if not almost in these words:—"My Lord Bishops," said he, taking a paper from his pocket, and unfolding it, "you

know this,"—and turning to another, and shewing another paper,—"and you, my Lord, know this," and so on, producing documents that connected every one present with the conspiracy; "and now, gentlemen," said he, addressing the assembly, "you perceive that I hold in my hands proofs of treason; you who have fomented this rebellion, can put it down; and I have instructions from his majesty, if the rebellion be not put down within forty-eight hours,—I am sorry for the alternative, gentlemen,—but my instructions are peremptory, to hang every one of you; and it will be a consolation for you to know, that the interests of the church shall not suffer, for the king has already named successors to the vacant sees." This reasoning was effectual; the bishops knew the man they had to deal with; and within forty-eight hours, the insurrection was at an end. A man who threatens to hang a bench of bishops, cannot surely be called an apostolical.

At the same period, but before the council had been called, when Gerona was closely pressed by the insurgents, the bishop dis-

patched a letter to the Conde de Espana, saying, that it would be necessary to give up the city to the besiegers. The Conde, who very well knew how the inclinations of the bishop lay, and what were the defences of the city, but who also knew the influence possessed by him over the inhabitants, who might force the troops to give it up, wrote, in reply to the bishop, that his lordship being upon the spot, was no doubt best able to judge of the state of the city; and adding, that along with the letter which he had sent to the bishop, he had also sent instructions to Gerona, that when the enemy entered the gate, the first thing they should see, might be the gibbet of a traitor bishop.

It is generally understood that, but for the Conde de España, the French army would not have evacuated Spain; and that the king was brought down to Catalunia with this ultimate object. When the Conde was made captain-general, he refused to reside in Barcellona, because it was in possession of the French, and he established himself at Tarragona. He then advised the king to pay a visit to Barcellona, and obtained permission

to write to the French authorities there to prepare for his majesty's reception. To this the French general replied, that he would receive the king, but not any guards; and the Conde, who knew that such would be the reply, told the king that he was insulted; the king got angry, and refused to go to Barcellona, and even left Catalunia. The French general now suspected he had committed an error, and he sent for instructions; an ambassador was despatched in consequence to the king, who was then at Valencia, requesting to know what were his majesty's wishes. The Conde de España had been busily employed in the meanwhile, priming Ferdinand to act with spirit; and when the king was asked what his wishes were, he replied that he wished the French army to evacuate Spain. The only pretext for the occupation of Spain, was to defend the king; and the king declaring that he wanted no defence, this pretext was at an end.

The Conde de Espana is of French extraction, but at an early age he entered into the service of Spain, and by his talents and zeal, he has raised himself to the highest honour

that could have been conferred upon him,—in having received for his title the name of the country that conferred it. The count dislikes, or affects to dislike, every thing French, and likes, or affects to like, every thing English. He speaks English fluently, and few things are more disagreeable to him than to be addressed in the French language.

With respect to political feeling in Barcellona, I may say that, among the upper ranks, there is a secret wish for some change,—for a milder government, less tyranny, and a free press; but there is no feeling in favour of what is called a constitution. At the time the French revolution broke out, there was naturally much excitement in Barcellona; but I found the universal opinion of the best informed classes to be, that the state of moral and political feeling among the Catalunians must prevent the progress of any movement in the province; and that no attempt in favour of greater liberalism has the smallest probability of success on that side of Spain, unless by foreign interference. When I was in Barcellona, there were many Carlists prisoners in the city; and before I left it,

thirty prisoners were brought from Zaragosa. It was generally thought that if the Conde de Espana had a *carte blanche* as to the disposal of them, many ran a risk of visiting Ceuta.

The public buildings of Barcellona are not deserving of much notice, with the exception of the custom-house and the cathedral. The cathedral is light and beautiful, in the late Gothic stile, with finely painted windows, and a choir of wood workmanship of singular delicacy. The convents, with the exception of the Dominicans, are without any attraction. In that convent there were formerly some curious records in the cloisters, of the heretics who had been burnt, from the year 1489 to the year 1726; but these the monks have thought proper to remove. I saw nothing in the convent to attract attention, excepting a picture of a certain saint who came from Majorca to Barcellona in six hours, with no other boat than his cloak. Great part of this convent was destroyed in the war of independence; and the monks are now erecting a large and handsome building for the reception of their library. The only other

religious edifice worth a visit, is the church of the Jesuits, which is remarkable for the beauty of its marbles.

The opera house is also a respectable building, and the interior is large and handsome. I several times availed myself of the *entreé* to the royal box, presented to me by the Conde de España. The Conde is never seen in it; but it is always lighted in the interior, by elegant candelabras, and centinels stand at the door, as if ready for the reception of royalty, or its representative. The opera of Barcellona enjoys a considerable reputation among the European operas; and the inhabitants are passionately attached to it: but last year, it was considered below its usual strength. The whole of the boxes in the house, with the exception of five, are private boxes; and cost 50*l.*, 55*l.*, and 60*l.*, according to their situation, for the season. This impresses one with no mean idea of the inhabitants of a provincial city, who can afford to rent the whole of the boxes in a large opera house, at so considerable a price. Single places too, in what is called the *lunetta*—a row of seats all round the front, and a little

beneath the level of the boxes, are taken by the season; and it is rarely that one of these remains unlet after its commencement. These places cost fifty dollars, and many of the best seats in the pit, are also let for the season, at forty dollars. The first bass is paid the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars for the season, the first tenor three thousand dollars, the principal female singer two thousand four hundred dollars, the second two thousand dollars; and a benefit is worth eight or nine hundred dollars; for, upon these occasions, besides the free places, presents are made by proprietors of boxes.

While at Barcellona, I walked one morning to the hill and fortress of Monjuich, accompanied by Colonel Barry, then commandant of the citadel. I believe that if sufficiently provisioned, the fortress is considered to be impregnable. There are about two hundred brass cannon mounted, and an immense number of unmounted guns, and a large garrison. In descending the hill, and making a circuit towards the sea, some large stones with Hebrew characters upon them, were pointed out to me; but the inscriptions

are now illegible. It is believed that this was the burying place of the Jews, and the name Monjuich seems to favour the supposition.

From Monjuich, after walking through the citadel, which is even a more perfect fortification than the other, though by situation, less strong, I continued my walk to Barcellonetta, the port of the city: the buildings are modern, and ugly; all built upon the same plan, and all constructed of red brick. A massive breakwater defends the entrance of the harbour to the south; it is already four hundred yards in length, and four hundred yards more are to be added to it. It is forty feet broad, and thirty feet high. There were few vessels of any size in the harbour, excepting two Spanish sloops of war, and a few foreign brigs. The foreign trade of Barcellona is reduced almost to nothing; particularly the trade with England. About thirty years ago, seven hundred British vessels entered the port in one year. Since then, the number has rapidly decreased. In the year 1825, fifty-three British vessels entered the port, and in the year 1830, only eleven. This decrease in the trade with England, is

owing to several special causes. One of these, is the non-importation of English hardware, which used formerly to supply almost exclusively, the Spanish markets. This trade has changed its direction; and in place of hardware of British manufacture, it is now the manufacture of Germany that is used: they say it is much cheaper, and nearly equal in quality. Another cause of the decline of commerce between England and Barcellona, is a change in the direction of the fish trade. The Swedish and Norwegian fish are now preferred by the retail dealers, because, when steeped, they imbibe water, which the cod of Newfoundland do not; and, as they are sold by weight, the dealer finds his profit in this preference. Besides this preference, which has deprived England of an important branch of trade, the fish trade of Barcellona has suffered a general decline ever since the year 1826. At that time, a house in Madrid (Shea) obtained a monopoly of this trade in the Catalunian ports; and immediately, with a short-sighted policy, additional duties were

laid on. From that time, the general import declined; and, although the duties have since been lightened, the trade has not revived; because, when fish was scarce and dear, the convents, where it is chiefly consumed, made use of vegetables in its stead, and have now become accustomed to this change in diet. Still another branch of trade which is lost to the commerce of England, is cotton. The Catalunians have discovered that it is cheaper to import cotton direct from Pernambuco, than to take it by way of England.

All these are *changes in the direction* of the commerce of Barcellona, operating upon the trade with England; but, some of them not affecting the *extent* of Barcellona commerce; nor, with the exception of cotton, connected with its export trade. But the export trade of Barcellona has almost entirely ceased. This, which consisted in silk and cotton manufactured goods for the Spanish colonies, is now at an end, with the exception of the small quantity still sent to the Havannah; and the export of shoes also, which employed in their manufacture at Barcellona, before

the loss of the colonies, upwards of two thousand hands, has also entirely ceased.

I had an opportunity, while at Barcellona, of being present at an execution—the first I had seen in Spain. The man had been condemned to the galleys for some previous offence, and had murdered one of his fellow-convicts; and, although this is not an agreeable spectacle, yet, as in every country, public spectacles, whether agreeable or the reverse, exhibit some peculiarities either of character or of manners, I resolved to be present. Three o'clock was the hour appointed; and all that morning, as well as great part of the day before, there was an unceasing noise of little bells, carried through the streets by boys in scarlet cloaks, with the bell in one hand, and a box in the other, collecting alms to purchase masses in the different convents and churches, for the soul of the felon. There is another thing worth relating, connected with the last days of a felon in Spain. A society, called the Benevolent Society, undertakes to soften the last three days of his existence, and to diminish

the terrors of death, by the singular device of increasing the pleasure of life. During these three days, he may have every luxury he desires; he may feast upon the daintiest viands, drink the choicest wines; and thus learn, in quitting the world, new reasons for desiring to remain in it.

I obtained a good situation, close to the military who guarded the ground. Besides the platform, there was erected, at a little distance, an altar, upon which was placed an image of the Virgin and Child; and opposite to this, a cross, with an image of Christ extended upon it. I was much struck with the processsion; the unfortunate felon was accompanied by upwards of two thousand masked penitents, who looked more like a train of devils than human beings; a black cloak entirely enveloped the body and the head, holes only being left for the eyes and mouth; a black pyramidical cap, at least eighteen inches high, crowned the head; and each carried in his hand a long white wand. This strange escort was the result of an indulgence published, and addressed to all persons conscious

of secret crimes, and penitent; granting its benefits to such of them as submitted to the humiliation of accompanying the felon to the scaffold. Two accomplices of the felon also accompanied him, that they might benefit by seeing him hanged; and a friar of the Franciscan order, was his spiritual guide.

After having been led to the altar, and then below the cross, where he repeated a number of prayers, he ascended the platform attended by the friar, who carried a large cross in his hand. When the offices of religion were concluded, the man wished to address the people, and twice began "Mis Hermanos," but his voice was instantly drowned by shouts from a crowd at some distance behind the platform, no doubt so instructed; and when he found that he could not be heard, he gave the signal, and the executioner immediately leapt upon his shoulders, and swung off the platform; while the friar continued to speak, and extend the cross towards him, long after he was insensible to its consolations. The spectacle concluded by the friar ascending to the summit of the ladder, and delivering a sermon, in

which he did not omit the exhortation of contributing largely towards masses for the soul of the deceased. The exhortation was not without its effect; the little bells immediately began to ring, and hundreds obeyed the invitation to piety.

Barcellona has always been celebrated for the zeal of its priesthood, and for the pains taken by them to hoodwink the people; and even in these days, religious bigotry is far more prevailing than might be expected in a city so near the frontier; and which has had so much connexion with foreign nations. In another chapter, I related a circumstance that occured eight years ago, when a peasant was condemned to ten years imprisonment in the citadel, because he said unthinkingly, that an image of some virgin was made of wood; and so late as the year 1827, another very flagrant example of religious superstition, and of the use made of it even in these days by the clergy, occurred at Barcellona. There was in one of the churches, or convents, an image of a Virgin, called I believe, the Virgin of St. Pilar, and this image was black. It was at this time, that an outcry

had been raised against the liberals, who were called Negroes; (negro is the Spanish for black) and the rumour got abroad, that the negroes went to this church, to pay adoration to the Black Virgin. Such being the case, the priests and friars ventured upon and concerted a miracle which might have the double effect of strengthening the faith of the people, and of bringing the negroes into still greater discredit. One morning it was publicly announced, that the Virgin of St. Pilar, had changed from black to white; and the good Catholics of Barcellona were invited to go and see the miracle with their own eyes; and they went by thousands. Let it not be forgotten that this happened only three years ago.

I have to add to these notices of Barcellona and its inhabitants, the price of provisions. Beef sells at thirty-two quartos per pound, of thirty-six ounces. Mutton, thirty-five quartos; scarcely cheaper than in England. Pork, twenty quartos per pound of sixteen ounces; a good fowl costs twelve reals; and a pair of chickens the same—both as dear as in England. A turkey, thirty-two

to forty reals. The best bread, seven quartos (2*d.*) per pound. The wages of artizans are, in general, 2*s.* 6*d.* per day; and field labour about 1½*d.*, without including victuals.

Before finally quitting Barcellona, I resolved to pay a visit to Monserrat,—a place that has derived remarkable notoriety from the singularity of its situation. I accordingly left Barcellona at the early hour of four, in a galera, which passed within half a league of the foot of the mountain. The country between Barcellona and Martorrel is the same as I have described on my journey from Tarragona; and from Martorrel to the foot of Monserrat, the land is divided between corn and wine; it is every where populous, and every where exhibits proofs of Catalunian industry. The approach to Monserrat from this side, is not remarkably striking, owing to the elongated form of the mountain; but as we approach nearer, its height, and singular conformation, become sufficiently imposing. After quitting the galera, I walked to the small village that lies at the foot of the mountain; and having got some chocolate, and a guide, I began the ascent. A zig-zag path, of

not less than a league and a half, leads up the mountain to the convent, which is not seen until at an abrupt turn it is discovered lying on a platform, in a recess of the rocks which rise in perpendicular cliffs directly behind it. The view from this platform is wild and imposing; towards the north, a long line of snowy summits marks the Pyrennean boundary of the Peninsula; towards Barcellona, the Mediterranean is seen beyond the rich and diversified country that lies between the mountains and the sea; while the mountain itself,—its lower part encircled by a belt of wood,—its grotesque range of rocky peaks above, and its convent, and hermitages, are not the least striking features of the landscape. In the interior of the convent I saw little deserving of notice; the occupation of it by the French, and other causes, have left it nearly a ruin; but its ruins shew its former extent. The architecture of the building is mixed; part of it is Gothic; while later parts were built in the time of Julius II., and of Philip III. There were formerly seventy monks in the convent; but now, it is in-

habited by thirty only. I saw in the refectory, a pilgrim who had come all the way from St. Jago in the Asturias, and who was going to Rome. By the rules of the convent, a pilgrim is fed three days within it. He was a man past the middle age, and was rather reserved in his communications; not appearing willing to tell any more than where he had come from, and whither he was going. His habit was covered with scallops and little images.

Monserrat is not the interesting spot it was formerly. The numerous hermitages were then tenanted, and the convent possessed many curious and valuable things; but the French carried away the latter, and destroyed the former; and now, Monserrat is worthy of a visit only on account of its situation, the view enjoyed from it, and the singularity of its aspect and conformation. The mountain is said to be four thousand feet high; and the platform of the convent is two thousand five hundred feet above the Mediterranean; the lower parts are treeless, with the exception of a few scattered and stunted ilex; but its

acclivities are covered with a thick carpet of box, juniper, rosemary, and a thousand fragrant shrubs.

I returned to the inn about dusk, and found the accommodation so bad, that I regretted I had not accepted the letter offered by the Conde de España, to the abbot; but I did not, at that time, purpose visiting Monserrat; and perhaps a dormitory in the convent might have been as comfortless as the quarto in the venta. Next morning, at day-break, I left the village on muleback, and arrived in Barcellona in sufficient time to make one at the hospitable board of Mr. Annesley, nephew of Earl Annesley, and his Britannic Majesty's consul at Barcellona, whose many kindnesses, gentlemanly attentions, and unwearied hospitality, I eagerly and gratefully acknowledge.

My journey in Spain now approached its conclusion,—I had only to travel from Barcellona to the frontier; and as the general aspect of the country could be seen as well by rapid as by slow travelling, I resolved to take advantage of the public conveyance, and left Barcellona by the Diligence, for Perpignan, some hours before day-break. The

year had already expired, but winter had scarcely made itself felt. The mornings and evenings, indeed, had been chilly enough to turn one's thoughts towards the comforts of a fire; and once or twice at Barcellona, when I walked round the ramparts before breakfast, I observed a thin covering of ice upon the pools; but there had been no rains,—the days were clear and sun-shining; and one might liken the season to a dry month of March in England,—only with fewer clouds.

It is scarcely possible to conceive a more beautiful drive than between Barcellona and Gerona. The road keeps near to the sea all the way, and an enchanting country lies on the left. You pass through a succession of little plains, each from half a mile to three miles across, and each containing a village. These plains lie in little recesses of the mountains, which screen them behind, and separate them from each other, leaving one side open to the sea. They are covered with the finest vegetation, which advances within twenty yards of the sea, and are generally skirted by a hedge of aloes, that runs all along the coast. Between these plains the

hills run forward into the sea, generally terminating in perpendicular cliffs; and the road, after traversing the green level, approaches close to the sea, and is carried along the front of the precipice, till having passed the barrier, it then descends into another of these little smiling recesses. These plains were covered with beautiful and promising crops when I passed through them; and round the villages, beds of every kind of vegetable,—cauliflower, cabbage, carrot, onion, and pease, shewed excellent crops, all ready for the kitchen. Every house, the centre of its own little farm, has a draw-well in its neighbourhood, from which the land is supplied. Some of these villages were singularly beautiful, particularly Cardetta, hanging upon some heights above the sea, with its little fertile plain,—all that the mountains would allow to it,—lying at its feet. These heights were entirely covered with the prickly pear, the last I saw; and near that village I also saw the last palm tree; but it was of stunted growth, not the stately and branchy palm of Elche.

The difference between the villages and

cottages of Catalunia, and of the other provinces of Spain, is seen at a glance; and in the state of the inhabitants, the difference is equally striking. The houses and cottages have an air of greater neatness and comfort, —there is glass in the windows, and the insides display the articles of furniture in common use. No beggars, and fewer ragged people are seen,—industry is evidently active, —stones are removed from the ground, and collected in heaps,—fences are more general, and more neatly constructed,—nobody is seen basking in the sun,—even the women and girls who are tending the cattle, are not sitting idly wrapped up in plaids, but every one has her spindle in her hand. In short there is altogether a new order of things.

We breakfasted at Mataro, a considerable and once a flourishing sea-port, famous for the excellence of its wine; and, till lately, famous for its linens and laces, which were exported to the colonies; and about mid-day we left the sea-coast, and entered the mountains. New and charming scenes awaited us in passing through these mountains to Gerona. Covered with stately pine, their

sides were also clothed with the richest underwood of evergreens, flowering shrubs, and fragrant plants; among which the beautiful arbutus was particularly distinguished. After emerging from the mountains, we entered the fertile and sheltered valley of Gerona, where we arrived about sunset. This was once a place of importance, now chiefly attested in the number of its religious edifices, for here there are no fewer than thirteen churches, besides the cathedral and eleven convents. The bishopric is richer than that of Barcellona. At Gerona we supped, and slept, and set out next morning about daybreak.

Between Gerona and Figueras, I saw nothing that deserves to be recorded, excepting the change in temperature; a bitter wind blew off the Pyrennees, and reminded me that I had left the regions of the south behind; and when we reached Figueras I hailed a blazing fire upon the hearth, with the satisfaction of a northern traveller. The fuel here, attracted my notice; it was a thin dark cake, which, upon inquiry, I found to be the refuse of the olive, after it is pressed, and

which, I have no doubt, might be given with advantage to the cattle. I learned, however, that it is not put to this purpose, though it is given to pigs and poultry. The price of this cake is sixteen reals (3*s*. 4*d*.) the 100 lb. It is singular, that at this town, so near the frontier, the inn should still be in all respects, the Spanish posada: it is just as little French as the posada of Murcia or Andalusia: the fire still blazes in the middle of the floor; coffee and tea are still unattainable; and meat is to be found not in the inn, but in the market: how numerous and expressive must be the shrugs of the Frenchman who makes Figueras his first halting place. *Caffé au lait*, or *coutelettes*, are alike out of the question.

From Figueras to Junquera, the last town in Spain, I passed through a pleasant undulating country, and then entered the valley that lies under the Pyrenees,—a valley not fertile, but picturesque, traversed by a small mountain stream, covered with the olive and the cork tree, and winding into the recesses of the mighty barrier that shuts out the Peninsula from the rest of the world. Rising

above the valley, I found myself inclosed among the mountains, and leaving Spain behind; I had left the carriage, to walk up the steep ascent; and soon, Bellegarde, upon the summit of the pass, and the pillars that mark the boundary of the kingdoms, ... peared in sight. The valley behind was still visible through the defile; and as I turned round to look upon Spain for the last time, a thousand recollections and vague fancies crowded upon my mind. I felt a sensation something like pride, in having traversed Spain. Much I had seen to interest, much to delight, much to lament, much to remember; and as I turned away, regret was not unmingled with my other feelings. As I pursued my way up the mountains, that had now shut out the view of the valleys below, Spain, as fancy had once pictured it—and Spain, as I had seen it, rose successively to my memory. But it pleased me to discover, that romance had outlived reality ... mingled with it; for the fragrant, and palmy valleys of Spain, still lay among the regions of fiction; Seville retained in my mind, its

character of a fabled city; the Sierra Morena was yet traversed by the knight of La Mancha; and Spain, with all its realities before me, was still the land of romance.

THE END.

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